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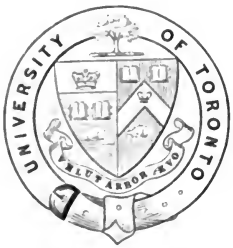

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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

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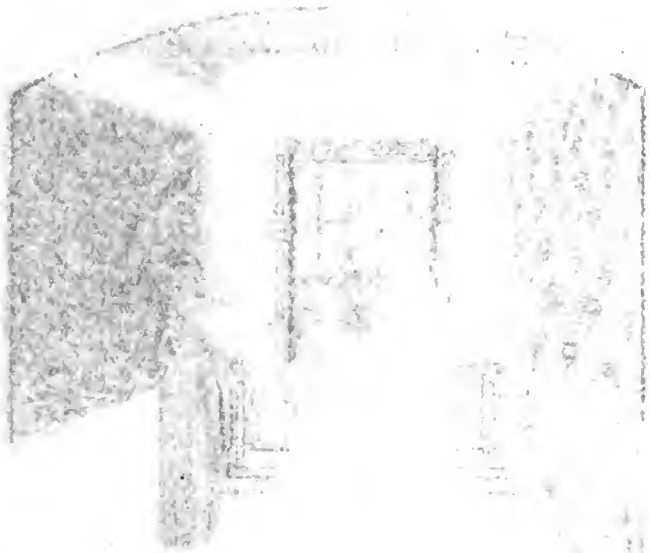

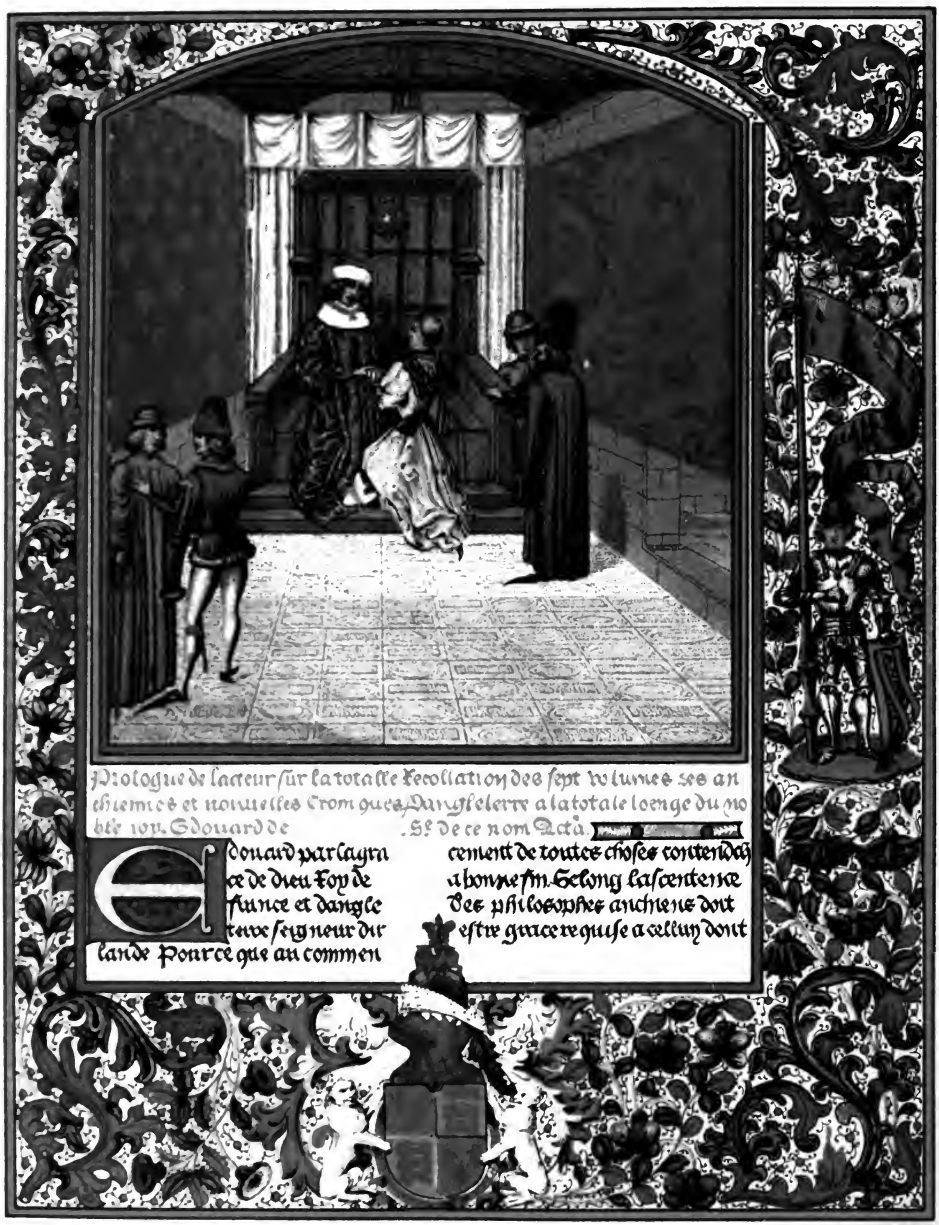

THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND (Fifteenth Century) executed for Edward IV.

This illustration gives a good example of the general characteristics of this period.

The Chronicles of England

(Fifteenth Century)

Executed for Edward IV. This illustration gives a good example of the general characteristics of this period. Loss or other causes have reduced the original series of seven noble volumes, mentioned by the author, to three or four, now carefully preserved in the British Museum. The work was probably written in the early part of the reign of King Edward IV., and with the especial view of defending and flattering the King and the House of York. The first part of these Chronicles contains a strange compound of traditional history mingled with the fable and romance of the early portion of the middle ages, not omitting the slaying of giants and marine monsters, with singular copiousness of detail. The portion from the accession of Edward III. to the death of Richard II. would appear to have been principally taken from the Chronicles of Froissart.

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THE

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111

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THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH MARQUIS.

By Mlle. DE SCUDÉRY.

(From "Ibrahim; or the Illustrious Bassa.")

[Madeleine de Scudéry, the most noted French novelist of the seventeenth century, was born at Havre in 1607; removing to Paris, became a leading light of the *salon* at the Hôtel Rambouillet, and on its dissolution set up a noted one of her own. Her first novel was "Ibrahim" (below), published as her brother's in 1641; then followed "Artamène" (1650), and "Clélie" (1656), all owing much of their interest to the inclusion of contemporaries under fictitious names. She published several other works, novels and essays. She died at Paris in 1701.]

Marsé had four sisters, and the Marquis but one; and they were both neighbors together in the country, so that visiting one another very often, according to the custom of France, Marsé fell in love with the Marquis his Sister, and the Marquis, who always returns Love with usury, became enamored of all his four at once. He loved the eyes of the one, the stature of the other, the voice of the third, and the wit of the last, and in these four maids he said that he had the most accomplished Mistress in the world. This folly lasted long enough to give Marsé leisure to become desperately in love with the Marquis his Sister, who at her brother's intreaty had entertained him very civilly during certain months that he was away in the Province, albeit she could by no means endure him.

In the meanwhile the time of his return being come, Marsé begins to think seriously of his affairs, believes they will succeed well; and finding that the Marquis took great delight in resorting to his house, thinks to give him the choice of his four Sisters, and by that exchange hopes to establish his felicity and possess his Mistress.

[He can neither make his suit prosper, nor the Marquis choose.]

What, said he, the Marquis shall make my four Sisters be in love with him, whilst himself peradventure is not taken by any of them, and I shall be so unhappy as not to be able to touch the inclination of his one? He will laugh in his mind at his conquests and my misfortune; and whilst, to the prejudice of my house, he shall be laden with the favor of four maids, I shall get but cold civilities from her whom I love passionately, and that alone can make up my felicity. But, continued he, what counsel can I take? If I have recourse to violence; if I quarrel with him; if I fight with him, and will make him explain himself by force, for the interest of my sisters, then I ruin myself with her; I lose the hope of ever possessing her; and it will be an ill way for one to prove his love unto a generous person to kill her Brother. It is better for me then to dissemble awhile; to observe all his actions; to endeavor yet to discover whom the Marquis is in love withal; and if at last I can learn nothing certain, then to propound unto him the choice of my Sisters, in demanding of his.

But as Marsé was thus troubled at home, so was the Marquis in some sort with his Sister, who having another design with herself than the marrying of Marsé, would have him dispense with her for entertaining him any longer and permit her to take all hope from him. Howbeit the Marquis, who could not endure that his Sister's rigor should deprive him of the favors of all Marsé's, unto whom he durst not have gone any more if once she should have put him into despair, could not consent.

Why, Sister, said he unto her, you see me to be an hundred leagues from the Court, in a solitary Country, where one can hardly behold anything that so much as resembles a woman, and you will be so cruel as to deprive me of a company, wherein I meet with four very amiable ones; so as if it be true that the loss of one Mistress brings an unquietness that cannot be ended but by Iron or poison, what do you think will become of me, when you shall have taken from me four at a time, which I love passionately; and in a place where I can find no others? If I were at Paris, I should comply with you herein, not only for four, but for thirty, being well assured that I should repair this loss in a little time; but in the midst of a Desert to deprive me of four sole maids whom I can love, is so great an inhumanity, in the humor wherein I am, as if you consider it seriously you must needs repent you of it.

But, answered his sister laughing, you do not love them, for how can you share yourself amongst so many?

Not love them (replied the Marquis), naughty Sister, come, you do not know me, if you believe as you say; for it is most certain that I love them with all my soul; and that in all my life I never found myself so constant nor so amorous. And whereas this Maid could not very easily comprehend how a man could love four at once, and term himself constant; for to make her understand it, he told her that by a very extraordinary adventure he had no great affection for any of them in particular, but meeting in these four persons separately, with that which he would have in one alone, he was so desperately in love therewith as he was never in such a passion before.

He told her further, that ordinarily when he found anything that was amiable in a woman he excused the defects which were in her, and became in love with all her person; but that in this encounter, through a capriciousness of love, he was wounded in another sort. For, said he seriously, it would be impossible for me, in the estate wherein my mind now is, to love any of those maids singly; and I am never more joyful than when I see them all four together. I behold the whiteness of the first, the look of the second; I hear the voice of the third; and admire the gentleness of the last. In conclusion, I am so satisfied with this manner of loving, that when I could, by an unheard-of miracle, take from those four maids all that doth please me in them, to make thereof a masterpiece and a marvel such as I may imagine, yet should I rather choose to love them as I do. For if I should love but one of them, I should be without consolation when she were in choler; whereas contrariwise I am never altogether unhappy: if I have angered the fair one, the brown one regards me favorably; and if I am out with the serious one, the merry one comforts me with her jocund humor; and when it falls out that I am upon good terms with all the four, I have such delight as cannot be expressed. One prepares a Bracelet for me, another ties a band about my hat, a third gives me powder and essences, whilst the fourth causes her picture to be drawn for the love of me. In pursuance hereof, I sing a song that is agreeable to all four, which each of them applies to their own particular for a mark of my affection, and which they all commend with address and joy; and that which is yet more worth than all these things is that this passion is so fair and so extraordinary as the end of it can never be unhappy. For when as myself would contribute to mine own ruin, it is impossible that ever I should arrive to that unfortunate term, which for the most

part finishes all loves, I mean marriage. If I should love one of these maids, it may be that utterly losing all reason against my custom I should also marry her; but loving these four Sisters as I do, unless the Law should permit me to marry them all four, as the Turks do, I am in no danger of being their husband. In this manner I shall be always free, and always amorous; and the impossibility that there is for them ever to be my wives, gives them a charm which will make me love them until I return again to the Court. Judge now after this, cruel Sister, whether you are to rob me of all my pleasures.

You know, continued he, that I do not cross yours, that I have never pressed you to hearken to the sighs of Marsé, more than was needful for my diversion, and not to constrain you to marry him. I am so much a friend of liberty that I cannot endure the least violence, either in myself, or in another; and if you resist me never so little more, I feel that I shall do what you would have me; but at the very same instant I shall take Post to go seek out some new object for my passion, without which I am not able to live.

They were a long time yet pleasantly disputing on either part concerning this matter, but at last the Marquis his Sister, who would not lose so favorable an occasion to discover unto her Brother the design which she had, gives him to understand that during his absence a Gentleman of their neighbors, extreme rich, of great courage, and of much spirit, had fallen in love with her; and that he being to return from the Army in a short space, she was afraid lest some mischief might fall out between him and Marsé. It is not that I have any affection for him, said this Maid, but I must confess to you that I will never marry Marsé, though I think I could resolve to be the other's wife.

Come, my dear Sister, answered the Marquis, do not disguise your thoughts, say that you are in love; that your passion is violent, and with these charming words you shall obtain of me all that you can desire; I will return to the Court eight days sooner than I would have done, to leave you the liberty to use Marsé as you please: but when I go I will leave our Mother an absolute power to marry you according to your own mind; for I am so glad to see that you are not insensible that I love you for it far more than I did.

As they were thus talking, Marsé arrives, the Marquis hides himself against his sister's will, gets out at a Back-gate, mounts

on Horseback, and rides to Marsé's house, which was not far off, where he finds those four fair Sisters, or, to say better, his four Mistresses, all of them more jovial than ordinary, for they had every one in particular some hope to be the Marquis his wife, by reason of the proposition their Brother had made to them of it. They had also attired themselves extraordinarily, to give him new wounds; for they knew well no day passed without his visiting them. The eldest had a garment on of green Cloth of Silver, whereof the sleeves were tied up with Carnation silvered Ribbon, and her hair with the same, which did not misbecome a person fair-complexioned. The second had on a night attire of pure white silver Tinsel, which gave a kind of luster to her serious and modest aspect; the third, always glittering, was in a Waistcoat of Gridilion-satin, set all over with silver-Oes; as for the youngest, though her garment was plainer than the rest, yet was it the gallantest: her habit was nothing else but silvered Tiffany, embroidered with flowers, lined with carnation taffata, and her head was covered over with carnation and white feathers, which must needs do well with a young person whose hair was black, complexion clear and lively, and eyes wonderfully sparkling.

In the mean time, Marsé, who had not received such caresses at the Marquis his house, returns to his own, where he finds him still to be; he does what he can to make him stay all night, but the Marquis, who began to fear lest Marsé should press him to explain himself, withstands it, parts from this fair company, carries away the Bracelet, and comes back to his Sister, who was very melancholic. For it had happened that her Lover, being returned, had surprised her talking with Marsé; and whether he had understood of his design, or that she had before acquainted him with it, they had saluted one another very coldly, and had talked as men talk that took pleasure to contradict each other, so that, said she to the Marquis, after she had recounted unto him that which had befallen, I see the matter in a case to break forth, and suddenly to produce some mischief, if we do not look to it in time.

No such thing, answered the Marquis, for whereas I have promised nothing to Marsé, and that he too hath not spoken to me of his love to you, or of any purpose he had to marry you; I may tell him if he moves me about it, that I am engaged to another, and to make that true, cause your Lover to come to me, and I will promise him my consent. I know that thereby

I shall banish myself from a place where I have a great deal of pleasure; but since I am of necessity to be gone away within eight days to the Court, I could not make a better end of this adventure. For Marsé forbidding me his house, I shall have a fair occasion to write them a letter of adieu and despair: withal, continued he, I perceive that I begin to accustom myself to the favors which I receive from these gentlewomen, so that now the happiness which love gives me, being turned into an habit, it is no longer happiness to me.

The Marquis his Sister was so astonished to hear him talk thus, as she could not forbear laughing at it. They passed the evening in this sort, and not to lose time the Marquis his Sister advertised her Lover, that the next morning he should repair to her Brother to acquaint him clearly with the intentions he had for her. The note which she sent failed not to work the effect she expected from it; her Lover comes just as the Marquis is rising, speaks to him of his passion for his Sister, shows that he covets his Alliance, and in the end expresses his desires so clearly that the Marquis without further delay leads him to his mother's Chamber, who favored her Daughter's wishes, propounds the matter unto her, gets her to agree unto it; and whereas this Lover was absolute Master of his Estate, and of his own will, they resolved to accomplish this Marriage within four days, to the end that the Marquis, who was to return to the Court, might be at his Sister's wedding.

Things being in these terms, Marsé arrives, who was come on purpose to his Mistress's Mother, to discover his design unto her. As soon as the Marquis saw him enter, he descends, he goes and embraces him, invites him to his Sister's wedding, before he acquaints him to whom she is to be married; seems to believe that he is not interested therein; talks to him of dancing and joy, hoping thereby that Marsé, seeing the matter resolved, would not explain himself further, and peradventure would alter his mind. As, indeed, Marsé hearing this discourse, and knowing that his rival was returned, makes no doubt but the Marquis spake the truth, only he doubted in regard of the manner of the Marquis his speech to him, whether he had observed that he affected his Sister. He was mad that he had not declared himself sooner, and that he was arrived so late; and in this unquietness he knew not whether he should go in or no, to be the spectator of his Rival's triumph; whether he should quarrel with the Marquis, though he knew not as yet

that he was faulty ; whether he should depart away without saying anything unto him ; or whether he should trouble this wedding with some strange violence ; in fine, he was so confounded, as not knowing what to do in so unpleasing a conjuncture, he suffered himself to be conducted along by the Marquis, whose address in this occasion was such, as without seeming to perceive any change in his countenance, he still continued talking to him of diversion and joy ; and that too with embracing and putting him on gently towards his Mother's chamber ; whereunto as soon as ever they were entered, the Marquis presented his Brother-in-law to Marsé, who saluted him very coldly ; in the mean time he had leisure to tell his Mother and his Sister, in two words, that to keep Marsé from showing his hatred and resentment he was not to be left alone with anybody.

After that civilities were rendered on either part, the Marquis thought it was fitting that he should entertain the company ; he began then to quarrel with his Sister, for that she was the cause of his rejoicing at a thing which was repugnant to his mind ; but withal he was well assured that this thing should never give him joy again, either for her or any other, and that this compliance was no doubt the greatest mark he could render her of his love.

Marsé, hearing this discourse, demanded of him whether he meant marriage by that which he spake? and the Marquis, without further delay, answered him, laughing, that it was of that destroyer of love ; of that Tyrant of liberty ; of that enemy of pleasure, which most commonly disjoins all that Love hath united ; which discovers all the defects of the mind and humor, to persons that believed they were altogether perfect ; and that which was worse than all the rest for him, which banishes love, inconstancy, and gallantry from amongst men, to introduce into the stead of it, jealousy of honor, a false constancy, and domestic cares.

So that, as you speak (replied Marsé, interrupting him), you believe it may be that you should much oblige one of your friends, if you should marry his Mistress to another.

If he should tell me, answered the Marquis, that he would marry her, I should not contradict his intent, for I am so much an enemy to constraint as I never oppose anything ; but otherwise if a worthy man of my friends should appear to me extremely amorous, I do not think I should do him any great

wrong if I should deprive him of the means of marrying his Mistress, in case his passion should disorder him so far as to give him a desire to do so; and in the humor that I am, the greatest proof of affection that I can render unto a ward, when I become enamored of her, is not to marry her; yea, and I have met with some unto whom the more favorably to receive my affection, and to testify unto them the respect which I bare them, I have declared at the first sight that in becoming their Servant I had no design to become their Master; and in assuring them that I was their slave, I assured them that I would never be their Tyrant.

It may be, replied Marsé, that you have not always spoken so openly.

That I have not, answered the Marquis, when I believed, that those whom I loved had wit enough not to suspect that I had any such bad intent; but, howsoever, I have never done or said anything which could make them believe that I had any other aim than to love them, to be kindly received of them, to be heard with pleasure, and to obtain of them all those petty favors which are no part of the Husbands' demesne, and which ought always to remain in the disposition of Ladies, therewith to gratify their Lovers. For since there are not men found, which amuse themselves in wearing Bracelets of their wives' hair; which demand favors of them; which are ravished with kissing only the tip of their gloves; with saying gallantries to them, praising their beauties, giving them Serenades; making verses to their glory; and telling them they burn and die for love of them, is it not strange they should be deprived of all these pleasures? and is it not unjust that men which do not love them should possess them absolutely? and that they which adore them should not at leastwise have all those petty things, which are not directly opposite to virtue?

Your Maxims are so bad, said the Marquis his Sister, speaking to her Brother, that if you had not always been at Court, and that we had always been brought up together, I should have some cause to fear that one might imagine you had persuaded me to your opinion.

I dare not say, replied her Lover, that these maxims, which you condemn, have nothing in them that clashes with reason; nor also maintain that they have nothing in them but that which is bad: for I have too much love for the Sister, and too much respect for the Brother; but howsoever I am confident that you will not follow them.

It is true, said Marsé, tartly enough, that inconstancy is not that wherewith he is to be reproached; and I know not whether or the contrary, Virtue opposed will not prove to be the only crime that may be imputed to him.

The Marquis, perceiving that the other was preparing himself to answer and peradventure with bitterness, continued to speak of the injustice of men in the discerning of things. For, said he, if the diversity of good Books renders a man knowing; if diversity of Voyages serves him for an agreeable study, which illuminates his mind, and informs his judgment; if the diversity of fair Arts is a knowledge that pleases; if the diversity of tongues passes for a laudable curiosity, why should one think that the diversity of loves can produce nothing that is good? And why will one have the grace of novelty, which is the charm of Nature, to be a defect in love?

For my part, said Marsé, I will no longer oppose this doctrine, since an universal change cannot be but advantageous for me, glorious for some, and equitable for others.

The hidden sense of this speech was easily understood by all the company; but the Marquis, who in this occasion did not desire to dive into things, altered the discourse, and said unto Marsé, that his Sisters must needs honor this Wedding with their presence, and that he must rejoice with them, for that they are not so near to slavery.

The honor that you will do them, answered Marsé, will surprise them, not because your Civilities have not given them occasion to attend more from you, but whereas this news is unexpected, it is fit that I should go and advertise them of it, to the end they may prepare themselves to receive the grace that you will do them.

The Marquis pressed him extremely to pass away the rest of the day with them, but he would by no means stay. He invites him also to his Sister's Wedding, talks to him of Balls, Lutes, Music, and of all the entertainments usual in such like Feasts: whereunto the other answered still with speeches of a double sense. The two Rivals quipt one another civilly, which doubtless might have produced some unlucky adventure, had not the merry humor of the Marquis sweetened the conversation.

Marsé took his leave of the company, with a forced countenance, which made them conceive that he had strange unquietness in his mind. He went home then with so much grief as he could not longer conceal it, and to minish it in some sort he desired to make his Sisters partake of it. He sends

for them, acquaints them with the marriage of his Mistress, tells them that the Marquis is unfaithful, inconstant, a Cheater, a Courtier; that cares for nothing but to please himself; that hath made a mockery of them; and then recounts all their conversation unto them.

These four Sisters were not more amazed at this wedding whereunto they were invited, and the lightness of the Marquis his humor, than to know by their Brother's discourse that they were rivals, and equally beguiled of the hopes which they had received. At first they beheld one another as if they would silently reproach each other for concealing themselves in their designs; but the third of these maids, whose mind was not so sensible of grief, and that could not be long without giving some marks of her humor, after she had paused a little, began to speak, and said with a tone of the voice of admiration, I must confess the Marquis is wonderful dexterous, that could deceive four interested maids; and though I did infinitely esteem him, continued she, I did not think he had had so much wit nor that he was so unworthy of my friendship. The minds of the three others were not so moderate; and though the eldest was of a very sweet disposition, yet could she not choose but show her resentment. The second, always haughty, manifested hers, by seeming to share very much in that of her Brother; but as for the youngest, she was vexed to the heart for having so ill assured her first conquest; and albeit she had a great deal of wit, yet she could not forbear showing her choler. However the third continued still saying, that this adventure was a new charm, which she discovered in the Marquis, and that engaged her to esteem of him the more.

In the mean time the Wedding-day arrives; Marsé feigns himself sick because he would not be at it; the Sisters excuse themselves upon their brother's sickness. Howbeit the third makes a secret match with one of her kinswomen, that dwells not far off, to go and see this feast in disguise; they mask themselves then very bravely, and appear in that assembly accompanied with certain men disguised too as they were. As soon as they were entered into the room, the Marquis knew her that touched his heart still; he approaches to her, makes her an hundred compliments, and continues telling her that he loves her passionately. But she, without reproaching him, answers, that she does not doubt of it, and that the conformity which is between them ought to work so fair an effect. That

nevertheless it was fit they should a little better examine their thoughts, it seeming just unto her that two persons, which made profession of beguiling all the world in gallantry, should not be beguiled between themselves. This said, this gentlewoman made the Marquis sit down by her, whilst the rest of the company were dancing, and with a most pleasing relation acquainted him with all that had passed betwixt her Brother, her Sisters, and herself. Hereupon they promised much good will one to another, esteeming too much of themselves for ever speaking together again of love. She counseled the Marquis not to come at their house, but since he was to be gone to the Court the day following, to send a compliment to her Brother and her Sisters, as indeed he did.

The Marquis took post the next morning, leaving his Sister very well contented, Marsé in despair, three of his Sisters in choler enough, and the other satisfied.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

By THOMAS CAREW.

[About 1598–1639.]

You that will a wonder know,
Go with me;
Two suns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be, —
All they fire that do but eye them,
Yet the snow's unmelted by them.

Leaves of crimson tulips met
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set,
As white as day;
When they part themselves asunder
She breathes oracles of wonder.

All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as to miss
Breeds endless pains, —
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

THE CENCI.

By J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 12, page 186.]

SHIFTING the scene to Rome, we light upon a group of notable misdeeds enacted in the last half of the sixteenth century; each of which is well calculated to illustrate the conditions of society and manners at that epoch. It may be well to begin with the Cenci tragedy. In Shelley's powerful drama, in Guerrazzi's tedious novel, and Scolari's digest, the legend of Beatrice Cenci has long appealed to modern sympathy. The real facts, extracted from legal documents and public registers, reduce its poetry of horror to comparatively squalid prose. Yet, shorn of romantic glamour, the bare history speaks significantly to a student of Italian customs. Monsignore Cristoforo Cenci, who died about the year 1562, was in holy orders, yet not a priest. One of the clerks of the Apostolic Camera, a Canon of S. Peter's, the titular incumbent of a Roman parish, and an occupant of minor offices about the Papal Court and Curia, he represented an epicene species, neither churchman nor layman, which the circumstances of ecclesiastical sovereignty rendered indispensable. Cristoforo belonged to a good family among that secondary Roman aristocracy which ranked beneath the princely feudatories and the Papal bastards. He accumulated large sums of money by maladministration of his official trusts, inherited the estates of two uncles, and bequeathed a colossal fortune to his son Francesco. This youth was the offspring of an illicit connection carried on between Monsignore Cenci and Beatrice Amias during the lifetime of that lady's husband. Upon the death of the husband the Monsignore obtained dispensation from his orders, married Beatrice, and legitimated his son, the inheritor of so much wealth. Francesco was born in 1549, and had therefore reached the age of thirteen when his father died. His mother, Beatrice, soon contracted a third matrimonial union; but during her guardianship of the boy she appeared before the courts, accused of having stolen clothing from his tutor's wardrobe.

Francesco Cenci disbursed a sum of 33,000 crowns to various public offices, in order to be allowed to enter unmolested into the enjoyment of his father's gains; 3800 crowns of this sum went to the Chapter of S. Peter's. He showed a certain

precocity; for at the age of fourteen he owned an illegitimate child, and was accused of violence to domestics. In 1563 his family married him to Ersilia, a daughter of the noble Santa Croce House, who brought him a fair dowry. Francesco lived for twenty-one years with this lady, by whom he had twelve children. Upon her death he remained a widower for nine years, and in 1593 he married Lucrezia Petroni, widow of a Roman called Velli. Francesco's conduct during his first marriage was not without blame. Twice, at least, he had to pay fines for acts of brutality to servants, and once he was prosecuted for an attempt to murder a cousin, also named Francesco Cenci. On another occasion we find him outlawed from the states of the Church. Yet these offenses were but peccadillos in a wealthy Roman baron; and Francesco used to boast that, with money in his purse, he had no dread of justice. After the death of his wife Ersilia, his behavior grew more irregular. Three times between 1591 and 1594, he was sued for violent attacks on servants; and in February of the latter year he remained six months in prison on multiplied charges of unnatural vice. There was nothing even here to single Francesco Cenci out from other nobles of his age. Scarcely a week passed in Rome without some affair of the sort, involving outrage, being brought before the judges. Cardinals, prelates, princes, professional men, and people of the lowest rank were alike implicated. The only difference between the culprits was that the rich bought themselves off, while the destitute were burned. Eleven poor Spaniards and Portuguese were sent to the stake in 1578 for an offense which Francesco Cenci compounded in 1594 by the payment of 100,000 crowns. After this warning and the loss of so much money, he grew more circumspect, married his second wife, Lucrezia, and settled down to rule his family. His sons caused him considerable anxiety. Giacomo, the eldest, married against his father's will, and supported himself by forging obligations and raising money. Francesco's displeasure showed itself in several lawsuits, one of which accused Giacomo of having plotted against his life. The second son, Cristoforo, was assassinated by Paolo Bruno, a Corsican, in the prosecution of a love affair with the wife of a Trasteverine fisherman. The third son, Rocco, spent his time in street adventures, and on one occasion laid his hands on all the plate and portable property that he could carry off from his father's house. This young ruffian, less than twenty years of age, found

a devoted friend in Monsignore Querro, a cousin of the family, well placed at court, who assisted him in the burglary of the Cenci palace. Rocco was killed by Amilcare Orsini, a bastard of the Count of Pitigliano, in a brawl at night. The young men met, Cenci attended by three armed servants, Orsini by two. A single pass of rapiers, in which Rocco was pierced through the right eye, ended the affair.

In addition to his vindictive persecution of his worthless eldest son, Francesco Cenci behaved with undue strictness to the younger, allowing them less money than befitted their station, and treating them with a severity which contrasted comically with his own loose habits. The legend which represents him as an exceptionally wicked man, cruel for cruelty's sake, and devoid of natural affection, receives some color from the facts. Yet these alone are not sufficient to justify its darker hues, while they amply prove that Francesco's children gave him grievous provocation. The discontents of this ill-governed family matured into rebellion, and in 1598 it was decided on removing the old Cenci by murder. His second wife, Lucrezia, his eldest son, Giacomo, his daughter Beatrice, and the youngest son, Bernardo, were implicated in the crime. It was successfully carried out at the Rocca di Petrella in the Abruzzi, on the night of September 9. Two hired bravi, Olimpio Calvetti and Marzio Catalani, entered the old man's bedroom, drove a nail into his head, and flung the corpse out from a gallery, whence it was alleged that he had fallen by accident. Six days after this assassination, Giacomo and his brothers took out letters both at Rome and in the realm of Naples for the administration of their father's property; nor does suspicion seem for some time to have fallen upon them. It awoke at Petrella in November, the feudatory of which fief, Marzio Colonna, informed the government of Naples that proceedings ought to be taken against the Cenci and their cutthroats. Accordingly, on December 10, a ban was published against Olimpio and Marzio. Olimpio met his death at an inn door in a little village called Cantalice. Three desperate fellows, at the instigation of Giacomo de' Cenci and Monsignore Querro, surprised him there. But Marzio fell into the hands of justice, and his evidence caused the immediate arrest of the Cenci. It appears that they were tortured, and that none of them denied the accusation; so that their advocates could only plead extenuating circumstances. To this fact may possibly be due the legend of

Beatrice. In order to mitigate the guilt of parricide, Prospero Farinacci, who conducted her defense, established a theory of enormous cruelty and unspeakable outrages committed on her person by her father. With the same object in view, he tried to make out that Bernardo was half-witted. There is quite sufficient extant evidence to show that Bernardo was a young man of average intelligence; and with regard to Beatrice, nothing now remains to corroborate Farinaccio's hypothesis of incest. She was not a girl of sixteen, as the legend runs, but a woman of twenty-two; and the codicils to her will render it nearly certain that she had given birth to an illegitimate son, for whose maintenance she made elaborate and secret provisions. That the picture ascribed to Guido Reni in the Barberini palace is not a portrait of Beatrice in prison, appears sufficiently proved. Guido did not come to Rome until 1608, nine years after her death; and catalogues of the Barberini gallery, compiled in 1604 and 1623, contain no mention either of a painting by Guido or of Beatrice's portrait. The Cenci were lodged successively in the prisons of Torre di Nona, Savelli, and S. Angelo. They occupied wholesome apartments, and were allowed the attendance of their own domestics. That their food was no scanty dungeon fare appears from the menus of dinners and suppers supplied to them, which include fish, flesh, fruit, salad, and snow to cool the water. In spite of powerful influence at court, Clement VIII. at last resolved to exercise strict justice on the Cenci. He was brought to this decision by a matricide perpetrated in cold blood at Subiaco, on September 5, 1599. Paolo di S. Croce, a relative of the Cenci, murdered his mother Costanza in her bed, with the view of obtaining property over which she had control. The sentence issued a few days after this event. Giacomo was condemned to be torn to pieces by red-hot pincers, and finished with a *coup de grâce* from the hangman's hammer. Lucrezia and Beatrice received the slighter sentence of decapitation; while Bernardo, in consideration of his youth, was let off with the penalty of being present at the execution of his kinsfolk, after which he was to be imprisoned for a year, and then sent to the galleys for life. Their property was confiscated to the Camera Apostolica. These punishments were carried out. But Bernardo, after working at Civita Vecchia until 1606, obtained release and lived in banishment till his death in 1627. Monsignore Querro, for his connivance in the whole affair, was banished to

the island of Malta, whence he returned at some date before the year 1633 to Rome, having expiated his guilt by long and painful exile. In this abstract of the Cenci tragedy, I have followed the documents published by Signor Bertolotti. They are at many points in startling contradiction to the legend, which is founded on manuscript accounts compiled at no distant period after the events. One of these was translated by Shelley; another, differing in some particulars, was translated by De Stendhal. Both agree in painting that lurid portrait of Francesco Cenci which Shelley has animated with the force of a great dramatist. Unluckily, no copy of the legal instructions upon which the trial was conducted is now extant. In the absence of this all-important source of information, it would be unsafe to adopt Bertolotti's argument, that the legend calumniates Francesco in order to exculpate Beatrice, without some reservation. There is room for the belief that facts adduced in evidence may have partly justified the prevalent opinion of Beatrice's infamous persecution by her father.

LYCIDAS.

Monody on a Friend drowned in 1637.

By JOHN MILTON.

[John Milton: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649–1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake: —
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse.
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

EARLIER SONNETS, ETC., OF MILTON.

On the Detraction which Followed upon my Writing Certain Treatises (1645).

A book was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walked the town awhile,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall reader, "Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this!" and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,
Colkitto, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp*?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheke,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

On the Same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament (1647).

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succor our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge:
New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

POEMS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

[Sir John Suckling, the Admirable Crichton of his time, was born in 1609, son of Charles I.'s comptroller of the household; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; traveled on the Continent, and fought under Gustavus Adolphus (in the Marquis of Hamilton's contingent) 1631–1632; returning, wrote plays for court spectacles ("Aglaura," "The Goblins," "Brennoralt," etc.), and was leader of the court circle, in sports, fashion, and miscellaneous resourcefulness, besides being handsome, rich, and generous, a sparkling wit and graceful poet. In Charles's war of 1639, against the Covenanters, Suckling raised a troop of horse to fight for the King; was elected a royalist member of the Long Parliament in 1640; accused in 1641 of plotting to liberate Strafford, he fled to Paris and is supposed to have committed suicide there in 1642.]

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing:
The parson for him stayed:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance), as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring,
Would not stay on, which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone,)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied:

Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon
(I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick:
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside,
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

Orsames' Song in "Aglaura."

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

RELIGIO MEDICI.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

[Sir Thomas Browne: English physician and antiquary; born in London, 1605; died at Norwich, 1682. He studied at Oxford, Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden (where he took M.D.), and in 1637 settled in practice at Norwich. Knighted, 1671. His masterpiece, "Religio Medici" (1643), is one of the classics of English literature, and has been translated into the principal European languages. Other works are: "Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors" (1646); "Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial," with "The Garden of Cyrus" (1658); "Christian Morals," a collection of aphorisms, posthumous.]

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion; it hath been the unhappy method of angry devotions, not only to confirm honest religion, but wicked heresies and extravagant opinions. . . . 'Tis not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus far, or pass to heaven through the flames. Every one hath it not in that full measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests and trials; who, notwithstanding, in a peaceable way, do truly adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes of God.

Now, as all that die in the war are not termed soldiers, so neither can I properly term all those that suffer in matters of religion, martyrs. There are many (questionless) canonized on earth, that shall never be saints in heaven, and have their names in histories and martyrologies, who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect martyrs as was that wise heathen Socrates, that suffered on a fundamental point of religion — the unity of God. I have often pitied the miserable bishop that suffered in the cause of antipodes, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madness, for exposing his living on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly, that condemned him. I think my conscience will not give me the lie, if I say there are not many extant, that, in a noble way, fear the face of death less than myself; yet, from the moral duty I owe to the commandment of God, and the natural respect that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a ceremony, politic points, or indifferency: nor is my belief of that untractable temper as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifest impieties. The leaven, therefore, and ferment of all, not only civil, but

religious, actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another. . . .

I am naturally bashful; nor hath conversation, age, or travel been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldom discovered in another, that is (to speak truly), I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof; 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, wife, and children stand afraid, and start at us. The birds and beasts of the field, that before, in a natural fear, obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath, in a tempest, disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpitied, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, lectures of morality, and none had said, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Some, upon the courage of a fruitful issue, wherein, as in the truest chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in heaven, rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore, at my death, I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph; not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere, but in the universal register of God. I am not yet so cynical as to approve the testament of Diogenes, nor do I altogether allow that rodomontado of Lucan: —

—— *Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*—

He that unburied lies wants not his hearse;
For unto him a tomb's the universe;

but commend, in my calmer judgment, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleep by the urns of their fathers, and strive to go the neatest way unto corruption. I do not envy the temper of crows and daws, nor the numerous and weary days of our fathers before the flood. If there be any truth in astrology, I may outlive a jubilee; as yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturn, nor hath my pulse beat thirty years, and yet, excepting one, have seen the ashes of, and left underground,

all the kings of Europe; have been contemporary to three emperors, four grand signiors, and as many popes: methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight in my warm blood and canicular days; I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics, to my severer contemplations.

It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the days of our Savior, or wish to outlive that age wherein he thought fittest to die; yet, if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no gray hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to outlive vice, or a point to be superannuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of Methuselah. But age doth not rectify, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worse habits, and (like diseases) brings on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice, committed at sixteen, is not the same, though it agrees in all other circumstances, at forty; but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherein, besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our judgment cuts off pretense unto excuse or pardon. Every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil; as it succeeds in time, so it proceeds in degrees of badness; for as they proceed they ever multiply, and, like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it. And, though I think no man can live well once, but he that could live twice, yet, for my own part, I would not live over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground, because I have lived them well, but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then because I was a child; and, because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

And truly there goes a deal of providence to produce a man's life unto three-score; there is more required than an able temper for those years: though the radical humor contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty: men assign not all the causes of long life, that write whole books thereof. They that found themselves on the radical balsam, or vital sulphur of the parts, determine not why Abel lived not so long as Adam. There is therefore a secret gloom or bottom of our days: 'twas his wisdom to determine them: but his perpetual and waking providence that fulfills and accomplisheth them; wherein the spirits, ourselves, and all the creatures of God, in a secret and disputed way, do execute his will. Let them not therefore complain of immaturity that die about thirty: they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well-composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution: when all things are completed in it, its age is accomplished; and the last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty. There is therefore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature: we are not only ignorant in antipathies and occult qualities; our ends are as obscure as our beginnings; the line of our days is drawn by night, and the various effects therein by a pencil that is invisible; wherein, though we confess our ignorance, I am sure we do not err if we say it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have been able not only, as we do at school, to construe, but understand:—

Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix esse mori.

We're all deluded, vainly searching ways
To make us happy by the length of days;
For cunningly, to make 's protract this breath,
The gods conceal the happiness of death.

There be many excellent strains in that poet, wherewith his stoical genius hath liberally supplied him: and truly there are singular pieces in the philosophy of Zeno, and doctrine of the stoics, which I perceive, delivered in a pulpit, pass for current divinity: yet herein are they in extremes, that can allow a man to be his own assassin, and so highly extol the end and suicide of Cato. This is indeed not to fear death, but yet to be afraid

of life. It is a brave act of valor to contemn death; but, where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live: and herein religion hath taught us a noble example; for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel, or match, that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue unto it. *Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo;* I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. 'Tis not only the mischief of diseases, and the villainy of poisons, that make an end of us; we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death: — it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet, he doth not kill us. There is therefore but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death. God would not exempt himself from that; the misery of immortality in the flesh he undertook not, that was in it, immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh; nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity. The first day of our jubilee is death; the devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death than we should have been without it: there is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die, who complains of misery: we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own. . . .

Men commonly set forth the torments of hell by fire, and the extremity of corporal afflictions, and describe hell in the same method that Mahomet doth heaven. This indeed makes a noise, and drums in popular ears: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with heaven, whose happiness consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortal essence, that translated divinity and colony of God, the soul. Surely, though we place hell under earth, the

devil's walk and purlieu is about it. Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains, which to grosser apprehensions represent hell. The heart of man is the place the devils dwell in; I feel sometimes a hell within myself; Lucifer keeps his court in my breast; Legion is revived in me. . . .

I thank God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place. I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell; and am afraid rather to lose the joys of the one, than endure the misery of the other: to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, and needs methinks no addition to complete our afflictions. That terrible term hath never detained me from sin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof. I fear God, yet am not afraid of him; his mercies make me ashamed of my sins, before his judgments afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation; — a course rather to deter the wicked, than incite the virtuous to his worship. I can hardly think there was ever any scared into heaven: they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell: other mercenaries, that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves, of the Almighty. . . .

For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the arc do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind; whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. . . .

There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses: without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents

me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend: but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness: and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next; as the phantasms of the night to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the litigation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. In one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed.

We must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus, it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that here expresseth death; for every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby

we live a middle and moderating point between life and death: in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

The night is come, like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the luster of thy light:
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought:
And with as active vigor run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death: O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep: after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the Resurrection.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD HEATH.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

(From "The Splendid Spur.")

[Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch, an English novelist and writer of short stories, was born in Cornwall, November 21, 1863. He is the eldest son of Thomas Quiller-Couch, and grandson of Jonathan Couch (1789–1870), a Cornish naturalist of some repute. From Clifton he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he received a scholarship and distinguished himself by contributions to the *Oxford Magazine*. "Dead Man's Rock," a collection of short stories, appeared before its author had taken his degree. He removed to London and engaged in literary work and journalism until 1891, when he returned to Cornwall and established his residence at Fowey. Among his novels and short stories, dealing principally with Cornish life, may be mentioned: "The Astonishing History of Troy Town," "The Splendid Spur," "Naughts and Crosses," "The Blue Pavilions," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Delectable Duchy," and "The Wandering Heath."]

NIGHT came, and found us but midway between Temple and Launceston: for tho' my comrade stepp'd briskly beside me, 'twas useless to put Molly beyond a walk; and besides, the mare was new from her day's journey. This troubled me the less by reason of the moon (now almost at the full), and the extreme whiteness of the road underfoot, so that there was no fear of going astray. And Billy engaged that by sunrise we should be in sight of the King's troops.

"Nay, Jack," he said, when by signs I offered him to ride and tie: "never rode o' horseback but once, and then 'pon Parson Spinks his red mare at Bideford. Parson i' those days was courtin' the Widow Hambly, over to Torrington: an' I, that wanted to fare to Barnstaple, spent that mornin' an' better part o' th' afternoon, clawin' off Torrington. And th' end was the larboard halyards broke, an' the mare gybed, an' to Torrington I went before the wind, wi' an unseemly bloody nose. 'Lud!' cries the widow, ''tis the wrong man 'pon the right horse!' 'Pardon, mistress,' says I, 'the man is well enow, but 'pon the wrong horse, for sure.'"

Now and then, as we went, I would dismount and lead Molly by the bridle for a mile or so: and all the way to Launceston Billy was recounting his adventures since our parting. It appear'd that, after leaving me, they had come to Plymouth with a fair passage: but before they could unlade, had adver-

tisement of the Governor's design to seize all vessels then riding in the Sound, for purposes of war; and so made a quick escape by night into Looe Haven, where they had the fortune to part with the best part of their cargo at a high profit. 'Twas while unlading here that Billy had a mind to pay a debt he ow'd to a cousin of his at Altarnun, and, leaving Matt. Soames in charge, had tramped northward through Liskeard to Launceston, where he found the Cornish forces, and was met by the news of the Earl of Stamford's advance in the northeast. Further, meeting, in Sir Bevill's troop, with some north coast men of his acquaintance, he fell to talking, and so learn'd about me and my ride toward Braddock, which (it seem'd) was now become common knowledge. This led him to seek Sir Bevill, with the result that you know: "for," as he wound up, "'tis a desirable an' rare delight to pay a debt an' see some fun, together."

We had some trouble at Launceston gate, where were a few burghers posted for sentries, and, as I could see, ready to take fright at their own shadows. But Billy gave the watchword ("One and All"), and presently they let us through. As we pass'd along the street we marked a light in every window almost, tho' 'twas near midnight; and the people moving about behind their curtains. There were groups too in the dark doorways, gather'd there discussing, that eyed us as we went by, and answered Billy's *Good night, honest men!* very hoarse and doubtfully.

But when we were beyond the town, and between hedges again, I think I must have dozed off in my saddle. For, though this was a road full of sharp memories, being the last I had traveled with Delia, I have no remembrance to have felt them; or, indeed, of noting aught but the fresh night air, and the constellation of the Bear blazing ahead, and Billy's voice resonant beside me.

And after this I can recall passing the tower of Marham Church, with the paling sky behind it, and some birds chattering in the carved courses: and soon (it seem'd) felt Billy's grip on my knee, and open'd my eyes to see his finger pointing.

We stood on a ridge above a hollow vale into which the sun, though now bright, did not yet pierce, but passing over to a high, conical hill beyond, smote level on line after line of white tents—the prettiest sight! 'Twas the enemy there en-

camped on the top and some way down the sides, the smoke of their trampled watch fires still curling among the gorse bushes. I heard their trumpets calling and drums beating to arms; for though, glancing back at the sun, I judged it to be hardly past four in the morning, yet already the slopes were moving like an ant-hill — the regiments gathering, arms flashing, horsemen galloping to and fro, and the captains shouting their commands. In the distance this had a sweet and cheerful sound, no more disquieting than a plowboy calling to his team.

Looking down into the valley at our feet, at first I saw no sign of our own troops — only the roofs of a little town, with overmuch smoke spread above it, like a morning mist. But here also I heard the church bells clashing and a drum beating, and presently spied a gleam of arms down among the trees, and then a regiment of foot moving westward along the base of the hill. 'Twas evident the battle was at hand, and we quicken'd our pace down into the street.

It lay on the slope, and midway down we pass'd some watch fires burn'd out; and then a soldier or two running and fastening their straps; and last a little child, that seem'd wild with the joy of living amid great events, but led us pretty straight to the sign of "The Tree," which indeed was the only tavern.

It stood some way back from the street, with a great elm before the porch: where by a table sat two men, with tankards beside them, and a small company of grooms and soldiers standing round. Both men were more than ordinary tall and soldier-like: only the bigger wore a scarlet cloak very richly lac'd, and was shouting orders to his men; while the other, dress'd in plain buff suit and jack boots, had a map spread before him, which he studied very attentively, writing therein with a quill pen.

"What a plague have we here?" cries the big man, as we drew up.

"Recruits, if it please you, sir," said I, dismounting and pulling off my hat, tho' his insolent tone offended me.

"S'lid! The boy speaks as if he were a regiment," growls he, half aloud: "Canst fight?"

"That, with your leave, sir, is what I am come to try."

"And this rascal?" He turned on Billy.

Billy heard not a word, of course, yet answered readily: —

"Why, since your honor is so pleasantly minded — let it be cider."

Now the first effect of this, deliver'd with all force of lung, was to make the big man sit bolt upright and staring: recovering speech, however, he broke into a volley of blasphemous curses.

All this while the man in buff had scarce lifted his eyes off the map. But now he looks up — and I saw at the first glance that the two men hated each other.

"I think," said he, quietly, "my Lord Mohun has forgot to ask the *gentleman's* name."

"My name is Marvel, sir — John Marvel," I answer'd him with a bow.

"Hey!"—and dropping his pen he starts up and grasps my hand — "Then 'tis you I have never thanked for His Gracious Majesty's letter."

"The General Hopton?" cried I.

"Even so, sir. My lord," he went on, still holding my hand and turning to his companion, "let me present to you the gentleman that in January sav'd your house of Bocconnoc from burning at the hands of the rebels — whom God confound this day!" He lifted his hat.

"Amen," said I, as his lordship bowed, exceedingly sulky. But I did not value his rage, being hot with joy to be so beprais'd by the first captain (as I yet hold) on the royal side. Who now, not without a sly triumph, flung the price of Billy's cider on the table and, folding up his map, address'd me again: —

"Master Marvel, the fight to-day will lie but little with the horse — or so I hope. You will do well, if your wish be to serve us best, to leave your mare behind. The troop which my Lord Mohun and I command together is below. But Sir Bevill Grenville, who has seen and is interested in you, has the first claim: and I would not deny you the delight to fight your first battle under so good a master. His men are, with Sir John Berkeley's troop, a little to the westward: and if you are ready I will go some distance with you, and put you in the way to find him. My lord, may we look for you presently?"

The Lord Mohun nodded, surly enough: so, Billy's cider being now drunk and Molly given over to an hostler, we set out down the hill together, Billy shouldering a pipe and walking after with the groom that led Sir Ralph's horse. Be sure the General's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. I seem'd to grow a full two inches taller; and when, in the vale,

we parted, he directing me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Bevill's troop forming at some five hundred paces' distance, I felt a very desperate warrior indeed; and set off at a run, with Billy behind me.

'Twas an open space we had to cross, dotted with gorse bushes; and the enemy's regiments, plain to see, drawn up in battalia on the slope above, which here was gentler than to the south and west. But hardly had we gone ten yards than I saw a puff of white smoke above, then another, and then the summit ring'd with flame; and heard the noise of it roaring in the hills around. At the first sound I pull'd up, and then began running again at full speed: for I saw our division already in motion, and advancing up the hill at a quick pace.

The curve of the slope hid all but the nearest: but above them I saw a steep earthwork, and thereon three or four brass pieces of ordnance glittering whenever the smoke lifted. For here the artillery was plying the briskest, pouring down volley on volley; and four regiments at least stood mass'd behind, ready to fall on the Cornishmen; who, answering with a small discharge of musketry, now ran forward more nimbly.

To catch up with them, I must now turn my course obliquely up the hill, where running was pretty toilsome. We were panting along, when suddenly a shower of sand and earth was dash'd in my face, spattering me all over. Half blinded, I look'd and saw a great round shot had plow'd a trench in the ground at my feet, and lay there buried.

At the same moment, Billy, who was running at my shoulder, plumps down on his knees and begins to whine and moan most pitiably.

"Art hurt, dear fellow?" asked I, turning.

"Oh, Jack, Jack — I have no stomach for this! A cool, wet death at sea I do not fear; only to have the great hot shot burning in a man's belly — 'tis terrifying. I *hate* a swift death! Jack, I be a sinner — I will confess: I lied to thee yesterday — never kiss'd the three maids I spoke of — never kiss'd but one i' my life, an' her a tap wench, that slapp'd my face for't, an' so don't properly count. I be a very boastful man!"

Now I myself had felt somewhat cold inside when the guns began roaring: but this set me right in a trice. I whipp'd a pistol out of my sash and put the cold ring to his ear: and he scrambled up, and was a very lion all the rest of the day.

But now we had again to change our course, for to my dis-

may I saw a line of sharpshooters moving down among the gorse bushes, to take the Cornishmen in flank. And 'twas lucky we had but a little way further to go; for these skirmishers, thinking perhaps from my dress and our running thus that we bore some message, open'd fire on us: and tho' they were bad marksmen, 'twas ugly to see their bullets pattering into the turf, to right and left.

We caught up the very last line of the ascending troop — lean, hungry-looking men, with wan faces, but shouting lustily. I think they were about three hundred in all. "Come on, lad," called out a bearded fellow with a bandage over one eye, making room for me at his side; "there's work for plenty more!" — and a minute after a shot took him in the ribs, and he scream'd out "Oh, my God!" and flinging up his arms, leap'd a foot in air and fell on his face.

Pressing up, I noted that the first line was now at the foot of the earthwork; and, in a minute, saw their steel caps and crimson sashes swarming up the face of it, and their pikes shining. But now came a shock, and the fellow in front was thrust back into my arms. I reeled down a pace or two, and then, finding foothold, stood pushing. And next, the whole body came tumbling back on me, and down the hill we went flying, with oaths and cries. Three of the rebel regiments had been flung on us and by sheer weight bore us before them. At the same time the sharpshooters pour'd in a volley: and I began to see how a man may go through a battle, and be beat, without striking a blow.

But in the midst of this scurry I heard the sound of cheering. 'Twas Sir John Berkeley's troop (till now posted under cover of the hedges below) that had come to our support; and the rebels, fearing to advance too far, must have withdrawn again behind their earthwork, for after a while the pressure eas'd a bit, and, to my amaze, the troop which but a minute since was a mere huddled crowd, formed in some order afresh, and once more began to climb. This time, I had a thick-set pikeman in front of me, with a big wen at the back of his neck that seem'd to fix all my attention. And up we went, I counting the beat of my heart that was already going hard and short with the work; and then, amid the rattle and thunder of their guns, we stopp'd again.

I had taken no notice of it, but in the confusion of the first repulse the greater part of our men had been thrust past me, so

that now I found myself no further back than the fourth rank, and at the very foot of the earthwork, up the which our leaders were flung like a wave; and soon I was scrambling after them, ankle-deep in the sandy earth, the man with the wen just ahead, grinding my instep with his heel and poking his pike staff between my knees as he slipp'd.

And just at the moment when the top of our wave was cleaving a small breach above us, he fell on the flat of his pike, with his nose buried in the gravel and his hands clutching. Looking up I saw a tall rebel straddling above him with musket clubb'd to beat his brains out: whom with an effort I caught by the boot; and, the bank slipping at that instant, down we all slid in a heap, a jumble of arms and legs, to the very bottom.

Before I had the sand well out of my eyes, my comrade was up and had his pike loose; and in a twinkling, the rebel was spitted through the middle and writhing. 'Twas sickening: but before I could pull out my pistol and end his pain (as I was minded), back came our front rank atop of us again, and down they were driven like sheep, my companion catching up the dead man's musket and ammunition bag, and I followed down the slope with three stout rebels at my heels. "What will be the end of *this?*" thought I.

The end was that after forty yards or so, finding the foremost close upon me, I turn'd about and let fly with my pistol at him. He spun round twice and dropp'd: which I was wondering at (the pistol being but a poor weapon for aim) when I was caught by the arm and pull'd behind a clump of bushes handy by. 'Twas the man with the wen, and by his smoking musket I knew that 'twas he had fired the shot that killed my pursuer.

"Good turn for good turn," says he; "quick with thy other pistol!"

The other two had stopped doubtfully, but at the next discharge of my pistol they turn'd tail and went up the hill again, and we were left alone. And suddenly I grew aware that my head was aching fit to split, and lay down on the turf, very sick and ill.

My comrade took no notice of this, but, going for the dead man's musket, kept loading and firing, pausing now and then for his artillery to cool, and whistling a tune that runs in my head to this day. And all the time I heard shouts and cries

and the noise of musketry all around, which made me judge that the attack was going on in many places at once. When I came to myself 'twas to hear a bugle below calling again to the charge, and once more came the two troops ascending. At their head was a slight-built man, bareheaded, with the sun (that was by this high over the hill) smiting on his brown curls, and the wind blowing them. He carried a naked sword in his hand, and waved his men forward as cheerfully as though 'twere a dance and he leading out his partner.

"Who is that yonder?" asked I, sitting up and pointing.

"Bless thy innocent heart!" said my comrade, "dostn't thee know? 'Tis Sir Bevill."

* * * * * * *

'Twould be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till four in the afternoon, or thereabouts: and indeed of the whole my recollection is but of continual advance and repulse on that same slope. And herein may be seen the wisdom of our generals, in attacking while the main body of the enemy's horse was away: for had the Earl of Stamford possessed a sufficient force of dragoons to let slip on us at the first discomfiture, there is little doubt he might have ended the battle there and then. As it was, the horse stood out of the fray, theirs upon the summit of the hill, ours (under Colonel John Digby) on the other slope, to protect the town and act as reserve.

The foot, in four parties, was disposed about the hill on all sides; to the west — as we know — under Sir John Berkeley and Sir Bevill Grenville; to the south under General Hopton and Lord Mohun; to the east under the Colonels Tom Basset and William Godolphin; while the steep side to the north was stormed by Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Godolphin, with their companies. And as we had but eight small pieces of cannon and were in numbers less than one to two, all we had to do was to march up the hill in face of their fire, catch a knock on the head, maybe, grin, and come on again.

But at three o'clock, we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a drumhead some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smear'd with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Bevill. 'Twas (I have since learn'd) to say that the powder

was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.

"Very well, then," cries Sir Bevill, leaping up gayly. "Come along, boys — we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpeters sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a *sursum corda!* to all of us.

Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me, on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne and his business to act as body servant to Sir Bevill. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all: and Sir Bevill toss'd his hat into the air, and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.

For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet-clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back: another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling, hand to hand, in the midst of their files.

But, good lack! what use is swordsmanship in a charge like this? The first redcoat that encounter'd me I had spitted through the lung, and, carried on by the rush, he twirled me round like a windmill. In an instant I was pass'd; the giant stepping before me and clearing a space about him, using his pike as if 'twere a flail. With a wrench I tugg'd my sword out and followed. I saw Sir Bevill, a little to the left, beaten to his knee, and carried toward me. Stretching out a hand I pull'd him on his feet again, catching, as I did so, a crack on the skull that would have ended me, had not Billy Pottery put up his pike and broke the force of it. Next, I remember gripping another redcoat by the beard and thrusting at him with shorten'd blade. Then the giant ahead lifted his pike high, and we fought to rally round it; and with that I seem'd caught off my feet and swept forward; — and we were on the crest.

Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Bevill caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroider'd with gold griffins was mounting.

"'Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be prais'd — the day is ours for certain!"

LIBERTY OF PRINTING.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From the "Areopagitica.")

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. . . .

Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. . . .

As the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits, and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. . . .

Seeing therefore that those books, and those in great abun-

dance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation; and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed; and that evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped, and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting, I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate. Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves, above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon and of our Savior, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books, as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid, that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that

sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive, which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her. It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered; to which I return that, as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment, that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his Commonwealth, in the book of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an academic night-sitting; by which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law keepers had seen it and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeler of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself nor any magistrate or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those

other collateral injunctions, must needs be vain and fruitless. For if they fell upon one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor: to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open.

If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals, that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on: there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale; who shall prohibit them? Shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Montemayors. Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? and what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company?

These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be less hurtful, how less enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a State. To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this,

which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture, which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the Commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a Commonwealth; but here the great art lies to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to welldoing, what grammercy to be sober, just, or continent?

Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience or love or gift which is of force: God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skillful considerers of human things who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left: ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so; such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue; for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them

both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though He command us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of Nature, by abridging or scanting those means which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth. It would be better done to learn that the law must needs be frivolous which goes to restrain things uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of welldoing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, traveling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued Court libel against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons! Ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged, after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned and which not, and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and excellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions, that the commonwealth of learning be not damnified. In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your

order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do. Yet though ye should condescend to this, which God forbid, the order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechised in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not, which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behooves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journey work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, ofttimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure. In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking, who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their license are testimony enough. Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a

plain unthrift of his own hours, is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show wherein this order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be forever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind, then know that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferule to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industri-

ous, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that wrote before him; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book writing, and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; meanwhile either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction, of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humor which he calls his judgment? when every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: "I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The State, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return, "The State shall be my governors, but not my

critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author: this is some common stuff;" and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that such authorized books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoin him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for license to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron molds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment, which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares

as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and colters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of license, nor that neither, whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labors we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continued preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

[JOHN SELDEN, one of the ablest of English lawyers, antiquarians, and scholars, and a leader of the moderate constitutional party in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., was born in Sussex, 1584; studied at Hart Hall, Oxford; was a friend of Ben Jonson, Drayton, Camden, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and the other literary lights of the time, his fame as scholar and author outweighing even his great distinction as a lawyer. He wrote abridgments of parliamentary records, treatises on early English law, "Titles of Honor" (1614), still of prime value, etc.; "De Diis Syriis" (1617), even yet in the first rank of works on Semitic mythology; and in 1618 the famous "History of Tithes," so crushing against the bishops' claims that they got James to suppress it and forbid Selden to reply to the assaults on it. This drew him into political action; he incited the "Protestation" of 1621, and was committed to the Tower; became member of Parliament in 1623, and drew up the Petition of Right in 1628. Later, however, in reply to Grotius' contention that the ocean was free to all nations alike, he wrote "Mare Clausum" and dedicated it to Charles I. Elected a member of the Long Parliament in 1640, he was of the committee that impeached Laud; wrote "De Jure Naturali" (1640), "Privileges of the Baronage of England" (1642). He became master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1646, and died 1654. His "Table Talk" was published posthumously.]

CEREMONY. — Ceremony keeps up all things. 'Tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water: without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost. Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony; for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with bowing and kissing of hands, they were the pitifulest creatures in the world. But yet methinks to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys that after they eat the apple fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple.

Competency. — That which is a competency for one man is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm; one man can go in doublet and hose, when another man cannot be without a cloak and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.

Conscience. — He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well wayed, he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge. A knowing man will do that which a tender-conscience man dares not do by reason of his ignorance; the other knows there is no hurt: as a child is afraid to go into the dark when a man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

Councils. — They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is president of their general councils, when the truth is the odd man is the Holy Ghost.

Evil-speaking.— He that speaks ill of another, commonly, before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language. A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, Fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury Fool often enough before he would have had me whipped."

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him (to work him to repentance) how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell: the Spaniard, replying, called the devil "my lord": "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so: I know not into whose hands I may fall, and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

Faith and Works. — 'Twas an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet put out the candle, and they are both gone; one remains not without the other. So 'tis betwixt faith and works. Nay, in a right conception, faith is works; for if I believe a thing because I am commanded, that is works.

Friends.— Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes: they were easiest for his feet.

Humility.— Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the Author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, 'twill render him unserviceable both to God and man. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity.

Judgments. — We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; tis presumption to take upon us to know. In time of plague we know we want health; and therefore we pray to God to give us health; in time of war we know we want peace, and there-

fore pray to God to give us peace. Commonly we say judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. An example we have in King James, concerning the death of Henry the Fourth of France. One said he was killed for his wenching, another said he was killed for turning his religion. "No," says King James (who could not abide fighting), "he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

King Charles' Policy. — The king calling his friends from the Parliament, because he had use of them at Oxford, is as if a man should have use of a little piece of wood and he runs down into the cellar and takes [out] the spigot; in the meantime all the beer runs about the house.

Law. — A man may plead not guilty, and yet tell no lie; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself: so that when I say, "Not guilty," the meaning is as if I should say, by way of paraphrase, "I am not so guilty as to tell you: if you will bring me to a trial, and have me punished for this you lay to my charge, prove it against me."

Opinion. — Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. I love apples best of any fruit, but it does not follow I must think apples to be the best fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

Oratory. — That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in that old blunt commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a good orator; being to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: "*What a shame will it be, you* Englishmen, *that feed upon good beef and brewess, to let those rascally* Spaniards *beat you that eat nothing but oranges and lemons;*" and so put more courage into his men than he could have done with a learned oration. Rhetoric is very good, or stark naught. There's no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator.

Patience. — Patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading gains this chiefest good: that in all fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

Pleasure. — Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of

pain; the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves; 'tis like a child's using a little bird, "O poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me"; so lays it in his bosom, and stifles it with his hot breath: the bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet, too, 'tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like.

Prayer. — Prayer should be short, without giving God Almighty reasons why he should grant this, or that; he knows best what is good for us. If your boy should ask you a suit of clothes, and give reasons, "otherwise he cannot wait upon you, he cannot go abroad but he will discredit you," would you endure it? You know it better than he: let him ask a suit of clothes.

Preaching. — Nothing is text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well, but 'tis his Scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

The tone in preaching does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him; and therefore he must whine. If a man should cry Fire! or Murder! in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.

Repetition. — 'Tis good to preach the same thing again; for that's the way to have it learned. You teach a bird, by often whistling, to learn a tune, and a month after she will record it to herself.

Reason. — In giving reasons, men commonly do with us as the woman does with her child; when she goes to market about her business, she tells it she goes to buy it a fine thing, to buy it a cake or some plums. They give us such reasons as they think we shall be catched withal, but never let us know the truth.

When the schoolmen talk of *Recto Ratio* in morals, either they understand reason as it is governed by a command from above, or else they say no more than a woman when she says a thing is so because it is so; that is, her reason persuades her 'tis so. The other acception has sense in it. As take a law of the land, I must not depopulate, my reason tells me so. Why? Because if I do I incur the detriment.

The reason of a thing is not to be inquired after till you

are sure the thing itself be so. We commonly are at "What's the reason of it?" before we are sure of the thing. 'Twas an excellent question of my Lady Cotton, when Sir Robert Cotton was magnifying of a shoe which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it: "But, Mr. Cotton," says she, "are you sure it is a shoe?"

Reverence. — 'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and reverence, either from a man's own servant or other inferiors. A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, leading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, "You shall see me make the boy let go his calf;" with that he came toward him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, "Sirrah," says he, "do you not know me, that you use no reverence?" "Yes," says the boy, "if your lordship will hold my calf I will put off my hat."

Religion. — Alteration of religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay. 'Tis like a millstone that lies upon the top of a pair of stairs: 'tis hard to remove it, but if once it be thrust off the first stair, it never stays till it comes to the bottom.

Teach the Teachers. — Use the best arguments to persuade, though but few understand; for the ignorant will sooner believe the judicious of the parish than the preacher himself; and they teach when they dissipate what he has said, and believe it the sooner, confirmed by men of their own side. For betwixt the laity and the clergy there is, as it were, a continual driving of a bargain; something the clergy would still have us be at, and therefore many things are heard from the preacher with suspicion. They are afraid of some ends, which are easily assented to when they have it from some of themselves. 'Tis with a sermon as 'tis with a play: many come to see it who do not understand it, and yet, hearing it cried up by one whose judgment they cast themselves upon, and of power with them, they swear, and will die in it, that 'tis a very good play, which they would not have done if the priest himself had told them so. As in a great school 'tis not the master that teaches all; the monitor does a great deal of work; it may be the boys are afraid to see the master: so in a parish 'tis not the minister does all; the greater neighbor teaches the lesser, the master of the house teaches his servant, etc.

Trifles. — Little things do great works when the great

things will not. If I would take a pin from the ground, a little pair of tongs will do it, when a great pair will not.

Thanksgiving. — At first we gave thanks for every victory as soon as ever 'twas obtained; but since we have had many, now we can stay a good while. We are just like a child: give him a plum, he makes his leg; give him a second plum, he makes another leg; at last, when his belly is full, he forgets what he ought to do; then his nurse, or somebody else that stands by him, puts him in mind of his duty: "Where's your leg?"

Trade. — That which a man is bred up in he thinks no cheating; as your tradesman thinks not so of his profession, but calls it a mystery. Whereas, if you would teach a mercer to make his silks heavier than what he has been used to, he would peradventure think that to be cheating.

Truth. — The way to find out the truth is by others' mistakings: for if I was to go to such a place, and one had gone before me on the right hand, and he was out; another had gone on the left hand, and he was out: this would direct me to keep the middle way, which peradventure would bring me to the place I desired to go.

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.

War. — Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's head is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit.

Wisdom. — A wise man should never resolve upon anything, at least never let the world know his resolution; for if he cannot arrive at it, he is ashamed. A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.

Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it, as well as you can, to win the game you are at. 'Tis but folly to study how to play size ace when you know not whether you shall throw it or no.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt: she said, "Aye"; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and

asked him; he said, "No"; he tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him: "Truly he had got a cold and could not smell."

Wit. — Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon blackthorns: there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

Women. — Women and princes must both trust somebody; and they are happy or unhappy according to the desert of those under whose hands they fall. If a man knows how to manage the favor of a lady, her honor is safe, and so is a prince's.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

By the MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

[James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Edinburgh in 1612; and after studying at St. Andrews University, and traveling three years on the Continent, joined the Covenanters against Charles I. in 1638. Their policy drove him to the side of the king the next year, and he became the ablest general Charles had, winning several splendid victories in Scotland; but his Highland allies deserted him when he wished to act on a wider field, the outrages of his Irish soldiers roused the horror and fury of the Lowlanders, and he was finally beaten and driven from the kingdom. Returning in 1650 with a small force, he was defeated and captured, and hanged in Edinburgh, May 21.]

Part First.

My dear and only love, I pray,
This noble world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy.
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhore,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts shall evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deserts are small,
That puts it not unto the touch,
  To win or lose it all.

But I must rule and govern still
  And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
  And all to stand in awe.
But 'gainst my battery if I find
  Thou shun'st the prize so sore
As that thou set'st me up a blind,
  I'll never love thee more.

If in the empire of thy heart,
  Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
  And dares to vie with me;
Or if committees thou erect,
  And go on such a score,
I'll sing and laugh at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt be constant then,
  And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
  And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
  And love thee ever more.

Part Second.

My dear and only love, take heed,
  Lest thou thyself expose,
And let all longing lovers feed
  Upon such looks as those.
A marble wall then build about,
  Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
  I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,
  Make any breach at all;

Nor smoothness of their language plot
  Which way to scale the wall;
Nor balls of wildfire love consume
  The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about thee fume,
  I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
  To suffer by surprise;
Those victualed by my love so long,
  The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee rulèd in that health
  And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
  I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,
  Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
  Nor march by tuck of drum;
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,
  Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
  And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
  When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
  But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
  Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
  I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bore thee once,
  Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble stone
  The truth shall testify;
That every pilgrim passing by
  May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
  I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
  Upon this pillar hung, —

A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
Then he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end;
Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So sail'st thou every shore,
And leav'st my constant heart behind. —
How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed
For constancy most strange,
And thine shall with the moon be mixed,
Delighting ay in change.
Thy beauty shined at first more bright,
And woe is me therefore,
That ever I found thy love so light
I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
The rocks' resounding echo,
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
Shall with me sing hey ho!
The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes —
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
Her fellow's death regret,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
Which grieves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
These monuments to view,

Whereon is written, in and out,
Thou traitorous and untrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus say, sighing sore,
"Alas! he had too just a cause
Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Fame
From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it, to thy shame,
How thou hast lovèd me;
And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too much,
So I can love no more.

THE MONARCHY OF SPAIN.

(From "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ," letters of James Howell, Esq., published at London in 1645.)

To the Lord Vicount Col. from Madrid.

Right Hon^ble^, Your Lopps. of the third Current, came to safe hand, and being now upon point of parting with this Court I thought it worth the labor to send your Lopp. a short survay of the Monarchy of Spain; a bold undertaking your Lopp. will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a letter such a huge bulk, but as in the bosse of a small Diamond ring, one may discern the image of a mighty mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lopp. may behold the power of this great King in this paper.

Spain hath bin alwayes esteemed a Countrey of ancient renown, and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her vicissitudes, and turns of Fortune: She hath bin thrice overcome, by the Romans, by the Goths, and by the Moores: the middle Conquest continueth to this day; for this King and most of the Nobilitie professe themselves to have descended of the Goths; the Moores kept here about 700. years, and it is a remarkable Story how they got in first; which was thus upon good record. There raignd in Spain Don Rodrigo, who kept his Court then at Malaga; He emploid the Conde Don Julian

Ambassador to Barbary, who had a Daughter, (a young beautifull Lady) that was Maid of Honor to the Queen: The King spying her one day refreshing her self under an Arbour, fell enamor'd with her, and never left till he had deflowrd her: She resenting much the dishonor, writ a letter to her father in Barbary under this Allegory, That there was a fair green Apple upon the table, and the Kings poignard fell upon't and cleft it in two. Don Julian apprehending the meaning, got letters of revocation, and came back to Spain, where he so complied with the King, that he became his Favorite: Amongst other things he advis'd the King that in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismisse his Gallies and Garrisons that were up and down the Sea Coasts, because it was a superfluous charge. This being don and the Countrey left open to any Invader, he prevaild with the King to have leave to go with his Lady to see their friends in Tarragona, which was 300. miles off: Having bin there a while, his Lady made semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King, that her daughter Donna Cava (whom they had left at Court to satiat the Kings lust) might come to comfort her a while; Cava came, and the gate through which she went forth is call'd after her name to this day in Malaga: Don Julian having all his chief kindred there, he saild over to Barbary, and afterwards brought over the King of Morocco, and others with an Army, who suddenly invaded Spain, lying armless and open, and so conquer'd it. Don Rodrigo died gallantly in the field, but what became of Don Julian, who for a particular revenge betrayed his own Countrey, no Story makes mention. A few years before this happend, Rodrigo came to Toledo, where under the great Church there was a vault with huge iron doores, and none of his Predecessors durst open it, because there was an old Prophesie, That when that vault was open'd Spain should be conquered; Rodrigo, slighting the Prophesie, caus'd the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure, but when he entred, there was nothing found but the pictures of Moors, of such men that a little after fulfilld the Prophesie.

Yet this last conquest of Spain was not perfect, for divers parts North-west kept still under Christian Kings, specially Biscay, which was never conquer'd, as Wales in Britanny, and the Biscayners have much Analogy with the Welsh in divers things: They retain to this day the originall Language of

Spain, they are the most mountainous people, and they are reputed the ancientst Gentry ; so that when any is to take the order of Knighthood, there are no Inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the bloud of the Moors as in other places. The King when he comes upon the Confines, pulls off one shoo before he can tread upon any Biscay ground: And he hath good reason to esteem that Province, in regard of divers advantages he hath by it, for he hath his best timber to build ships, his best Mariners, and all his iron thence.

There were divers bloudy battells 'twixt the remnant of Christians, and the Moors for seven hundreth years together, and the Spaniards getting ground more and more, drive them at last to Granada, thence also in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella quite over to Barbary: there last King was Chico, who when he fled from Granada crying and weeping, the people upbraided him, That he might well weep like a woman, who could not defend himself and them like a man. (This was that Ferdinand who obtained from Rome the Title of Catholic, though some Stories say that many ages before Ricaredus the first Orthodox King of the Goths, was stil'd Catholicus in a Provinciall Synod held at Toledo, which was continued by Alphonsus the first, and then made hereditary by this Ferdinand.)

This absolute conquest of the Moors hapned about Henry the seventhes time, when the foresaid Ferdinand and Isabella had by alliance joynd Castile and Aragon, which with the discovery of the West Indies, which happend a little after, was the first foundation of that greatnes whereunto Spain is now mounted.

Afterwards there was an alliance with Burgundy and Austria; by the first House the seventeen Provinces fell to Spain, by the second Charles the fifth came to be Emperor: and remarkable it is how the House of Austria came to that height from a mean Earl, the Earl of Hasburgh in Germany, who having bin one day a hunting, he overtook a Priest who had bin with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick body ; the Priest being tyr'd, the Earl lighted off his horse, helpt up the Priest, and so waited upon him afoot all the while till he brought him to the Church: The Priest giving him his benediction at his going away, told him that for this great act of humility and piety, His Race should be one of the greatest that ever the world had, and ever since, which is some 240. years ago, the

Empire hath continued in that House, which afterwards was calld the House of Austria.

In Philip the seconds time the Spanish Monarchy came to its highest cumble, by the conquest of Portugall, whereby the East Indies, sundry islands in the Atlantic Sea, and divers places in Barbary were added to the Crown of Spain. By these steps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty Monarch, he hath Dominions in all parts of the world (which none of the foure Monarchies had) both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself) though our Henry the seventh had the first proffer made him: So the Sun shines all the foure and twenty houres of the naturall day upon some part or other of his Countreys, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him. He hath eight Viceroyes in Europe, two in the East Indies, two in the West, two in Afric, and about thirty provinciall soverain Commanders more; yet as I was told lately, in a discours twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the Prince fell to magnifie his spacious Dominions, the King answer'd, "Sir, 'tis true, it hath pleas'd God to trust me with divers Nations and Countreys, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear revenues, viz. Spain and my West Indies, nor all Spain neither, but Castile onely, the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up twixt Governors and Garrisons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagat Christian Religion, and to employ my Subjects." For the last, it must be granted that no Prince hath better means to breed brave men, and more variety of commands to heighten their spirits with no petty but Princely employments. This King besides hath other means to oblige the Gentry unto him, by such a huge number of Commendams which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he please of any of the three Orders of Knighthood: which England and France want. Some Noble men in Spain can dispend 50000*l.* some 40. some 30 and divers twenty thousand pounds per annum.

The Church here is exceeding rich both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Countrey Chappell, but he will find Chalices, lamps, and candlesticks of silver. There are some Bishops Bishopricks of 30000*l.* per annum, and divers of 10000*l.* and Toledo is 100000*l.* yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenced here, and very powerfull, which made Philip the second rather depend

upon the Clergy, then the secular Power: Therefore I do not see how Spain can be call'd a poore Countrey, considering the revenues aforesaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it so thin of people as the world makes it, and one reason may be that there are sixteen Universities in Spain, and in one of these there were fifteen thousand Students at one time when I was there, I mean Salamanca, and in this Village of Madrid (for the King of Spain cannot keep his constant court in any City) there are ordinarily 600000. souls. 'Tis true that the colonizing of the Indies, and the wars of Flanders have much draind this Countrey of people: Since the expulsion of the Moors, it is also grown thinner, and not so full of corn; for those Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the Craggy hills, yet they us'd another grain for their bread, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but go with his Asse to the market, and buy corn of the Moors. There liv'd here also in times past a great number of Jews, till they were expelld by Ferdinand, and as I have read in an old Spanish Legend, the cause was this: The King had a young Prince to his son, who was us'd to play with a Jewish Doctor that was about the Court, who had a ball of gold in a string hanging down his brest; the little Prince one day snatcht away the said gold ball, and carried it to the next room; the ball being hollow, opend, and within there was painted our Saviour kissing a Jews tail: Hereupon they were all suddenly disterr'd and exterminated, yet I beleeve in Portugall there lurks yet good store of them.

For the soyl of Spain, the fruitfulnesse of their vallies recompences the sterility of their hills, corn is their greatest want, and want of rain is the cause of that, which makes them have need of their neighbours; yet as much as Spain bears is passing good, and so is everything else for the quality, nor hath any one a better horse under him, a better cloak on his back, a better sword by his side, better shooes on his feet, then the Spaniard, nor doth any drink better wine, or eat better fruit then he, nor flesh for the quantity.

Touching the people, the Spaniard looks as high, though not so big as a German, his excesse is in too much gravity, which some who know him not well, hold to be a pride; he cares not how little he labors, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyards; he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day, or upon a stage, that all the world might be

witnesses of his valour, so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in night service; nor shall one heare of a duel here in an age: He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to government: for the proudest Don of Spain when he is prancing upon his ginet in the streets, if an Alguazil (a Sargeant) shew him his Vare, that is a little white staffe he carrieth as badge of his Office, my Don will down presently off his horse, and yeeld himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth almes, he pulls of his hat, and puts it in the beggars hand with a great deal of humulity. His gravity is much lessned since the late Proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself shewd the first example; they were com to that height of exces herein, that twenty shillings were us'd to be paid for starching of a ruff: and som, though perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet would he have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his Ordinary diet, but when he makes a Feast he is free and bountifull.

As to temporall authority, specially Martiall, so is he very obedient to the Church, and beleevs all with an implicit faith: He is a great servant of Ladies, nor can he be blam'd, for as I said before he comes of a Gotish race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly carefull of the repute of any woman (a civility that we much want in England). He will speak high words of Don Philippo his King, but will not endure a stranger should do so: I have heard a Biscayner make a Rodomontado, that he was as good a Gentleman as Don Philippo himself, for Don Philippo was half a Spaniard, half a German, half an Italian, half a Frenchman, half I know not what, but he was a pure Biscayner without mixture. The Spaniard is not so smooth and oyly in his complement, as the Italian, and though he will make strong protestations, yet he will not swear out Complements like the French and English, as I heard when my Lord of Carlile was Ambassador in France, there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Complements one to another who should go first out at a dore, at last my Lord of Carlile said, "Ô Monseigneur ayez pitie de mon ame" (O my Lord, have pity upon my soul).

The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excesse; he will say his prayers before, and if he win, he will thank God for his good fortune after; their common game at

cards (for they very seldom play at dice) is Primera, at which the King never shows his game, but throws his cards with their faces down on the table: He is Merchant of all the cards and dice through all the Kingdom, he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelve pence; so that 'tis thought he hath 30000*l.* a year by this trick at cards. The Spaniard is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the Ave Mary bel rings: and some if they spy two straws or sticks lie crossewise in the street, they will take them up and kisse them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marcht, and seldome looks on the ground, as if he contemnd it. I was told of a Spaniard who having got a fall by a stumble and broke his nose, rise up, and in a disdainfull manner said, "Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra" (This is to walk upon earth). The Labradors and Countrey Swains here are sturdy and rationall men, nothing so simple or servile as the French Peasan, who is born in chains. 'Tis true, the Spaniard is not so conversable as other Nations; (unlesse he hath traveld) els is he like Mars among the Planets, impatient of Conjunction: nor is he so free in his gifts and rewards: as the last Summer it hapned that Count Gondamar with Sir Francis Cotington went to see a curious house of the Constable of Castiles, which had been newly built here; the keeper of the house was very officious to shew him every room with the garden, grotha's, and aqueducts, and presented him with some fruits; Gondamar having bin a long time in the House, coming out, put many Complements of thanks upon the man, and so was going away, Sir Francis whispered him in the eare and asked him whether he would give the man any thing that took such pains: "Oh," quoth Gondamar, "well remembered, Don Francisco, have you ever a double pistoll about you? if you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the English manner, I have paid him already after the Spanish." The Spaniard is much improv'd in policy since he took footing in Italy, and there is no Nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this Character with a saying that he hath: —

No ay hombre debaxo d'el fo'l
Como el Italiano y el Espanol.

Whereunto a Frenchman answered: —

Dizes la verdad y tienes razon,
El uno es puto, el otro ladron.

Englished thus: —

Beneath the Sun ther's no such man
As is the Spaniard and Italian.

The Frenchman answers: —

Thou tell'st the truth, and reason hast,
The first's a Theef, a Buggerer the last.

Touching their women, nature hath made a more visible distinction twixt the two sexes here, then else where; for the men for the most part are swarthy and rough, but the women are made of a far finer mould, they are commonly little; and whereas there is a saying that to make a compleat woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the wast, and Dutch below; I may adde for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another saying, a Frenchwoman in a dance, a Dutchwoman in the kitchin, an Italian in a window, an Englishwoman at board, and the Spanish abed. When they are maried they have a priviledge to wear high shooes, and to paint, which is generally practised here, and the Queen useth it her self. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English, for if a Lady goe along the street, (and all women going here vaild and their habit so generally like, one can hardly distinguish a Countesse from a coblers wife) if one should cast out an odde ill sounding word, and aske her a favor, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort. After 30. they are commonly past child-bearing, and I have seen women in England look as youthfull at 50. as here at 25. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favor of Ladies, or anything els, though this be the Countrey of money, for it furnisheth well-near all the world besides, yea their very enemies, as the Turk and Hollander; insomuch that one may say the Coyn of Spain is as Catholic as her King. Yet though he be the greatest King of gold and silver Mines in the world, (I think) yet the common currant Coyn here is copper, and herein I beleeve the Hollander hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his copper coins, then by their arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious wayes, as in hollow sows of tin and lead, hollow masts, in pitch buckets under water and other wayes. But I fear to be

injurious to this great King to speak of him in so narrow a compasse, a great King indeed, though the French in a slighting way compare his Monarchy to a Beggars cloak made up of patches; they are patches indeed, but such as he hath not the like: The East Indies is a patch embroyderd with Pearl, Rubies, and Diamonds: Peru is a patch embroyderd with massy gold, Mexico with silver, Naples & Milan are patches of cloth of Tissue, and if these patches were in one peece, what would become of his cloak embroyderd with Flower deluces?

So desiring your Lopp. to pardon this poor imperfect paper, considering the high quality of the subject, I rest

Your Lopps. most humble Servitor,

J. H.

WISHES.

To his Supposed Mistress.

By RICHARD CRASHAW.

[Richard Crashaw, English poet, and high-churchman ending as Catholic, was born at London in 1613 of an acridly Puritan family (compare the curiously similar case of Newman). He graduated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1634, but became fellow of Peterhouse in 1637; meantime (1634) publishing a volume of Latin religious verses, "Epigrammatium Sacrorum Liber." He became a close friend of Cowley; but when the latter fled to Oxford for safety in 1643, Crashaw remained, refused to take the Covenant imposed on account of the Scotch alliance, and was deprived of his fellowship. Escaping to France, he joined the Roman Church, went to Italy, and through Henrietta Maria's influence was made secretary to Cardinal Palotta; but denouncing the scandalous behavior of the Cardinal's retinue, drew such prospect of vengeance on himself that the Cardinal made him in 1650 a canon at Loretto, where he "died" in less than three weeks. His poems had been collected during his exile as "Steps to the Temple" (religious) and "The Delights of the Muses" (secular); and after his death the later ones were collected as "Carmen Deo Nostro." Crashaw was nearly as all-accomplished as Suckling: artist, musician, engraver, and a master of Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish.]

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our Earth;

Till that divine
Idea, take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

I wish her, beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistring shoe tie.

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan, —

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest. . . .

A cheek where Youth,
And blood, with pen of Truth
Write, what their reader sweetly ru'th. . . .

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away. . . .

Eyes, that displace
The neighbor diamond, and outface
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are. .

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a forespent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome, friend! . . .

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more.

Now if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be,
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further: it is she.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions — but her story.

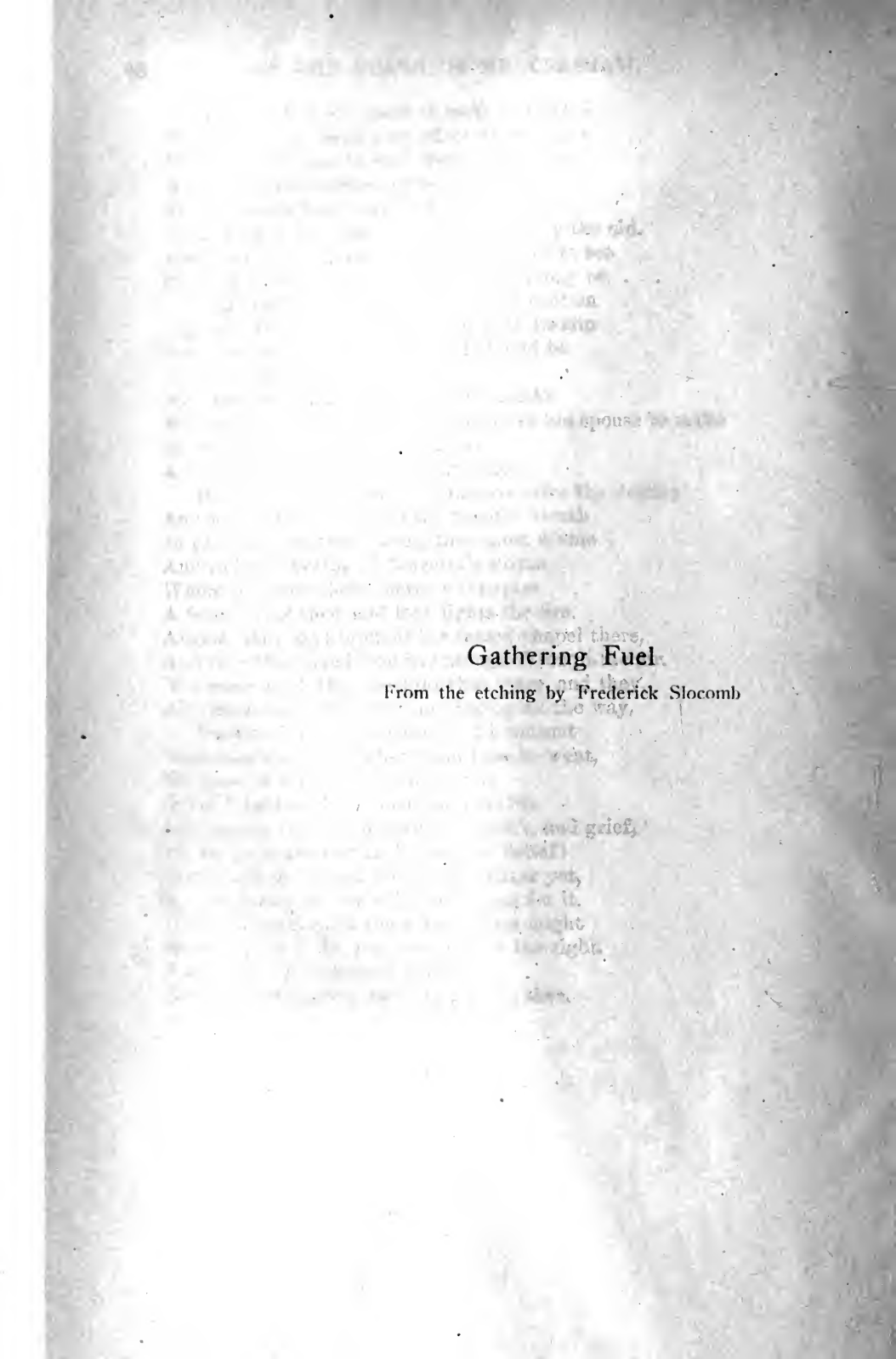
ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 257.]

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and Heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of godhead with humanity.
Long did the muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now.
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.
And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they, exalted man may be. . . .
Thy spotless muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employed should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorned to take
But her whom God himself scorned not his spouse to make
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death;
And make thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Lorretto's shrine
Where like some holy sacrifice t' expire
A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.
Angels (they say) brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went,
For even in error sure no danger is
When joined with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't, and grief,
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.
And I myself a Catholic will be.
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.



Gathering Fuel

From the etching by Frederick Slocomb

THE FATE OF MORDAUNT.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "Twenty Years After.")

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. XIII., page 296.]

The Skiff "Lightning."

Mordaunt glided through the subterranean passage, and gaining the neighboring house, stopped to take breath.

"Good," said he, "a mere nothing. Scratches, that is all. Now to my work."

He walked on at a quick pace, till he reached a neighboring cavalry barrack, where he happened to be known. Here he borrowed a horse, the best in the stables, and in a quarter of an hour was at Greenwich.

"'Tis well," said he, as he reached the river bank. "I am half an hour before them. Now," he added, rising in the stirrups, and looking about him, "which, I wonder, is the 'Lightning'?"

At this moment, as if in reply to his words, a man lying on a coil of cables rose and advanced a few steps toward him. Mordaunt drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and tying a knot at each corner — the signal agreed upon — waved it in the air, and the man came up to him. He was wrapped in a large rough cape, which concealed his form and partly his face.

"Do you wish to go on the water, sir?" said the sailor.

"Yes, just so. Along the Isle of Dogs."

"And perhaps you have preference for one boat more than another. You would like one that sails as rapidly ——"

"As lightning," interrupted Mordaunt.

"Then mine is the boat you are after, sir. I'm your man."

"I begin to think so, particularly if you have not forgotten a certain signal."

"Here it is, sir," and the sailor took from his coat a handkerchief, tied at each corner.

"Good, quite right!" cried Mordaunt, springing off his

horse. "There's not a moment to lose; now take my horse to the nearest inn, and conduct me to your vessel."

"But," asked the sailor, "where are your companions? I thought there were four of you."

"Listen to me, sir; I'm not the man you take me for; you are in Captain Rogers' post, are you not, under orders from General Cromwell? Mine, also, are from him!"

"Indeed, sir, I recognize you; you are Captain Mordaunt. Don't be afraid; you are with a friend. I am Captain Groslow. The general remembered that I had formerly been a naval officer, and he gave me the command of this expedition. Is there anything new in the wind?"

"Nothing."

"I thought, perhaps, that the king's death ——"

"Has only hastened their flight; in ten minutes they will, perhaps, be here. I am going to embark with you. I wish to aid in the deed of vengeance. All is ready, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"The cargo on board?"

"Yes — and we are sailing from Oporto to Antwerp, remember."

"'Tis well."

They then went down to the Thames. A boat was fastened to the shore by a chain fixed to a stake. Groslow jumped in, followed by Mordaunt, and in five minutes they were quite away from that world of houses which then crowded the outskirts of London; and Mordaunt could discern the little vessel riding at anchor near the Isle of Dogs. When they reached the side of this felucca, Mordaunt, dexterous in his eagerness for vengeance, seized a rope and climbed up the side of the vessel with a coolness and agility very rare among landsmen. He went with Groslow to the captain's berth — a sort of temporary cabin of planks — for the chief apartment had been given up by Captain Rogers to the passengers, who were to be accommodated at the other extremity of the boat.

"They will have nothing to do with this side of the ship, then," said Mordaunt.

"Nothing at all."

"That's a capital arrangement. Return to Greenwich, and bring them here. I shall hide myself in your cabin. You have a longboat?"

"That in which we came."

"It appeared light and well constructed."

"Quite a canoe."

"Fasten it to the poop with ropes — put the oars into it, so that it may follow in the track, and there will be nothing to do except to cut the cords away. Put a good supply of rum and biscuit in it for the seamen; should the night happen to be stormy, they will not be sorry to find something to console themselves with."

"Consider all this done. Do you wish to see the powder room?"

"No. When you return, I will set the fuse myself, but be careful to conceal your face, so that you cannot be recognized by them."

"Never fear."

"There's ten o'clock striking at Greenwich."

Groslow then, having given the sailor on duty an order to be on the watch with more than usual vigilance, went down into the longboat, and soon reached Greenwich. The wind was chilly, and the jetty was deserted, as he approached it; but he had no sooner landed than he heard a noise of horses galloping upon the paved road.

These horsemen were our friends, or rather, an *avant-garde*, composed of D'Artagnan and Athos. As soon as they arrived at the spot where Groslow stood, they stopped, as if guessing that he was the man they wanted. Athos alighted, and calmly opened the handkerchief tied at each corner, whilst D'Artagnan, ever cautious, remained on horseback, one hand upon his pistol, leaning forward watchfully.

On seeing the appointed signal, Groslow, who had at first crept behind one of the cannon planted on that spot, walked straight up to the gentlemen. He was so well wrapped up in his cloak, that it would have been impossible to have seen his face even if the night had not been so dark as to render precaution superfluous; nevertheless, the keen glance of Athos perceived at once it was not Rogers who stood before them.

"What do you want with us?" he asked of Groslow.

"I wish to inform you, my lord," replied Groslow, with an Irish accent, feigned of course, "that if you are looking for Captain Rogers you will not find him. He fell down this morning and broke his leg; but I'm his cousin; he told me everything, and desired me to look out for and conduct you to any place named by the four gentlemen who should bring me

a handkerchief tied at each corner, like that one which you hold and one which I have in my pocket."

And he drew out the handkerchief.

"Was that all he said?" inquired Athos.

"No, my lord; he said you had engaged to pay seventy pounds if I landed you safe and sound at Boulogne, or any other port you chose in France."

"What do you think of all this?" said Athos, in a low tone, to D'Artagnan, after explaining to him in French what the sailor had said in English.

"It seems a likely story — to *me*."

"And to me, too."

"Besides, we can but blow out his brains if he proves false," said the Gascon; "and you, Athos, you know something of everything, and can be our captain. I dare say you know how to navigate, should he fail us."

"My dear friend, you guess well. My father meant me for the navy, and I have some vague notions about navigation."

"You see!" cried D'Artagnan.

They then summoned their friends, who, with Blaisois, Musqueton, and Grimaud, promptly joined them — leaving Parry behind them, who was to take their horses back to London; and they all proceeded instantly to the shore, and placed themselves in the boat, which, rowed by Groslow, began rapidly to clear the coast.

"At last," exclaimed Porthos, "we are afloat."

"Alas," said Athos, "we depart alone."

"Yes; but all four together, and without a scratch; which is a consolation."

"We are not yet at our destination," observed the prudent D'Artagnan; "beware of misadventure."

"Ah! my friend," cried Porthos, "like the crows, you always bring bad omens. Who could intercept us in such a night as this — pitch dark — when one does not see more than twenty yards before one?"

"Yes — but to-morrow morning ——"

"To-morrow we shall be at Boulogne. But it is refreshing to hear Monsieur d'Artagnan confess that he's afraid."

"I not only confess it, but am proud of it," returned the Gascon; "I'm not such a rhinoceros as you are. Oho! what's that?"

"The 'Lightning,'" answered the captain, "our felucca."

"So far, so good," laughed Athos.

They went on board, and the captain instantly conducted them to the berth prepared for them — a cabin which was to serve for all purposes, and for the whole party; he then tried to slip away under pretext of giving orders to some one.

"Stop a moment," cried D'Artagnan; "pray how many men have you on board, captain?"

"I don't understand," was the reply.

"Explain it, Athos."

Groslow, on the question being interpreted, answered, "Three, without counting myself."

"Oh!" exclaimed D'Artagnan. "I begin to be more at my ease; however, whilst you settle yourselves, I shall make the round of the boat."

"As for me," said Porthos, "I will see to the supper."

"A very good idea, Porthos," said the Gascon. "Athos, lend me Grimaud, who, in the society of his friend Parry, has, perhaps, picked up a little English, and can act as my interpreter."

"Go, Grimaud," said Athos.

D'Artagnan, finding a lantern on the deck, took it up, and with a pistol in his hand he said to the captain, in English, "Come" (being, with the classic English oath, the only English words he knew), and so saying, he descended to the lower deck.

This was divided into three compartments: one which was covered by the floor of that room in which Athos, Porthos, and Aramis were to pass the night; the second was to serve as the sleeping room for the servants; the third, under the prow of the ship, was under the temporary cabin in which Mordaunt was concealed.

"Oho!" cried D'Artagnan, as he went down the steps of the hatchway, preceded by the lantern; "what a number of barrels! one would think one was in the cave of Ali Baba. What is there in them?" he added, putting his lantern on one of the bins.

The captain seemed inclined to go upon deck again, but, controlling himself, he answered: —

"Port wine."

"Ah! port wine! 'tis a comfort," said the Gascon, "since we shall not die of thirst. Are they all full?"

Grimaud translated the question, and Groslow, who was wiping the perspiration from off his forehead, answered: —

"Some full, others empty."

D'Artagnan struck the barrels with his hand, and having ascertained that he spoke the truth, pushed his lantern, greatly to the captain's alarm, into the interstices between the barrels, and finding that there was nothing concealed in them: —

"Come along," he said; and he went toward the door of the second compartment.

"Stop!" said the Englishman. "I have the key of that door;" and he opened the door, with a trembling hand, into the second compartment, where Musqueton and Blaisois were preparing supper.

Here there was evidently nothing to seek, or to apprehend, and they passed rapidly to examine the third compartment.

This was the room appropriated to the sailors. Two or three hammocks hung upon the ceiling, a table and two benches composed the entire furniture. D'Artagnan picked up two or three old sails, hung on the walls, and meeting nothing to suspect, regained, by the hatchway, the deck of the vessel.

"And this room?" he asked, pointing to the captain's cabin.

"That's my room," replied Groslow.

"Open the door."

The captain obeyed. D'Artagnan stretched out his arm, in which he held the lantern, put his head in at the half-opened door, and seeing that the cabin was nothing better than a shed:

"Good," he said. "If there is an army on board it is not here that it is hidden. Let us see what Porthos has found for supper." And thanking the captain, he regained the state cabin, where his friends were.

Porthos had found nothing; and with him fatigue had prevailed over hunger. He had fallen asleep, and was in a profound slumber when D'Artagnan returned. Athos and Aramis were beginning to close their eyes, which they half opened when their companion came in again.

"Well?" said Aramis.

"All is well; we may sleep tranquilly."

On this assurance the two friends fell asleep; and D'Artagnan, who was very weary, bade good night to Grimaud, and laid himself down in his cloak, with naked sword at his side, in such a manner that his body barricaded the passage, and that it should be impossible to enter the room without upsetting him.

Port Wine.

In ten minutes the masters slept; not so the servants — hungry and uncomfortable.

"Grimaud," said Musqueton to his companion, who had just come in after his round with D'Artagnan, "art thou thirsty?"

"As thirsty as a Scotchman!" was Grimaud's laconic reply.

And he sat down and began to cast up the accounts of his party, whose money he managed.

"Oh, lackadaisy! I'm beginning to feel queer!" cried Blaisois.

"If that's the case," said Musqueton, with a learned air, "take some nourishment."

"Do you call that nourishment?" said Blaisois, pointing to the barley bread and pot of beer upon the table.

"Blaisois," replied Musqueton, "remember that bread is the true nourishment of a Frenchman, who is not always able to get bread: ask Grimaud."

"Yes, but beer!" asked Blaisois, sharply, "is that their true drink?"

"As to that," answered Musqueton, puzzled how to get out of the difficulty, "I must confess that to me beer is as disagreeable as wine is to the English."

"What! Monsieur Musqueton! The English — do they dislike wine?"

"They hate it."

"But I have seen them drink it."

"As a punishment. For example, an English prince was plumped into a butt of Malmsey. I heard the Chevalier d'Herblay say so. It *settled* him."

"The fool!" cried Blaisois. "I wish I had been in his place."

"Thou canst be," said Grimaud, writing down his figures.

"How?" asked Blaisois, "I can? Explain yourself."

Grimaud went on with his sum, and cast up the whole.

"Port," he said, extending his hand in the direction of the first compartment examined by D'Artagnan and himself.

"Eh? eh? ah? — those barrels I saw through the door?"

"Port!" replied Grimaud, beginning a fresh sum.

"I have heard," said Blaisois, "that port is a very good wine."

"Excellent!" cried Musqueton, smacking his lips.

"Excellent!"

"Supposing these Englishmen would sell us a bottle," said the honest Blaisois.

"Sell!" cried Musqueton, about whom there was a remnant of his ancient marauding character left. "One may well perceive, young man, that you are inexperienced. Why buy what one can take?"

"Take?" answered Blaisois. "To covet one's neighbor's chattels is forbidden, I believe."

"What a childish reason!" said Musqueton, condescendingly; "yes, childish; I repeat the word. Where did you learn, pray, to consider the English neighbors?"

"The saying's true, dear Mouston; but I don't remember where."

"Childish — still more childish," replied Musqueton. "Hadst thou been ten years engaged in war as Grimaud and I have been, my dear Blaisois, you would know the difference there is between the goods of others and the goods of enemies. Now an Englishman is an enemy; this port wine belongs to the English, therefore it belongs to us."

"And our masters?" asked Blaisois, stupefied by this harangue, delivered with an air of profound sagacity, "will they be of your opinion?"

Musqueton smiled disdainfully.

"I suppose that you think it necessary that I should disturb the repose of these illustrious lords to say, 'Gentlemen, your servant, Musqueton, is thirsty.' What does Monsieur Bracieux care, think you, whether I am thirsty or not?"

"'Tis a very expensive wine," said Blaisois, shaking his head.

"Were it liquid gold, Monsieur Blaisois, our masters would not deny themselves this wine. Know that Monsieur de Bracieux is rich enough to drink a tun of port wine, even if obliged to pay a pistole for every drop;" his manner became more and more lofty every instant: then he arose, and after finishing off the beer at one draught, he advanced majestically to the door of the compartment where the wine was. "Ah! locked!" he exclaimed; "these devils of English, how suspicious they are!"

"Shut!" said Blaisois; "ah! the deuce it is; unlucky, for I feel the sickness coming on squimier and squimier."

"Shut!" repeated Musqueton.

"But," Blaisois ventured to say, "I have heard you relate, Monsieur Musqueton, that once on a time, at Chantilly, you fed your master and yourself with partridges which were snared, carps caught by a line, and wine drawn with a cork-screw."

"Perfectly true; but there was an air hole in the cellar, and the wine was in bottles. I cannot throw the loop through this partition, nor move with a pack thread a cask of wine which may, perhaps, weigh two hundred pounds."

"No, but you can take out two or three boards of the partition," answered Blaisois, "and make a hole in the cask with a gimlet."

Musqueton opened his great round eyes to the utmost, astonished to find in Blaisois qualities for which he did not give him credit.

"'Tis true," he said; "but where can I get a chisel to take the planks out — a gimlet, to pierce the cask?"

"Trousers," said Grimaud, still squaring his accounts.

"Ah, yes!" said Musqueton.

Grimaud, in fact, was not only the accountant, but the armorer of the party; and as he was a man full of forethought, these trousers, carefully rolled up in his valise, contained every sort of tool for immediate use.

Musqueton, therefore, was soon provided with tools, and he began his task. In a few minutes he had extracted three boards. He tried to pass his body through the aperture; but not being like the frog in the fable, who thought he was larger than he really was, he found he must take out three or four more before he could get through.

He sighed and set to work again.

Grimaud had now finished his accounts. He arose, and stood near Musqueton.

"I," he said.

"What?" said Musqueton.

"I can pass ——"

"True — you" — answered Musqueton, casting a glance at the long thin form of his friend; "you can pass, and easily — go in then."

"Rinse the glasses," said Grimaud.

"Now," said Musqueton, addressing Blaisois; "now you shall see how we old soldiers drink when we are thirsty."

"My cloak," said Grimaud, from the bottom of the hold.

"What do you want?" asked Blaisois.

"My cloak — stop up the aperture with it."

"Why?" asked Blaisois.

"Simpleton!" exclaimed Musqueton; "suppose any one came into the room."

"Ah, true," cried Blaisois, with evident admiration; "but it will be dark in the cellar."

"Grimaud always sees, dark or light — night as well as day," answered Musqueton.

"Silence," cried Grimaud, "some one is coming."

In fact, the door of their cabin was opened. Two men, wrapped in their cloaks, appeared.

"Oh, ho!" said they, "not in bed at a quarter past eleven? That's against all rules. In a quarter of an hour let every one be in bed, and snoring."

These two men then went toward the compartment in which Grimaud was secreted; opened the door, entered and shut it after them.

"Ah!" cried Blaisois; "he's lost!"

"Grimaud's a cunning fellow," murmured Musqueton.

They waited for ten minutes, during which time no noise was heard which might indicate that Grimaud was discovered; and at the expiration of that anxious interval the two men returned, closed the door after them, and repeating their orders that the servants should go to bed, and extinguish their lights, disappeared.

At that very moment Grimaud drew back the cloak which hid the aperture, and came in with his face livid, his eyes staring wide open with terror, so that the pupils were contracted almost to nothing, with a large circle of white around them. He held in his hand a tankard full of some dark substance or another; and approaching the gleam of light shed by the lamp he uttered this single monosyllable — "Oh!" with such an expression of extreme terror that Musqueton started, alarmed, and Blaisois was near fainting from fright.

Both, however, cast an inquisitive glance into the tankard — it was full of gunpowder.

Convinced that the ship was full of powder instead of having a cargo of wine, Grimaud hastened to awake D'Artagnan, who had no sooner beheld him than he perceived that something extraordinary had taken place. Imposing silence, Gri-

maud put out the little night lamp, then knelt down, and poured into the lieutenant's ear a recital melodramatic enough not to require play of feature to give it pith.

This was the gist of his strange story: —

The first barrel that Grimaud had found on passing into the compartment he struck — it was empty. He passed on to another — it also was empty; but the third which he tried was, from the dull sound it gave out, evidently full. At this point Grimaud stopped, and was preparing to make a hole with his gimlet, when he found a spigot; he therefore placed his tankard under it, and turned the spout; something, whatever it was the cask contained, fell silently into the tankard.

Whilst he was thinking that he should first taste the liquor which the tankard contained, before taking it to his companions, the door of the cellar opened, and a man with a lantern in his hands, and enveloped in a cloak, came and stood just before the hogshead, behind which Grimaud, on hearing him come in, instantly crept. This was Groslow. He was accompanied by another man who carried in his hand something long and flexible, rolled up, resembling a washing line.

"Have you the wick?" asked the one who carried the lantern.

"Here it is," answered the other.

At the voice of this last speaker, Grimaud started, and felt a shudder creeping through his very marrow. He rose gently, so that his head was just above the round of the barrel; and, under the large hat, he recognized the pale face of Mordaunt.

"How long will this fuse burn?" asked this person.

"Nearly five minutes," replied the captain.

"Then tell the men to be in readiness — don't tell them why now; when the clock strikes a quarter after midnight collect your men. Get down into the longboat."

"That is when I have lighted the match?"

"I will undertake that. I wish to be sure of my revenge — are the oars in the boat?"

"Everything is ready."

"'Tis well."

Mordaunt knelt down and fastened one end of the train to the spigot, in order that he might have nothing to do but to set it on fire at the opposite end with the match.

He then arose.

"You hear me — at a quarter past midnight — in fact, in twenty minutes."

"I understand all perfectly, sir," replied Groslow; "but allow me to say, there is great danger in what you undertake — would it not be better to intrust one of the men to set fire to the train?"

"My dear Groslow," answered Mordaunt, "you know the French proverb, 'Nothing one does not do one's self is ever well done.' I shall abide by that rule."

Grimaud had heard all this — had seen the two mortal enemies of the musketeers — had seen Mordaunt adjust the fuse; then he felt, and felt again, the contents of the tankard that he held in his hand; and, instead of the lively liquor expected by Blaisois and Musqueton, he found beneath his fingers the grains of some coarse powder.

Mordaunt went away with the captain. At the door he stopped to listen.

"Do you hear how they sleep?" he said.

In fact, Porthos could be heard snoring through the partition.

"'Tis God who gives them into our hands," answered Groslow.

"This time the devil himself shall not save them," rejoined Mordaunt.

And they went out together.

End of the Port-Wine Mystery.

D'Artagnan, as one may suppose, listened to all these details with a growing interest. He awoke Aramis, Athos, and Porthos; and then, stretching out his arms, and closing them again, the Gascon collected in one small circle the three heads of his friends, so near as almost to touch each other.

He then told them under whose command the vessel was in which they were sailing that night; that they had Groslow for their captain, and Mordaunt acting under him as his lieutenant. Something more deathlike than a shudder, at this moment, shook the brave musketeers. The name of Mordaunt seemed to exercise over them a mysterious and fatal influence — to summons ghastly terror with its very sound.

"What is to be done?" asked Athos.

"You have some plan?"

D'Artagnan replied by going toward a very small, low

window, just large enough to let a man through. He turned it gently on its hinges.

"There," he said, "is our road."

"The deuce — it is a very cold one, my dear friend," said Aramis.

"Stay here, if you like, but I warn you, 'twill be rather too warm presently."

"But we cannot swim to the shore."

"The longboat is yonder, lashed to the felucca. We will take possession of it, and cut the cable. Come, my friends."

"A moment's delay," said Athos; "our servants?"

"Here we are," they cried.

Meantime the three friends were standing motionless before the awful sight which D'Artagnan, in raising the shutters, had disclosed to them through the narrow opening of the window.

Those who have once beheld such a spectacle know that there is nothing more solemn, more striking, than the raging sea, rolling, with its deafening roar, its dark billows beneath the pale light of a wintry moon.

"Gracious heaven! we are hesitating," cried D'Artagnan; "if we hesitate, what will the servants do?"

"I do not hesitate, you know," said Grimaud.

"Sir," interposed Blaisois, "I warn you that I can only swim in rivers."

"And I not at all," said Musqueton.

But D'Artagnan had now slipped through the window.

"You have decided, friend?" said Athos.

"Yes," the Gascon answered; "Athos! you, who are a perfect being, bid spirit triumph over body."

"Do you, Aramis, order the servants — Porthos, kill every one who stands in your way."

And, after pressing the hand of Athos, D'Artagnan chose a moment when the ship rolled backward, so that he had only to plunge into the water up to his waist.

Athos followed him before the felucca rose again on the waves: the cable which tied the boat to the vessel was then seen plainly rising out of the sea.

D'Artagnan swam to it, and held it, suspending himself by this rope, his head alone out of water.

In one second Athos joined him.

Then they saw, as the felucca turned, two other heads peeping — those of Aramis and Grimaud.

"I am uneasy about Blaisois," said Athos: "he can, he says, only swim in rivers."

"When people can swim at all they can swim anywhere. To the bark! to the bark!"

"But Porthos, I do not see him.

"Porthos is coming — he swims like Leviathan."

Porthos, in fact, did not appear. Musqueton and Blaisois had been appalled by the sight of the black gulf below them, and had shrunk back.

"Come along! I shall strangle you both if you don't get out," said Porthos at last, seizing Musqueton by the throat. "Forward! Blaisois."

A groan, stifled by the grasp of Porthos, was all the reply of poor Blaisois, for the giant, taking him neck and heels, plunged him into the water headforemost, pushing him out of the window as if he had been a plank.

"Now, Musqueton," he said, "I hope you don't mean to desert your master?"

"Ah, sir," replied Musqueton, his eyes filling with tears, "why did you reënter the army? We were all so happy in the Château de Pierrefonds!"

And, without any other complaint, passive and obedient, either from true devotion to his master, or from the example set by Blaisois, Musqueton leapt into the sea headforemost. A sublime action, at all events, for Musqueton looked upon himself as dead. But Porthos was not a man to abandon an old servant; and when Musqueton rose above the water, blind as a newborn puppy, he found he was supported by the large hand of Porthos, and that he was thus enabled, without having occasion even to move, to advance toward the cable with the dignity of a very triton.

In a few minutes, Porthos had rejoined his companions, who were already in the boat; but when, after they had all got in, it came to his turn, there was great danger that in putting his huge leg over the edge of the boat he would upset the little vessel. Athos was the last to enter.

"Are you all here?" he asked.

"Ah! have you your sword, Athos?" cried D'Artagnan.

"Yes."

"Cut the cable, then."

Athos drew a sharp poniard from his belt and cut the cord.

The felucca went on; the boat continued stationary, rocked only by the swashing waves.

"Come, Athos!" said D'Artagnan, giving his hand to the count; "you are going to see something curious," added the Gascon.

Fatality.

Scarcely had D'Artagnan uttered these words than a ringing and sudden noise was heard resounding through the felucca, which now became dim in the obscurity of the night.

"That, you may be sure," said the Gascon, "means something."

They then, at the same instant, perceived a large lantern carried on a pole appear on the deck, defining the forms of shadows behind it.

Suddenly a terrible cry, a cry of despair, was wafted through space, and as if the shrieks of anguish had driven away the clouds, the veil which hid the moon was cleared away, and the gray sails and dark shrouds of the felucca were plainly visible beneath the silvery light.

Shadows ran, as if bewildered, to and fro on the vessel, and mournful cries accompanied these delirious walkers. In the midst of these screams they saw Mordaunt upon the poop, with a torch in hand.

The agitated figures, apparently wild with terror, consisted of Groslow, who, at the hour fixed by Mordaunt, had collected his men, and the sailors. Groslow, after having listened at the door of the cabin to hear if the musketeers were still asleep, had gone down into the cellar, convinced by their silence that they were all in a deep slumber. Then Mordaunt had run to the train — impetuous as a man who is excited by revenge and full of confidence — as are those whom God blinds — he had set fire to the wick of niter.

All this while, Groslow and his men were assembled on deck.

"Haul up the cable, and draw the boat to us," said Groslow.

One of the sailors got down the side of the ship, seized the cable, and drew it — it came without the least resistance.

"The cable is cut!" he cried, "no boat!"

"How! no boat!" exclaimed Groslow; "it is impossible.'

"'Tis true, however," answered the sailor; "there's nothing in the wake of the ship, besides here's the end of the cable."

"What's the matter?" cried Mordaunt, who, coming up out of the hatchway, rushed to the stern, waving his torch.

"Only that our enemies have escaped — they have cut the cord, and gone off with the boat."

Mordaunt bounded with one step to the cabin, and kicked open the door.

"Empty!" he exclaimed; "the infernal demons!"

"We must pursue them," said Groslow; "they can't be gone far, and we will sink them, passing over them."

"Yes, but the fire," ejaculated Mordaunt; "I have lighted it."

"Ten thousand devils!" cried Groslow, rushing to the hatchway; "perhaps there is still time to save us."

Mordaunt answered only by a terrible laugh, threw his torch into the sea, and plunged in after it. The instant Groslow put his foot upon the hatchway steps, the ship opened like the crater of a volcano. A burst of flame arose toward the skies with an explosion like that of a hundred cannon; the air burned, ignited by flaming embers, then the frightful lightning disappeared, the brands sank, one after another, into the abyss, where they were extinguished, and, save for a slight vibration in the air, after a few minutes had lapsed, one would have thought that nothing had happened.

Only — the felucca had disappeared from the surface of the sea, and Groslow and his three sailors were consumed.

The four friends saw all this — not a single detail of this fearful scene escaped them. At one moment, bathed as they were in a flood of brilliant light, which illumined the sea for the space of a league, they might each be seen — each by his own peculiar attitude and manner expressing the awe which, even in their hearts of bronze, they could not help experiencing. Soon a torrent of vivid sparks fell round them — then, at last, the volcano was extinguished — then all was dark and still — the floating bark and heaving ocean.

They sat silent and dejected.

"By heaven!" at last said Athos, the first to speak, "by this time, I think, all must be over."

"Here, my lords! save me! help!" cried a voice, whose mournful accents reaching the four friends, seemed to proceed from some phantom of the ocean.

All looked around — Athos himself started.

"'Tis he! it is his voice!"

All still remained silent — the eyes of all were turned in the direction where the vessel had disappeared — endeavoring in vain to penetrate the darkness. After a minute or two they were able to distinguish a man, who approached them, swimming vigorously.

Athos extended his arm toward him — "Yes, yes, I know him well," he said.

"He — again!" cried Porthos, who was breathing like a blacksmith's bellows, "why, he is made of iron."

"Oh, my God!" muttered Athos.

Aramis and D'Artagnan whispered to each other.

Mordaunt made several strokes more, and raising his arm in sign of distress above the waves — "Pity, pity on me! gentlemen — in Heaven's name — my strength is failing me; I am dying."

The voice that implored aid was so piteous that it awakened pity in the heart of Athos.

"Miserable wretch," he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" said D'Artagnan, "monsters have only to complain to gain your sympathy. I believe he's swimming toward us. Does he think we are going to take him in? Row, Porthos, row." And setting the example, he plowed his oar into the sea — two strokes took the bark on twenty fathoms further.

"Ah! ah!" said Porthos to Mordaunt, "I think we have you now, my hero!"

"Oh! Porthos!" murmured the Comte de la Fère.

"Oh pray! for mercy's sake, don't fly from me. For pity's sake!" cried the young man, whose agony-drawn breath at times, when his head went under water, under the wave, exhaled and made the icy waters bubble.

D'Artagnan, however, who had consulted with Aramis, spoke to the poor wretch. "Go away," he said, "your repentance is too recent to inspire confidence. See! the vessel in which you wished to fry us is still smoking; and the situation in which you are is a bed of roses compared to that in which you wished to place us, and in which you have placed Monsieur Groslow and his companions."

"Sir!" replied Mordaunt, in a tongue of deep despair, "my penitence is sincere. Gentlemen, I am young, scarcely twenty-three years old. I was drawn on by a very natural resentment to avenge my mother. You would have done what I did."

Mordaunt wanted now only two or three fathoms to reach

the boat — for the approach of death seemed to give him supernatural strength.

"Alas!" he said, "I am then to die? you are going to kill the son, as you killed the mother! Surely, if I am culpable, and if I ask for pardon, I ought to be forgiven."

Then — as if his strength failed him — he seemed unable to sustain himself above the water, and a wave passed over his head, which drowned his voice.

"Oh! this is torture to me!" cried Athos.

Mordaunt reappeared.

"For my part," said D'Artagnan, "I say, this must come to an end; murderer, as you were, of your uncle! executioner, as you were, of King Charles! incendiary! I recommend you to sink forthwith to the bottom of the sea; and if you come another fathom nearer, I'll stave your wicked head in with this oar."

"D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" cried Athos, "my son, I entreat you; the wretch is dying: and it is horrible to let a man die without extending a hand to save him. I cannot resist doing so; he must live."

"Zounds!" replied D'Artagnan, "why don't you give yourself up directly, feet and hands bound, to that wretch? Ah! Comte de la Fère, you wish to perish by his hands! I, your son, as you call me, I will not let you!"

'Twas the first time D'Artagnan had ever refused a request from Athos.

Aramis calmly drew his sword, which he had carried between his teeth as he swam.

"If he lays his hand on the boat's edge, I will cut it off — regicide that he is."

"And I," said Porthos. "Wait."

"What are you going to do?" asked Aramis.

"Throw myself in the water, and strangle him."

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried Athos, "be men! be Christians! See! death is depicted on his face! Ah! do not bring on me the horrors of remorse! Grant me this poor wretch's life. I will bless you. I ——"

"I am dying!" cried Mordaunt, "come to me! come to me!"

D'Artagnan began to be touched. The boat at this moment turned round; and the dying man was by that turn brought nearer Athos.

"Monsieur the Comte de la Fère," he cried, "I supplicate

you! pity me! I call on you! where are you? I see you no longer — I am dying — help me! help me!"

"Here I am, sir!" said Athos, leaning, and stretching out his arm to Mordaunt with that air of dignity and nobility of soul habitual to him, "here I am, take my hand and jump into our boat."

Mordaunt made a last effort — rose — seized the hand thus extended to him, and grasped it with the vehemence of despair.

"That's right," said Athos, "put your other hand here." And he offered him his shoulder as another stay and support, so that his head almost touched that of Mordaunt; and these two mortal enemies were in as close an embrace as if they had been brothers.

"Now, sir," said the count, "you are safe — calm yourself."

"Ah! my mother," cried Mordaunt, with eyes on fire with a look of hate impossible to paint. "I can only offer thee one victim, but it shall, at any rate, be the one thou wouldst thyself have chosen!"

And whilst D'Artagnan uttered a cry, Porthos raised the oar, and Aramis sought a place to strike, a frightful shake given to the boat precipitated Athos into the sea; whilst Mordaunt, with a shout of triumph, grasped the neck of his victim, and, in order to paralyze his movements, twined arms and legs around the musketeer. For an instant, without an exclamation, without a cry for help, Athos tried to sustain himself on the surface of the waters, but the weight dragged him down; he disappeared by degrees; soon, nothing was to be seen except his long floating hair; then both men disappeared, and the bubbling of the water, which, in its turn, was soon effaced, alone indicated the spot where these two had sunk.

Mute with horror, the three friends had remained open-mouthed, their eyes dilated, their arms extended like statues, and, motionless as they were, the beating of their hearts was audible. Porthos was the first who came to himself — he tore his hair.

"Oh!" he cried, "Athos! Athos! thou man of noble heart; woe is me! I have let thee perish!"

At this instant, in the midst of the silver circle, illumined by the light of the moon, the same whirlpool which had been made by the sinking men was again obvious, and first were seen, rising above the waves, a wisp of hair — then a pale face with open eyes, yet, nevertheless, the eyes of death; then a

body which, after rising of itself even to the waist above the sea, turned gently on its back, according to the caprice of the waves, and floated.

In the bosom of this corpse was plunged a poniard, the gold hilt of which shone in the moonbeams.

"Mordaunt! Mordaunt!" cried the three friends, "'tis Mordaunt!"

"But Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan.

Suddenly the boat leaned on one side beneath a new and unexpected weight, and Grimaud uttered a shout of joy; every one turned round, and beheld Athos, livid, his eyes dim, and his hands trembling, supporting himself on the edge of the boat. Eight vigorous arms lifted him up immediately, and laid him in the boat, where, directly, Athos was warmed and reanimated, reviving with the caresses and cares of his friends, who were intoxicated with joy.

"You are not hurt?" asked D'Artagnan.

"No," replied Athos, "and he——"

"Oh, he! now we may say at last, thank heaven! he is really dead. Look!"—and D'Artagnan, obliging Athos to look in the direction that he pointed, showed him the body of Mordaunt floating on its back, which, sometimes submerged, sometimes rising, seemed still to pursue the four friends with looks of insult and of mortal hatred.

At last he sank. Athos had followed him with a glance in which the deepest melancholy and pity were expressed.

"Bravo, Athos!" cried Aramis, with an emotion very rare in him.

"A capital blow you gave!" cried Porthos.

"I have a *son*. I wished to live," said Athos.

"In short," said D'Artagnan, "this has been the will of God."

"It was not I who killed him," sighed Athos, in a soft, low tone, "'twas destiny."

THE RESCUE OF DELIA.

By CALPRENÈDE.

(From "Cleopatra.")

[Gautier de Costes de la Calprenède, French novelist and dramatist, was born 1610, died 1663. He wrote the voluminous and ostensibly historical novels "Cassandra" (1640), "Cleopatra" (1647), and "Pharamond" (1661), besides several historical dramas, as "The Death of Mithridates" and "John of England" (1637), "The Earl of Essex" (1639), and "Edward, King of England" (1640)].

The King himself, after the Princess had done, employed a great deal of care to stay me, and protested divers times to me that he was as desirous now that I should be his Daughter as he had been averse from it before. At last, when he saw me resolved upon my design, he offered me all I could desire for my Voyage, and after he had considered whom he might trust to conduct me, he gave the employment to Antigenes. This Man at first I suspected, because he had formerly made love to me with a great deal of earnestness, and with assurance to marry me by the King's favor, who, as you know, upheld him in that design, yet remembering how he had behaved himself towards me since the day you prohibited him to see me, the respect he expressed to me in all his actions, and all the Apologies he often made me for those things which he was constrained to do in obedience to the King's command, I believed he had absolutely lost that intention, which he only pretended for fear of incurring the King's displeasure, and I as easily imagined that he would acquit himself of his commission with more affection than another, that by that means he might the better gain his Prince's favor. At last I disposed myself to depart under his conduct, after the King had assured me of his fidelity and discretion, and after I had taken my last leave of the Princess Andromeda with a great many tears upon both sides, and received from the King all the testimonies of love and good will, I mounted with my Governess and Melite into a chariot which the King caused to be provided for us, and Antigenes accompanied us on horseback, being attended by seven or eight Men in the same equipage.

The good usage I received from the King your Father after your departure, the endeavors he used to retain me, and the

belief I owe to the word of a King, and of a King, who is the Father of Philadelph, always hindered me from suspecting the Treason that was practiced against me, which might proceed only from the villainy of that Person which committed it, or if it was by any order, I never accused anybody of it but the Queen your Stepmother, who hath always born a great deal of resentment against me, for being, though innocently, an hindrance to your marriage with the Princess Urania her daughter. Howsoever it was, we departed from Tharsus, and traveled the first Stage the direct way to Armenia: but the next morning, without being perceived by me, by reason of the little knowledge I had of the ways, Antigenes made us take one quite contrary, and having nobody with him, but such persons as he absolutely disposed of, he followed his premeditated way, without being opposed by anybody in his intention. All that day I mistrusted nothing, marching under the faith of my Conductor, and not suspecting any such infidelity in a man in whom the King had reposed so much confidence; but the next day I was amazed when I saw myself upon the Seaside, and saw a Vessel that waited for us, by Antigenes' private order, into which he told me I must enter.

Though I was so ignorant of the Country as not to perceive the first cheat they put upon me, yet I was not so simple but that I knew well enough that to go the direct way out of Cilicia into Armenia, there was no Sea to pass, and I had seen in the Map, and had often heard that the way lay by Land, crossing over Mount Taurus, and entering into Armenia the less. I presently let Antigenes know as much, and refused to enter into his Vessel, telling him I knew very well that was not the way to Armenia. Antigenes at first would have amused me with words, and have made me believe that I was mistaken in my Map; but when he saw me steadfast in my opinion, and that he had no hope to get me into his Vessel by his discourse and persuasions, he took me under one arm, and making one of his Companions do so by the other, these two men carried me by force, and put me into the Vessel, my words, my cries, and all the resistance I could make, not being able to save me from it. They which followed did as much by my Governess and Melite, and they were not much troubled to do it, finding them fully resolved to follow me into what part of the World soever my ill fortune should conduct me. In conclusion, they stript the Chariot and the horses, and after they had

hoisted up their Sails, they commanded the Pilot to steer towards the Island of Cyprus, which, as you know, is separated from Cilicia but by a little arm of the Sea.

You may judge very well, Philadelph, without my striving to represent it to you, what my grief was upon the knowledge of this cruel Treason and with what fears I was seized, seeing myself in the power of a Man, who had the confidence of committing this disloyalty. I am not naturally apt to be overpassionate, and if I may say it of myself, I patiently support the assaults of my bad Fortune ; but in this unlucky adventure, by which I was become the prey of a Traitor, and of a Man who by this action. made me sufficiently judge him capable of anything that might afflict me, I lost my constancy and moderation, and looking upon perfidious Antigenes with eyes inflamed with indignation : traitor, said I to him, is it thus that thou acquittest thyself of what thou owest to the fear of the Gods, to the command of thy King, the interest of thy Prince, and the honor and Virtue of our Sex ? are all the considerations of honor, fidelity, and virtue extinguished in thy Soul ? or if they have no power to set the horror of thy Crime before thy face, dost thou not fear to be punished for it by so many Enemies as thou raisest against thyself by thy infidelity ? Madam, answered the disloyal man, I hope to be pardoned by Gods and Men, and yourself, too, for the offense which you reproach me with, and the Gods will not be angry with me for it, seeing they themselves have visibly contributed to it. Do not judge, Madam, by the constraint which I laid upon myself in respect to Philadelph, that the love, which formerly I expressed to you, is either extinguished or diminished ; it was never so strong and so violent in my Soul as now, as you may judge by this action, seeing it makes me to despise all that any other man might fear in relation to the anger of the King and Prince Philadelph, and abandon all things, to confine myself with you in a place, where without any obstacle or disturbance I may give you Testimonies of that love which you have so much disdained. Fear not, Madam, nor afflict yourself, your destiny will not be bad with a man who adores you, and you ought not to grieve for a Prince whose inclinations possibly are already changed, nor for a Crown which you never would have possessed, and which you quit yourself of by retiring into Armenia. To these words, the perfidious man added a great many others, to cause some moderation in my grief, but it was exasperated the more by them,

and throwing a look upon him, that partly signified my intention: Do not think, said I to him, do not think, thou Monster of infidelity, that thy base flattery can gain anything upon my Spirit; thy person, which before I did only disdain, is now made as odious to me by thy Treason as the most detestable man in the World, and my most cruel Enemy. Do not hope that these thoughts may be changed, but only by the repenting of thy Crime, and returning into the way by which thou promisedst thy King to conduct me into my Country, and be well assured that whensoever thou shalt add violence to thy flatteries, thou shalt see that I can so much despise death that the face of it shall be much more supportable to me than thine.

Though Antigenes might partly have known my humor in the time I had staid in Cilicia, and have observed a great deal of constancy in my resolutions, yet he believed I might be changed in time, and being willing to let the heat of my first resentments cool, he ceased from afflicting me any farther with his discourse. 'Tis very certain, that in this encounter I had need of that little Courage, and strength of Spirit, which the Gods had bestowed upon me, and had it not been for the resignation I had to their will, I should have died rather than have any longer patiently endured the misfortune whereinto I was fallen. Ericlea and Melite, though they were well acquainted with my humor, yet they did not so much trust to it, but that they always kept close to me, to hinder me from attempting anything against my own life. They did not see me any way go about it, but they had much ado to make me take any nourishment, and I rejected all as poison, which my infamous Ravisher caused to be offered to me. In fine, they represented so many things to me, and did so plainly convince me that I ought to commit the conduct of my destiny to the Gods, and that I might still hope for the succor, after the example of divers Persons, who in as miserable a condition as mine had received visible assistances from them, that at their entreaty I took something, after I had fasted almost two days.

We passed the Strait which separates Cilicia from the Island of Cyprus, and being landed in that Island, Antigenes put us again into the Chariot, and with the same violence as before carried us whither he pleased. He chose this retreat, because his Kindred were originally of this Island, and his

Brother dwelt there, to whose house it was his design to carry me, supposing that the news could never come to the King your Father, nor to you, and that being born of an obscure and unknown Family, there would be nobody to inquire after me, or ever think upon me after I was gone out of Cilicia. Besides, if you should know the truth, he believed he was secure, being out of the Dominions under your obedience, and if he could conceal it, as he hoped he should, by the distance of place, and the separation by Sea, he had the conveniency to return to Tharsus, leaving me with his Brother, where he thought me secure, and report to the King that he had executed his Commission.

In conclusion, whatsoever his thoughts were or howsoever I could express to him, that he should never gain anything upon my Spirit, either by fair means or by violence, he carried me to his Brother's who was as bad as he, whose house was situated upon the bank of the River Lapithus, in a place very solitary and proper for his intention. He was received there according to his expectation, and I was treated there as a Person whom they desired to pacify with their caresses.

You are willing, Philadelph, as I suppose, that I should relate these passages, the most disagreeable of my whole life, as succinctly to you as I can possibly, and you will content yourself that I should tell you, without descending to the particulars of all the discourse I had with this perfidious man, that he forgot nothing which he thought was capable to persuade me, and dispose me to his intentions. He made a proposition of Marriage to me, as a great advantage for me, and would have made me believe that my condition should be very happy with such a man as he, who passionately loved me, and was Master of no mean Fortune, that in time he should make his peace with you, and the King your Father, and might recover all the possessions and dignities which he had in Cilicia, and which he forsook only for my sake; but I rejected his proposition with so much scorn, that he not being able to endure such usage, which (judging of my Birth as he did) he imputed to an unjust pride, from fair means he fell to threatening, and made me fear all things from the violence of his Passion, and the Power he had over me: You must have a King's Son, said he, to me sometimes in his choler, and you will look upon nobody under a Crown, and such a Prince as Philadelph. This ambition is very laudable, Delia, but you may be very certain that Philadelph dreams no more

of you, and if the King his Father had had any care of it, he would not have committed you to the conduct of a man, whose love and intentions were known to him. He spake divers other words to persuade me, that the King your Father was not ignorant of what had befallen, and that you would make no account of it when you knew it: But besides the little disposition I had to suspect either of you of that infidelity, I thought so ill of everything that came out of such a Man's mouth, that I gave no credit at all to it.

Melite, when she saw him transgress the bounds of respect, would have had me declare the truth of my condition to him, and I was often almost resolved to do it, but I considered at last that this knowledge, instead of making him respect me the more, would have rendered him the more bold to injure the Sister of Artaxus, out of hope of being easily pardoned by the King of Cilicia, whose hatred was so cruel against our Family; or possibly if he could not work me to his will, he would put me himself into the King's hands, from whom I might expect the worst that could be, if I were known to be the Sister of Artaxus. He kept me in this manner above two months at his Brother's house, who being as bad, or worse than he, employed every day both Prayers and Threatenings to make me change my humor. But neither of them could prevail, and the wicked Antigenes, after he had tryed both ways in vain, at last flew out to the extremities of insolency and Villainy, and let me know the perfidiousness of his intentions in a business that threatened me with manifest danger, if the Gods had not succored me.

I am going now to relate to you, without any farther delay, the most disagreeable passages of my story. I was permitted to walk upon the bank of the River, which washes the foot of the house, and in a great wood which environed it on every side, but never without having with me, either Antigenes, or his Brother named Thrasillus, or many times both of them with six or seven men at their heels.

One day, attended by this Convoy, having followed the bank of the River, where the walk was very pleasant, and being gone farther from Thrasillus's house than ever I had been before, drawing near to a little Brook which thereabout ran into the River, being bordered on both sides with a tuft of Trees thicker than the rest of the Wood, upon our right hand, some paces distant from us, I heard, after divers sighs and sobs,

the voice of a Man, who by the violence of his grief was forced to complain in that solitary place, before insensible witnesses. At the first sound that reached my ears, I stopt and lent attention, but not out of any emotion of curiosity which at that time had little room in my Soul. Antigenes who followed me staid as well as I, and we had not long continued attentive, but we distinctly heard the complaints of that afflicted Person.

Antigenes who had heard all as well as I: This man, said he, whosoever he is, eases his grief by his complaints, whilst another man more wise than he would have been seeking remedies for it. 'Tis, replied I smartly, because he is not a Villain, because he is not a Ravisher, and because he rather chooses to be miserable all his life, than to owe the end of his misery to his Crimes. You see how well he fares for it, answered Antigenes, and how happy his condition is, for having been so respectful and circumspect. 'Tis more happy than yours, said I, being much nettled and much concerned in this discourse, and besides that, he possibly hath the comfort of being beloved by a Person whom he serves with respect, as much as you are hated and detested by her, whom you use so basely; he hath the satisfaction of not being troubled with any remorse, whilst your Conscience may well torment you worse than the most cruel death.

I saw that Antigenes grew pale at these words, and was like one amazed, he changed his Color divers times in a moment, he trembled from head to foot, and he seemed to me in the condition of a Person that meditated upon some grand design. I confess that the changing of his Visage, and his troubled Countenance made me afraid, and seeing him in such a form as he had never appeared unto me before, I began to tremble myself out of an apprehension of fear which promised me no good. I was not fearful without reason; for the disloyal Villain approaching to me with a furious look: If I am so much hated, and so much detested by you, said he, I must merit this hatred and detestation by such actions as may secure you from the blame which you would have for hating me unjustly, and if I must be exposed to remorse, it should be for a Crime which may yield me some profit, and not for those respects and adorations which hitherto I have so unprofitably rendered you; my patience is stretched to its uttermost dimensions, and I will know this day, whether a heart which is invincible by love and pity can be tamed by any other ways.

Upon these words (I know not whether his action was premeditated or not, as in probability it was, or whether the occasion prompted him to the design) having made a sign to his Brother, and another of those which followed him, they came at the same time to pull Ericlea and Melite from off my arms, who held by me on both sides, and Antigenes, putting himself in Ericlea's place, began to lead me by force towards the most private part of the Wood, whilst his Brother, and one of his Men, held my two Women by violence.

This action made me desperately afraid, and believing that in such an extremity a disguise was no longer necessary: Antigenes, said I, think of what thou goest about, and look no more upon me as an Unknown Delia, but as the Daughter of a great King, and as a Princess, who in what part soever of the World thou shalt retire to, will make the vengeance of thy Crime light heavy upon thy head.

I believe that Antigenes gave no credit to these words, which he thought I was inspired with by the pressing necessity wherein I was, to draw him off from his design, by the respect which they might imprint in him. Howsoever it was, he did not seem to be moved at them, and not vouchsafing so much as to give me a Reply, continued dragging me with all his force towards the most solitary part of the Wood. In this extremity I made the Wood to Echo with my cries, and my Women, whom they hindered from coming to my assistance, were as loud as I: Their cries and mine without doubt did us more good than our resistance could have done, and they drew a man to us, who was retired into that thick and solitary place, whom we presently knew to be the same, whose complaint we had heard a little before: He came out from between the Trees where he sought for silence and obscurity, and casting his eyes upon us, he presently saw the cause of our cries, and the violence they offered to us, and his grief not being capable to extinguish generous resentments in his Soul, and the remembrance of the succor that was due to oppressed Maids, he ran to us with more speed than could have been expected from the languishing and dejected condition wherein he appeared to us. Antigenes seeing him come, and fearing the hindrance of his design more than any other harm he could do him, being accompanied as he was, called his Brother, who, leaving my Women in the hands of two of his Men, came to Antigenes with the rest. This number did not trouble the Unknown, but addressing himself

to Antigenes without so much as looking upon the rest: Base fellow, said he, with an impetuous voice, stay and do not oblige me to give thee thy Death for a punishment of thy Crime. Antigenes, seeing himself fortified by the number of his Companions, mocked at the pride of the Unknown, and not vouchsafing to forbear from his design for him, he made a sign to his Brother either to stay him, or punish him: But he had to do with a man who was not easily corrected in that manner, and though he had no more than Antigenes and his Companions had, only his Sword, without any other arms, he presently presented it to the eyes of his Enemies, and fell upon them with as much assurance as if he had been backed by a greater number than theirs. O Gods! Philadelph, what proofs of Valor did he give us in a few moments, and what speedy execution did he make before our eyes, of five or six men, who seemed as nothing in his single hands. The first that fell under his Sword was the Brother of Antigenes, whose right arm he cut off at one blow, and made a large passage in his side, through which his Soul bare his Blood company: and almost at the same time having avoided a blow which another Enemy made at him, he thrust his bloody Sword into his body up to the hilts. I could see that action, and those he did afterwards, because perfidious Antigenes no sooner saw his Brother fall, but leaving me with a cry, he ran either to revenge his death or to bear him Company. These two which were left to guard my Women ran to Antigenes at his cry, and these three Enemies fell upon the valiant Unknown, just as he had cloven head and half the face of the last of the others with a back blow. He cared as little for these as he had done for the former, and picking out Antigenes between his two Companions, he gave him a mortal wound into the throat, with which he fell at his feet, and presently after was choked with his Blood and died. My valiant defender received at the same time a slight wound upon his side, which did but encourage him the more, and hastened the death of him who gave it; for as he was just turning his back to run away, he thrust his Sword into his reins, and laid him dead close by Antigenes. The last seeing so bloody an execution, had not confidence any longer to resist so terrible an Enemy, and committing his safety to the nimbleness of his heels, he ran across the Wood in a deadly fright.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

By CARDINAL DE RETZ.

[Jean François de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, was born in 1613, of a family in which the archbishopric of Paris was hereditary; educated by St. Vincent de Paul, then by the Jesuit College of Clermont, in training for that post; but embroiled himself in politics, intrigued against Mazarin, procured his deposition and succeeded to his place, shortly after lost it and was imprisoned; escaped, but traveled abroad till Mazarin's death, though the archbishopric had fallen to him by his uncle's death. He resigned it, and retired to private life in Lorraine, where he wrote his "Mémoirs," and died in 1679.]

Before I proceed to give you the detail of the civil war, suffer me to lead you into the gallery where you, who are an admirer of fine painting, will be entertained with the figures of the chief actors, drawn all at length in their proper colors, and you will be able to judge by the history whether they are painted to the life. Let us begin, as it is but just, with Her Majesty.

Character of the Queen.

The Queen excelled in that kind of wit which was becoming her circle, to the end that she might not appear silly before strangers; she was more ill-natured than proud, had more pride than real grandeur, and more show than substance; she loved money too well to be liberal, and her own interest too well to be impartial; she was more constant than passionate as a lover, more implacable than cruel, and more mindful of injuries than of good offices. She had more of the pious intention than of real piety, more obstinacy than well-grounded resolution, and a greater measure of incapacity than of all the rest.

Character of the Duke d'Orleans.

The Duke d'Orleans possessed all the good qualities requisite for a man of honor except courage, but having not one quality eminent enough to make him notable, he had nothing in him to supply or support the weakness which was so predominant in his heart through fear, and in his mind through irresolution, that it tarnished the whole course of his life. He engaged in all affairs, because he had not power to resist the importunities of those who drew him in for their own advantage, and came off always with shame for want of courage to go

on. His suspicious temper, even from his childhood, deadened those lively, gay colors which would have shone out naturally with the advantages of a fine, bright genius, an amiable gracefulness, a very honest disposition, a perfect disinterestedness, and an incredible easiness of behavior.

Character of the Prince de Condé.

The Prince de Condé was born a general, an honor none could ever boast of before but Cæsar and Spinola; he was equal to the first, but superior to the second. Intrepidity was one of the least parts of his character. Nature gave him a genius as great as his heart. It was his fortune to be born in an age of war, which gave him an opportunity to display his courage to its full extent; but his birth, or rather education, in a family submissively attached to the Cabinet, restrained his noble genius within too narrow bounds. There was no care taken betimes to inspire him with those great and general maxims which form and improve a man of parts. He had not time to acquire them by his own application, because he was prevented from his youth by the unexpected revolution, and by a constant series of successes. This one imperfection, though he had as pure a soul as any in the world, was the reason that he did things which were not to be justified, that though he had the heart of Alexander so he had his infirmities, that he was guilty of unaccountable follies, that having all the talents of Francis de Guise, he did not serve the State upon some occasions as well as he ought, and that having the parts of Henry de Condé, his namesake, he did not push the faction as far as he might have done, nor did he discharge all the duties his extraordinary merit demanded from him.

Character of the Duke de Longueville.

M. de Longueville, though he had the grand name of Orleans, together with vivacity, an agreeable appearance, generosity, liberality, justice, valor, and grandeur, yet never made any extraordinary figure in life, because his ideas were infinitely above his capacity. If a man has abilities and great designs, he is sure to be looked upon as a man of some importance; but if he does not carry them out, he is not much esteemed, which was the case with Longueville.

Character of the Duke de Beaufort.

M. de Beaufort knew little of affairs of moment but by hearsay and by what he had learned in the cabal of "The Importants," of whose jargon he had retained some smattering, which, together with some expressions he had perfectly acquired from Madame de Vendôme, formed a language that would have puzzled a Cato. His speech was short and stupidly dull, and the more so because he obscured it by affectation. He thought himself very sufficient, and pretended to a great deal more wit than came to his share. He was brave enough in his person, and outdid the common Hectors by being so upon all occasions, but never more *mal à propos* than in gallantry. And he talked and thought just as the people did whose idol he was for some time.

Character of the Duke d'Elbeuf.

M. d'Elbeuf could not fail of courage, as he was a Prince of the House of Lorraine. He had all the wit that a man of abundantly more cunning and good sense could pretend to. He was a medley of incoherent flourishes. He was the first Prince debased by poverty; and, perhaps, never man was more at a loss than he to raise the pity of the people in misery. A comfortable subsistence did not raise his spirits; and if he had been master of riches, he would have been envied as a leader of a party. Poverty so well became him that it seemed as if he had been cut out for a beggar.

Character of the Duke de Bouillon.

The Duke de Bouillon was a man of experienced valor and profound sense. I am fully persuaded, by what I have seen of his conduct, that those who cry it down wrong his character; and it may be that others had too favorable notions of his merit, who thought him capable of all the great things which he nev r did.

Character of M. de Turenne.

M. de Turenne had all the good qualities in his very nature, and acquired all the great ones very early, those only excepted

that he never thought of. Though almost all the virtues were in a manner natural to him, yet he shone out in none. He was looked upon as more proper to be at the head of an army than of a faction, for he was not naturally enterprising. He had in all his conduct, as well as in his way of talking, certain obscurities which he never explained but on particular occasions, and then only for his own honor.

Character of Marshal de la Mothe.

The Marshal de la Mothe was a captain of the second rank, full of mettle, but not a man of much sense. He was affable and courteous in civil life, and a very useful man in a faction because of his wonderful complacency.

Character of the Prince de Conti.

The Prince de Conti was a zero who multiplied only because he was a Prince of the Blood. That is his character with regard to the public; and as to his private capacity, wickedness had the same effect on him as weakness had on M. d'Elbeuf, and drowned his other qualities, which were all mean and tinctured with folly.

Character of M. de la Rochefoucault.

M. de la Rochefoucault had something so odd in all his conduct that I know not what name to give it. He loved to be engaged in intrigues from a child. He was never capable of conducting any affair, for what reasons I could not conceive; for he had endowments which, in another, would have made amends for imperfections. . . . He had not a long view of what was beyond his reach, nor a quick apprehension of what was within it; but his sound sense, very good in speculation, his good-nature, his engaging and wonderfully easy behavior, were enough to have made amends more than they did for his want of penetration. He was constantly wavering in his resolution, but what to attribute it to I know not: it could not come from the fertility of his imagination, which was anything but lively. Nor can I say it came from his barrenness of thought, for though he did not excel as a man of affairs, yet he had a good fund of sense. The effect of this irresolution was very visible, though we do not know its cause. He never was a warrior, though a true soldier. He never was a courtier, though he had

always a good mind to be one. He never was a good party man, though engaged thus all his life. He was very timorous and bashful in conversation, and thought he always stood in need of apologies, which, considering that his "Maxims" showed no great regard for virtue, and that his practice was always to get out of affairs with the same hurry as he got into them, makes me conclude that he would have done much better if he had contented himself to have passed, as he might have done, for the politest courtier and the most cultivated gentleman of his age.

Character of Madame de Longueville.

Madame de Longueville had naturally a great fund of wit and was, moreover, a woman of parts; but her indolent temper kept her from making any use of her talents, either in gallantries or in her hatred against the Prince de Condé. Her languishing air had more charms in it than the most exquisite beauty. She had few or no faults besides what she contracted in her gallantry. As her passion of love influenced her conduct more than politics, she who was the Amazon of a great party degenerated into the character of a fortune hunter. But the grace of God brought her back to her former self, which all the world was not able to do.

Character of Madame de Chevreuse.

Madame de Chevreuse had not so much as the remains of beauty when I knew her; she was the only person I ever saw whose vivacity supplied the want of judgment; her wit was so brilliant and so full of wisdom that the greatest men of the age would not have been ashamed of it, while, in truth, it was owing to some lucky opportunity. If she had been born in time of peace, she would never have imagined there could have been such a thing as war. If the Prior of the Carthusians had but pleased her, she would have been a nun all her lifetime.

M. [Charles] de Lorraine was the first that engaged her in State affairs. The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Holland (an English Lord, of the family of Rich, and younger son of the Earl of Warwick, then ambassador in France) kept her to themselves; M. de Châteauneuf continued the amusement, till at last she abandoned herself to the pleasing of a person whom

she loved, without any choice, but purely because it was impossible for her to live without being in love with somebody. It was no hard task to give her one to serve the turn of the faction, but as soon as she accepted him she loved him with all her heart and soul, and she confessed that by the caprice of fortune she never loved best where she esteemed most, except in the case of the poor Duke of Buckingham. Notwithstanding her attachment in love, which we may properly call her everlasting passion, notwithstanding the frequent change of objects, she was peevish and touchy almost to distraction, but when herself again, her transports were very agreeable; never was anybody less fearful of real danger, and never had woman more contempt for scruples and ceremonies.

Character of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse.

Mademoiselle de Chevreuse was more beautiful in her person than charming in her carriage, and by nature extremely silly; her amorous passion made her seem witty, serious, and agreeable only to him whom she was in love with, but she soon treated him as she did her petticoat, which to-day she took into her bed, and to-morrow cast into the fire out of pure aversion.

Character of the Princess Palatine.

The Princess Palatine [Anne de Gonzague Clèves, daughter of Charles, Duke of Mantua-Nevers] had just as much gallantry as gravity. I believe she had as great a talent for State affairs as Elizabeth, Queen of England. I have seen her in the faction, I have seen her in the Cabinet, and found her everywhere equally sincere.

Character of Madame de Montbazon.

Madame de Montbazon was a very great beauty, only modesty was visibly wanting in her air; her grand air and her way of talking sometimes supplied her want of sense. She loved nothing more than her pleasures, unless it was her private interest, and I never knew a vicious person that had so little respect for virtue.

Character of the First President.

If it were not a sort of blasphemy to say that any mortal of our times had more courage than the great Gustavus Adolphus and the Prince de Condé, I would venture to affirm it of M. Molé, the First President, but his wit was far inferior to his courage. It is true that his enunciation was not agreeable, but his eloquence was such that though it shocked the ear it seized the imagination. He sought the interest of the public preferably to all things, not excepting the interest of his own family, which yet he loved too much for a magistrate. He had not a genius to see at times the good he was capable of doing, presumed too much upon his authority, and imagined that he could moderate both the Court and Parliament; but he failed in both, made himself suspected by both, and thus with a design to do good he did evil. Prejudices contributed not a little to this, for I observed he was prejudiced to such a degree that he always judged of actions by men, and scarcely ever of men by their actions.

POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

[Robert Herrick, one of the most charming of English lyric poets, was born in London, August, 1591; died in 1674. He was vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire for about twenty years; suffered deprivation under the government of Cromwell; but recovered his benefice after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660. He published two volumes of verse: "Hesperides," consisting of amatory poems, odes, epigrams, etc., and "Noble Numbers."]

His Poetry his Pillar.

Only a little more
  I have to write,
  Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
  That I must stay,
  Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O Time that cut'st down all!
  And scarce leav'st here
  Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lye forgot
In vaults beneath?
And piecemeal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
I reare for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Downe, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
(If so they please)
Here is my hope
And my Pyramides.

Upon Julia's Clothes.

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Till, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes!

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

Beauty and Dress.

My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

The Lily in a Crystal.

You have beheld a smiling rose
When virgins' hands have drawn
O'er it a cobweb lawn:
And here, you see, this lily shows,
Tombed in a crystal stone,
More fair in this transparent case
Than when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is,
  Nor dances in the eye
  Without a strawberry;
Or some fine tincture, like to this,
  Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it
  Than when the paler hue
  No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams
  More gently strokes the sight
  With some concealed delight
Than when he darts his radiant beams
  Into the boundless air;
Where either too much light his worth
  Doth all at once impair,
  Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes or cherries in-
  To glass, and they will send
  More beauty to commend
Them, from that clean and subtile skin,
  Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all
  But their own flesh and blood,
  And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
  And strawberry do stir
  More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
  Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence,
  Without some scene cast over,
  To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystaled lily be
  A rule, how far to teach
  Your nakedness must reach;
And that no further than we see
  Those glaring colors laid
By art's wise hand, but to this end
  They should obey a shade,
  Lest they too far extend.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love;
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight, then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

A Thanksgiving to God.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content

Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine:
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine;
—But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

To Keep a True Lent.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Corinna's Going a Maying.

Get up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Springtime, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park

Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked: — yet we're not a Maying.

— Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun: —
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again:
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
— Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

To Laurels.

A funeral stone
Or verse I covet none,
But only crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred laurel springing from my grave;
Which being seen
Blest with perpetual green,
May grow to be
Not so much called a tree
As the eternal monument of me.

To Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To the Virgins to make Much of Time.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying;

And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer:
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

The Crowd and Company.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company.

Delight in Disorder.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

To Daffodils.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attained his Noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet Decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

The Night Piece.

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
No snake or glowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Music.

The mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

Only to Live by His Best.

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry:
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better 'twere my book were dead
Than to live not perfected.

Grace for a Child.

Here, a little child, I stand,
Heaving up my either hand:
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on our all. Amen.

WITH FIRE AND SWORD.[1]

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[Henryk Sienkiewicz, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland, and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania."]

The Death of the Traitors.

At the house of the inspector of weights and measures, in the outskirts of Hassan Pasha, at the Saitch, sat two Zaporo-

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jians at a table, fortifying themselves with spirits distilled from millet, which they dipped unceasingly from a wooden tub that stood in the middle of the table. One of them, already old and quite decrepit, was Philip Zakhar. He was the inspector. The other, Anton Tatarchuk, ataman of the Chigirin kuren, was a man about forty years old, tall, with a wild expression of face and oblique Tartar eyes. Both spoke in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might overhear them.

"But it is to-day?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, almost immediately," answered Tatarchuk. "They are waiting for the koshevoi and Tugai Bey, who went with Hmelnitski himself to Bazaluk, where the horde is quartered. The Brotherhood is already assembled on the square, and the kuren atamans will meet in council before evening. Before night all will be known."

"It may have an evil end," muttered old Philip Zakhar.

"Listen, inspector! But did you see that there was a letter to me also?"

"Of course I did, for I carried the letters myself to the koshevoi, and I know how to read. Three letters were found on the Pole, — one to the koshevoi himself, one to you, the third to young Barabash. Every one in the Saitch knows of this already."

"And who wrote? Don't you know?"

"The prince wrote to the koshevoi, for his seal was on the letter; who wrote to you is unknown."

"God guard us!"

"If they don't call you a friend of the Poles openly, nothing will come of it."

"God guard us!" repeated Tatarchuk.

"It is evident that you have something on your mind."

"Pshaw! I have nothing on my mind."

"The koshevoi, too, may destroy all the letters, for his own head is concerned. There was a letter to him as well as to you."

"He may."

"But if you have done anything, then" — here the old inspector lowered his voice still more — "go away!"

"But how and where?" asked Tatarchuk, uneasily. "The koshevoi has placed guards on all the islands, so that no one may escape to the Poles and let them know what is going on. The Tartars are on guard at Bazaluk. A fish couldn't squeeze through, and a bird couldn't fly over."

"Then hide in the Saitch, wherever you can."

"They will find me, — unless you hide me among the barrels in the bazaar? You are my relative."

"I wouldn't hide my own brother. If you are afraid of death, then drink; you won't feel it when you are drunk."

"Maybe there is nothing in the letters."

"Maybe."

"Here is misfortune, misfortune!" said Tatarchuk. "I don't feel that I have done anything. I am a good fellow, an enemy to the Poles. But though there is nothing in the letter, the devil knows what the Pole may say at the council. He may ruin me."

"He is a severe man; he won't say anything."

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"Yes; I rubbed his wounds with tar, I poured spirits and ashes into his throat. He will be all right. He is an angry fellow! They say that at Hortitsa he slaughtered the Tartars like swine, before they captured him. Set your mind at rest about the Pole."

The sullen sound of the kettledrums which were beaten on the Koshevoi's square interrupted further conversation. Tatarchuk, hearing the sound, shuddered and sprang to his feet. Excessive fear was expressed by his face and movements.

"They are beating the summons to council," said he, catching his breath. "God save us! And you, Philip, don't speak of what we have been saying here. God save us!"

Having said this, Tatarchuk, seizing the tub with the liquor, brought it to his mouth with both hands, and drank, — drank as though he wished to drink himself to death.

"Let us go!" said the inspector.

The sound of the drums came clearer and clearer.

They went out. The field of Hassan Pasha was separated from the square by a rampart surrounding the encampment proper, and by a gate with lofty towers on which were seen the muzzles of cannon fixed there. In the middle of the field stood the house of the inspector of weights and measures, and the cabins of the shop atamans, and around a rather large space were shops in which goods were stored. These shops were in general wretched structures made of oak planks, which Hortitsa furnished in abundance, fastened together with twigs and reeds. The cabins, not excepting that of the inspector, were mere huts, for only the roofs were raised

above the ground. The roofs were black and smoked; for when there was fire in the cabin the smoke found exit, not only through the smoke hole, but through every cranny in the roof, and one might suppose that it was not a cabin at all, but a pile of branches and reeds covering a tar pit. No daylight entered these cabins; therefore a fire of pitch pine and oak chips was kept up. The shops, a few dozen in number, were divided into camp shops which belonged to individual camps, and those of strangers in which during time of peace Tartars and Wallachians traded, — the first in skins, Eastern fabrics, arms, and every kind of booty; the second, chiefly in wine. But the shops for strangers were rarely occupied, since in that wild nest trade was changed most frequently to robbery, from which neither the inspectors nor the shop atamans could restrain the crowds.

Among the shops stood also thirty-eight camp drinking shops; and before them always lay, on the sweepings, shavings, oak sticks, and heaps of horse manure, Zaporojians, half dead from drinking, — some sunk in a stony sleep; others with foam in their mouths, in convulsions or delirium tremens; others half drunk, howling Cossack songs, spitting, striking, kissing, cursing Cossack fate or weeping over Cossack sorrow, walking upon the heads and breasts of those lying around. Only during expeditions against the Tartars or the upper country was sobriety enforced, and at such times those who took part in an expedition were punished with death for drunkenness. But in ordinary times, and especially in the bazaar, all were drunk, — the inspector, the camp ataman, the buyers, and the sellers. The sour smell of unrectified spirits, mixed with the odor of tar, fish, smoke, and horse hides, filled the air of the whole place, which in general, by the variety of its shops, reminded one of some little Turkish or Tartar town. Everything was for sale that at any time had been seized as plunder in the Crimea, Wallachia, or on the shores of Anatolia, — bright fabrics of the East, satins, brocades, velvets, cotton cloths, ticking, linen, iron and brass guns, skins, furs, dried fish, cherries, Turkish sweetmeats, church vessels, brass crescents taken from minarets, gilded crosses torn from churches, powder and sharp weapons, spear staffs, and saddles. In that mixture of objects and colors moved about people dressed in remnants of the most varied garments, in the summer half naked, always half wild,

discolored with smoke, black, rolled in mud, covered with wounds, bleeding from the bites of gigantic gnats which hovered in myriads over Chertomelik, and eternally drunk, as has been stated above.

At that moment the whole of Hassan Pasha was more crowded with people than usual; the shops and drinking places were closed, and all were hastening to the square of the Saitch, on which the council was to be held. Philip Zakhar and Anton Tatarchuk went with the others; but Tatarchuk loitered, and allowed the crowd to precede him. Disquiet grew more and more evident on his face. Meanwhile they crossed the bridge over the fosse, passed the gate, and found themselves on the broad fortified square, surrounded by thirty-eight large wooden structures. These were the kurens, or rather the buildings of the kurens, — a kind of military barracks in which the Cossacks lived. These kurens were of one structure and measure, and differed in nothing unless in the names, borrowed from the various towns of the Ukraine, from which the regiments also took their names. In one corner of the square stood the council house, in which the atamans used to sit under the presidency of the koshevoi. The crowd, or the so-called "Brotherhood," deliberated under the open sky, sending deputations every little while, and sometimes bursting in by force to the council house and terrorizing those within.

The throng was already enormous on the square, for the ataman had recently assembled at the Saitch all the warriors scattered over the islands, streams, and meadows; therefore the Brotherhood was more numerous than on ordinary occasions. Since the sun was near its setting, a number of tar barrels had been ignited already; and here and there were kegs of spirits which every kuren had set out for itself, and which added no small energy to the deliberations. Order between the kurens was maintained by the essauls, armed with heavy sticks to restrain the councilors, and with pistols to defend their own lives, which were frequently in danger.

Philip Zakhar and Tatarchuk went straight to the council house; for one as inspector, and the other as kuren ataman, had a right to a seat among the elders. In the council room there was but one small table, before which sat the army secretary. The atamans and the koshevoi had seats on skins by the walls; but at that hour their places were not yet occupied.

The koshevoi walked with great strides through the room; the kuren atamans, gathering in small groups, conversed in low tones, interrupted from time to time by more audible oaths. Tatarchuk, noticing that his acquaintances and even friends pretended not to see him, at once approached young Barabash, who was more or less in a position similar to his own. Others looked at them with a scowl, to which young Barabash paid no attention, not understanding well the reason. He was a man of great beauty and extraordinary strength, thanks to which he had the rank of kuren ataman. He was notorious throughout the whole Saitch for his stupidity, which had gained him the nickname of "Dunce Ataman" and the privilege of being laughed at by the elders for every word he uttered.

"Wait awhile; maybe we shall go in the water with a stone around the neck," whispered Tatarchuk to him.

"Why is that?" asked Barabash.

"Don't you know about the letters?"

"The plague take his mother! Have I written any letters?"

"See how they frown at us!"

"If I give it to one of them in the forehead, he won't look that way, for his eyes will jump out."

Just then shouts from the outside announced that something had happened. The doors of the council house opened wide, and in came Hmelnitski with Tugai Bey. They were the men greeted so joyfully. A few months before Tugai Bey, as the most violent of the Tartars and the terror of the men from below, was the object of extreme hatred in the Saitch. Now the Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at the sight of him, as a good friend of Hmelnitski and the Zaporojians.

Tugai Bey entered first, and then Hmelnitski, with the baton in his hand as hetman of the Zaporojian armies. He had held that office since his return from the Crimea with reënforcements from the Khan. The crowd at that time raised him in their hands, and bursting open the army treasury, brought him the baton, the standard, and the seal which were generally borne before the hetman. He had changed, too, not a little. It was evident that he bore within himself the terrible power of the whole Zaporojie. This was not Hmelnitski the wronged, fleeing to the steppe through the Wilderness, but Hmelnitski the hetman, the spirit of blood, the giant, the avenger of his own wrongs on millions of people.

Still he did not break the chains; he only imposed new

and heavier ones. This was evident from his relations with Tugai Bey. This hetman, in the heart of the Zaporojie, took a place second to the Tartar, and endured with submission Tartar pride and treatment contemptuous beyond expression. It was the attitude of a vassal before his lord. But it had to be so. Hmelnitski owed all his credit with the Cossacks to the Tartars and the favor of the Khan, whose representative was the wild and furious Tugai Bey. But Hmelnitski knew how to reconcile with submission the pride which was bursting his own bosom, as well as to unite courage with cunning; for he was a lion and a fox, an eagle and a serpent. This was the first time since the origin of the Cossacks that the Tartar had acted as master in the center of the Saitch; but such were the times that had come. The Brotherhood hurled their caps in the air at sight of the Pagan. Such were the times that had been accepted.

The deliberations began. Tugai Bey sat down in the middle of the room on a large bundle of skins, and putting his legs under him, began to crack dry sunflower seeds and spit out the husks in front of himself. On his right side sat Hmelnitski, with the baton; on his left the koshevoi; but the atamans and the deputation from the Brotherhood sat farther away near the walls. Conversation had ceased; only from the crowd outside, debating under the open sky, came a murmur and dull sound like the noise of waves. Hmelnitski began to speak: —

"Gentlemen, with the favor, attention, and aid of the serene Tsar of the Crimea, the lord of many peoples and relative of the heavenly hosts; with the permission of his Majesty the gracious King Vladislav, our lord, and the hearty support of the brave Zaporojian armies, — trusting in our innocence and the justice of God, we are going to avenge the terrible and savage deeds of injustice which, while we had strength, we endured like Christians, at the hands of the faithless Poles, from commissioners, starostas, crown agents, from all the nobility, and from the Jews. Over these deeds of injustice you, gentlemen, and the whole Zaporojian army have shed many tears, and you have given me this baton that I might find the speedy vindication of our innocence and that of all our people. Esteeming this appointment as a great favor from you, my wellwishers, I went to ask of the serene Tsar that aid which he has given. But being ready and willing to move, I was

grieved not a little when I heard that there could be traitors in the midst of us, entering into communication with the faithless Poles, and informing them of our work. If this be true, then they are to be punished according to your will and discretion. We ask you, therefore, to listen to the letters brought from our enemy, Prince Vishnyevetski, by an envoy who is not an envoy but a spy, who wants to note our preparations and the good will of Tugai Bey, our friend, so as to report them to the Poles. And you are to decide whether he is to be punished as well as those to whom he brought letters, and of whom the koshevoi, as a true friend of me, of Tugai Bey, and of the whole army, gave prompt notice."

Hmelnitski stopped. The tumult outside the windows increased every moment. Then the army secretary began to read, first, the letter of the prince to the koshevoi ataman, beginning with these words: "We, by the grace of God, prince and lord in Lubni, Khorol, Pryluki, Gadyatch, etc., voevoda in Russia, etc., starosta, etc." The letter was purely official. The prince, having heard that forces were called in from the meadows, asked the ataman if that were true, and summoned him at once to desist from such action for the sake of peace in Christian lands; and in case Hmelnitski disturbed the Saitch, to deliver him up to the commissioners on their demand. The second letter was from Pan Grodzitski, also to the chief ataman; the third and fourth from Zatsvilikhovski and the old colonel of Cherkasi to Tatarchuk and Barabash. In all these there was nothing that could bring the persons to whom they were addressed into suspicion. Zatsvilikhovski merely begged Tatarchuk to take the bearer of his letter in care, and to make everything he might want easy for him.

Tatarchuk breathed more freely.

"What do you say, gentlemen, of these letters?" inquired Hmelnitski.

The Cossacks were silent. All their councils began thus, till liquor warmed up their heads, since no one of the atamans wished to raise his voice first. Being rude and cunning people, they did this principally from a fear of being laughed at for folly, which might subject the author of it to ridicule or give him a sarcastic nickname for the rest of his life; for such was the condition in the Saitch, where amidst the greatest rudeness the sense of the ridiculous and the dread of sarcasm were wonderfully developed.

The Cossacks remained silent. Hmelnitski raised his voice again.

"The koshevoi ataman is our brother and sincere friend. I believe in the koshevoi as I do in my own soul. And if any man were to speak otherwise, I should consider him a traitor. The koshevoi is our old friend and a soldier."

Having said this, he rose to his feet and kissed the koshevoi.

"Gentlemen," said the koshevoi, in answer, "I bring the forces together, and let the hetman lead them. As to the envoy, since they sent him to me, he is mine; and I make you a present of him."

"You, gentlemen of the delegation, salute the koshevoi," said Hmelnitski, "for he is a just man, and go to inform the Brotherhood that if there is a traitor, he is not the man; he first stationed a guard, he gave the order to seize traitors escaping to the Poles. Say, gentlemen, that the koshevoi is not the traitor, that he is the best of us all."

The deputies bowed to their girdles before Tugai Bey, who chewed his sunflower seeds the whole time with the greatest indifference; then they bowed to Hmelnitski and the koshevoi, and went out of the room.

After a while joyful shouts outside the windows announced that the deputies had accomplished their task.

"Long life to our koshevoi! long life to our koshevoi!" shouted hoarse voices, with such power that the walls of the building seemed to tremble to their foundations.

At the same time was heard the roar of guns and muskets. The deputies returned and took their seats again in the corner of the room.

"Gentlemen," said Hmelnitski, after quiet had come in some degree outside the windows, "you have decided wisely that the koshevoi is a just man. But if the koshevoi is not a traitor, who is the traitor? Who has friends among the Poles, with whom do they come to an understanding, to whom do they write letters, to whom do they confide the person of an envoy? Who is the traitor?"

While saying this, Hmelnitski raised his voice more and more, and directed his ominous looks toward Tatarchuk and young Barabash, as if he wished to point them out expressly.

A murmur rose in the room; a number of voices began to cry, "Barabash and Tatarchuk!" Some of the kuren atamans

stood up in their places, and among the deputies was heard the cry, "To destruction!"

Tatarchuk grew pale, and young Barabash began to look with astonished eyes at those present. His slow mind struggled for a time to discover what was laid to his charge; at length he said: —

"The dog won't eat meat!"

Then he burst out into idiotic laughter, and after him others. And all at once the majority of the kuren atamans began to laugh wildly, not knowing themselves why. From outside the windows came shouts, louder and louder; it was evident that liquor had begun to heat their brains. The sound of the human wave rose higher and higher.

But Anton Tatarchuk rose to his feet, and turning to Hmelnitski, began to speak: —

"What have I done to you, most worthy hetman of the Zaporojie, that you insist on my death? In what am I guilty before you? The commissioner Zatsvilikhovski has written a letter to me, — what of that? So has the prince written to the koshevoi. Have I received a letter? No! And if I had received it, what should I do with it? I should go to the secretary and ask to have it read; for I do not know how to write or to read. And you would always know what was in the letter. The Pole I don't know by sight. Am I a traitor, then? Oh, brother Zaporojians! Tatarchuk went with you to the Crimea; when you went to Wallachia, he went to Wallachia; when you went to Smolensk, he went to Smolensk, — he fought with you, brave men, lived with you, and shed his blood with you, was dying of hunger with you; so he is not a Pole, not a traitor, but a Cossack, — your own brother; and if the hetman insists on his death, let the hetman say why he insists. What have I done to him? In what have I shown my falsehood? And do you, brothers, be merciful, and judge justly."

"Tatarchuk is a brave fellow! Tatarchuk is a good man!" answered several voices.

"You, Tatarchuk, are a brave fellow," said Hmelnitski; "and I do not persecute you, for you are my friend, and not a Pole, — a Cossack, our brother. If a Pole were the traitor, then I should not be grieved, should not weep; but if a brave fellow is the traitor, my friend the traitor, then my heart is heavy, and I am grieved. Since you were in the Crimea and in Wallachia and at Smolensk, then the offense is the greater;

because now you were ready to inform the Poles of the readiness and wishes of the Zaporojian army. The Poles wrote to you to make it easy for their man to get what he wanted; and tell me, worthy atamans, what could a Pole want? Is it not my death and the death of my good friend Tugai Bey? Is it not the destruction of the Zaporojian army? Therefore you, Tatarchuk, are guilty; and you cannot show anything else. And to Barabash his uncle the colonel of Cherkasi wrote,—his uncle, a friend to Chaplinski, a friend to the Poles, who secreted in his house the charter of rights, so the Zaporojian army should not obtain it. Since it is this way,—and I swear, as God lives, that it is no other way,—you are both guilty; and now beg mercy of the atamans, and I will beg with you, though your guilt is heavy and your treason clear."

From outside the windows came, not a sound and a murmur, but as it were the roar of a storm. The Brotherhood wished to know what was doing in the council room, and sent a new deputation.

Tatarchuk felt that he was lost. He remembered that the week before he had spoken in the midst of the atamans against giving the baton to Hmelnitski, and against an alliance with the Tartars. Cold drops of sweat came out on his forehead; he understood that there was no rescue for him now. As to young Barabash, it was clear that in destroying him Hmelnitski wished to avenge himself on the old colonel of Cherkasi, who loved his nephew deeply. Still Tatarchuk did not wish to die. He would not have paled before the saber, the bullet, or the stake; but a death such as that which awaited him pierced him to the marrow of his bones. Therefore, taking advantage of a moment of quiet which reigned after the words of Hmelnitski, he screamed in a terrified voice:—

"In the name of Christ, brother atamans, dear friends, do not destroy an innocent man! I have not seen the Pole, I have not spoken with him! Have mercy on me, brothers! I do not know what the Pole wanted of me; ask him yourselves! I swear by Christ the Savior, the Holy Most Pure, Saint Nicholas the wonder-worker, by Michael the archangel, that you are destroying an innocent man!"

"Bring in the Pole!" shouted the chief inspector.

"The Pole this way! the Pole this way!" shouted the kuren atamans.

Confusion began. Some rushed to the adjoining room in

which the prisoner was confined, to bring him before the council. Others approached Tatarchuk and Barabash with threats. Gladki, the ataman of the Mirgorod kuren, first cried, "To destruction!" The deputies repeated the cry. Chernota sprang to the door, opened it, and shouted to the assembled crowd: —

"Worthy Brotherhood, Tatarchuk is a traitor, Barabash is a traitor; destruction to them!"

The multitude answered with a fearful howl. Confusion continued in the council room; all the atamans rose from their places; some cried, "The Pole! the Pole!" others tried to allay the disturbance. But while this was going on the doors were thrown wide open before the weight of the crowd, and to the middle of the room rushed in a mass of men from the square outside. Terrible forms, drunk with rage, filled the space, seething, waving their hands, gnashing their teeth, and exhaling the smell of spirits. "Death to Tatarchuk, and Barabash to destruction! Give up the traitors! To the square with them!" shouted the drunken voices. "Strike! kill!" and hundreds of hands were stretched out in a moment toward the hapless victims.

Tatarchuk offered no resistance; he only groaned in terror. But young Barabash began to defend himself with desperate strength. He understood at last that they wanted to kill him. Terror, despair, and madness were seen on his face; foam covered his lips, and from his bosom came forth the roar of a wild beast. Twice he tore himself from the hands of his executioners, and twice their hands seized him by the shoulders, by the breast, by the beard and hair. He struggled, he bit, he bellowed, he fell on the ground, and again rose up bleeding and terrible. His clothes were torn, his hair was pulled out of his head, an eye knocked out. At last, pressed to the wall, his arm was broken; then he fell. His executioners seized his feet, and dragged him with Tatarchuk to the square. There, by the light of tar barrels and the great fires, the final execution began. Several thousand people rushed upon the doomed men and tore them, howling and struggling among themselves to get at the victims. They were trampled under foot; bits of their bodies were torn away. The multitude struggled around them with that terrible convulsive motion of furious masses. For a moment bloody hands raised aloft two shapeless lumps, without the semblance of human form; then again

they were trampled upon the earth. Those standing farther away raised their voices to the sky, — some crying out to throw the victims into the water, others to beat them into a burning tar barrel. The drunken ones began to fight among themselves. In the frenzy two tubs of alcohol were set on fire, which lighted up the hellish scene with trembling blue flames; from heaven the moon looked down on it also — the moon, calm, bright, and mild. In this way the Brotherhood punished its traitors. . . .

Hmelnitski assumed unlimited power. A little while before, through fear that his voice might not be obeyed, he was forced to destroy his opponents by artifice, and by artifice defend the prisoner. Now he was lord of life and death for them all.

So it was ever. Before and after expeditions, even if the hetman was chosen, the multitude still imposed its will on the atamans and the koshevoi, for whom opposition was coupled with danger. But when the campaign was declared, the Brotherhood became an army subject to military discipline, the atamans officers, and the hetman a dictator in command. Therefore, when they heard the orders of Hmelnitski, the atamans went at once to their kurens. The council was at an end.

Soon the roar of cannon from the gates leading from Hassan Pasha to the square of the Saitch shook the walls of the room, and spread with gloomy echoes through all Chertomelik, giving notice of war.

It opened also an epoch in the history of two peoples; but that was unknown to the drunken Cossacks as well as to the Zaporojian hetman himself.

Escape of Zagloba and Helena.

Helena could not sleep for a long time. The events of the past night rose at once in her memory as vividly as life. In the darkness appeared the faces of her murdered aunt and cousins. It seemed to her that she was shut up in the chamber with their bodies, and that Bogun would come in a moment. She saw his pale face and his dark sable brows contracted with pain, and his eyes fixed upon her. Unspeakable terror seized her. But will she really see on a sudden through the darkness around her two gleaming eyes?

The moon, looking for a moment from behind the clouds,

whitened with a few rays the oaks, and lent fantastic forms to the stumps and branches. Land rails called in the meadows, and quails in the steppes; at times certain strange and distant cries of birds or beasts of the night came to them. Nearer was heard the snorting of their horses, who eating the grass and jumping in their fetters went farther and farther from the sleepers. But all those sounds quieted Helena, for they dissipated the fantastic visions and brought her to reality; told her that that chamber which was continually present before her eyes, and those corpses of her friends, and that pale Bogun, with vengeance in his looks, were an illusion of the senses, a whim of fear, nothing more. A few days before, the thought of such a night under the open sky in the desert would have frightened her to death; now, to gain rest, she was obliged to remember that she was really on the bank of the Kagamlik, and far from home.

The voices of the quails and land rails lulled her to sleep. The stars twinkled whenever the breeze moved the branches, the beetles sounded in the oak leaves; she fell asleep at last. But nights in the desert have their surprises too. Day was already breaking, when from a distance terrible noises came to Helena's ears, — howling, snorting, later a squeal so full of pain and terror that the blood stopped in her veins. She sprang to her feet, covered with cold sweat, terror-stricken, and not knowing what to do. Suddenly Zagloba shot past her. He rushed without a cap, in the direction of the cry, pistol in hand. After a while his voice was heard: "U-ha! u-ha!" a pistol shot, then all was silent. It seemed to Helena as if she had waited an age. At last she heard Zagloba below the bank.

"May the dogs devour you, may your skins be torn off, may the Jews wear you in their collars!"

Genuine despair was in the voice of Zagloba.

"What has happened?" inquired Helena.

"The wolves have eaten our horses."

"Jesus, Mary! both of them?"

"One is eaten, the other is maimed so that he cannot stand. They didn't go more than three hundred yards, and are lost."

"What shall we do now?"

"What shall we do? Whittle out sticks for ourselves and sit on them. Do I know what we shall do? Here is pure despair. I tell you, the devil has surely got after us, — which

is not to be wondered at, for he must be a friend of Bogun, or his blood relation. What are we to do? May I turn into a horse if I know, — you would then at least have something to ride on. I am a scoundrel if ever I have been in such a fix."

"Let us go on foot."

"It is well for your ladyship to travel in peasant fashion, with your twenty years, but not for me with my circumference. I speak incorrectly, though, for here any clown can have a nag, only dogs travel on foot. Pure despair, as God is kind to me! Of course we shall not sit here, we shall walk on directly; but when we are to reach Zólotonosha is unknown to me. If it is not pleasant to flee on horseback, it is sorest of all on foot. Now the worst thing possible has happened to us. We must leave the saddles and carry on our own shoulders whatever we put between our lips."

"I will not allow you to carry the burden alone; I too will carry whatever is necessary."

Zagloba was pleased to see such resolution in Helena.

"I should be either a Turk or a Pagan to permit you. Those white hands and slender shoulders are not for burdens. With God's help I will manage; only I must rest frequently, for, always too abstemious in eating and drinking, I have short breath now. Let us take the saddlecloths to sleep on and some provisions; but there will not be much of them, since we shall have to strengthen ourselves directly."

Straightway they began the strengthening, during which Pan Zagloba, abandoning his boasted abstemiousness, busied himself about long breath. Near midday they reached a ford through which men and wagons passed from time to time, for on both banks there were marks of wheels and horses' tracks.

"Maybe that is the road to Zólotonosha."

"There is no one to ask."

Zagloba had barely stopped speaking, when voices reached their ears from a distance.

"Wait!" whispered Zagloba, "we must hide."

The voices continued to approach them.

"Do you see anything?" inquired Helena.

"I do."

"Who are coming?"

"A blind old man with a lyre. A youth is leading him. Now they are taking off their boots. They will come to us through the river."

After a time the plashing water indicated that they were really crossing. Zagloba and Helena came out of the hiding place.

"Glory be to God!" said the noble, aloud.

"For the ages of ages!" answered the old man. "But who are you?"

"Christians. Don't be afraid, grandfather!"

"May Saint Nicholas give you health and happiness!"

"And where are you coming from, grandfather?"

"From Brovarki."

"And where does this road lead to?"

"Oh, to farmhouses and villages."

"It doesn't go to Zólotonosha?"

"Maybe it does."

"Is it long since you left Brovarki?"

"Yesterday morning."

"And were you in Rozlogi?"

"Yes. But they say that the knights came there, that there was a battle."

"Who said that?"

"Oh, they said so in Brovarki. One of the servants of the princess came, and what he told was terrible!"

"And you didn't see him?"

"I? I see no man, I am blind."

"And this youth?"

"He sees, but he is dumb. I am the only one who understands him."

"Is it far from here to Rozlogi, for we are going there?"

"Oh, it is far!"

"You say, then, that you were in Rozlogi?"

"Yes, we were."

"So!" said Zagloba; and suddenly he seized the youth by the shoulder. "Ha! scoundrels, criminals, thieves! you are going around as spies, rousing the serfs to rebellion. Here, Fedor, Oleksa, Maksim, take them, strip them naked, and hang or drown them; beat them, — they are rebels, spies, — beat, kill them!"

He began to pull the youth about and to shake him roughly, shouting louder and louder every moment. The old man threw himself on his knees, begging for mercy; the youth uttered sounds of terror peculiar to the dumb, and Helena looked with astonishment at the attack.

"What are you doing?" inquired she, not believing her own eyes.

But Zagloba shouted, cursed, moved hell, summoned all the miseries, misfortunes, and diseases, threatened with every manner of torment and death.

The princess thought that his mind had failed.

"Go away!" cried he to her; "it is not proper for you to see what is going to take place here. Go away, I tell you!"

He turned to the old man. "Take off your clothes, you clown! If you don't, I'll cut you to pieces."

When he had thrown the youth to the ground Zagloba began to strip him with his own hands. The old man, frightened, dropped his lyre, his bag, and his coat as quickly as he could.

"Throw off everything or you will be killed!" shouted Zagloba.

The old man began to take off his shirt.

Helena, seeing whither matters were tending, hurried away, and as she fled she heard the curses of Zagloba.

After she had gone some distance she stopped, not knowing what to do. Near by was the trunk of a tree thrown down by the wind; she sat on this and waited. The noises of the dumb youth, the groans of the old man, and the uproar of Zagloba came to her ears.

At last all was silent save the twittering of birds and the rustle of leaves. After a time the heavy steps of a man panting were heard. It was Zagloba. On his shoulders he carried the clothing stripped from the old man and the youth, in his hands two pairs of boots and a lyre. When he came near he began to wink with his sound eye, to smile, and to puff. He was evidently in perfect humor.

"No herald in a court would have shouted as I have," said he, "until I am hoarse; but I have got what I wanted. I let them go naked as their mother bore them. If the Sultan doesn't make me a pasha, or hospodar of Wallachia, he is a thankless fellow, for I have made two Turkish saints. Oh, the scoundrels! they begged me to leave them at least their shirts. I told them they ought to be grateful that I left them their lives. And see here, young lady! Everything is new, — the coats and the boots and the shirts. There must be nice order in that Commonwealth, in which trash dress so richly. But they were at a festival in Brovarki, where they collected no small amount of money and bought everything new at the fair. Not a single

noble will plow out so much in this country as a minstrel will beg. Therefore I abandon my career as a knight, and will strip grandfathers on the highway, for I see that in this manner I shall arrive at fortune more quickly."

"For what purpose did you do that?" asked Helena.

"Just wait a minute, and I will show you for what purpose."

Saying this, he took half the plundered clothing and went into the reeds which covered the bank. After a time the sounds of a lyre were heard in the rushes, and there appeared, not Pan Zagloba, but a real "grandfather" of the Ukraine, with a cataract on one eye and a gray beard. The "grandfather" approached Helena, singing with a hoarse voice: —

"Oh, bright falcon, my own brother,
High dost thou soar,
And far dost thou fly!"

The princess clapped her hands, and for the first time since her flight from Rozlogi a smile brightened her beautiful face.

"If I did not know that it was you, I should never have recognized you."

"Well," said Zagloba, "I know you have not seen a better mask at a festival. I looked into the Kagamlik myself; and if ever I have seen a better-looking grandfather, then hang me. As for songs, I have no lack of them. What do you prefer? Maybe you would like to hear of Marusia Boguslava, of Bondarivna, or the death of Sierpahova; I can give you that. I am a rogue if I can't get a crust of bread among the worst knaves that exist."

"Now I understand your action, why you stripped the clothing from those poor creatures, — because it is safer to go over the road in disguise."

"Of course," said Zagloba; "and what do you suppose? Here, east of the Dnieper, the people are worse than anywhere else; and now when they hear of the war with the Zaporojians, and the victories of Hmelnitski, no power will keep them from rebellion. You saw those herdsmen who wanted to get our skins. If the hetmans do not put down Hmelnitski at once, the whole country will be on fire in two or three days, and how should I take you through bands of peasants in rebellion? And if you had to fall into their hands, you would better have remained in Bogun's."

"That cannot be! I prefer death," interrupted Helena.

"But I prefer life; for death is a thing from which you cannot rise by any wit. I think, however, that God sent us this old man and the youth. I frightened them with the prince and his whole army as I did the herdsmen. They will sit in the reeds naked for three days from terror, and by that time we shall reach Zólotonosha in disguise somehow. We shall find your cousins and efficient aid; if not, we will go farther to the hetmans, — and all this in safety, for grandfathers have no fear of peasants and Cossacks. We might take our heads in safety through Hmelnitski's camp. But we have to avoid the Tartars, for they would take you as a youth into captivity."

"Then must I too disguise myself?"

"Yes; throw off your Cossack clothes, and disguise yourself as a peasant youth, — though you are rather comely to be a clodhopper's child, as I am to be a grandfather; but that is nothing. The wind will tan your face, and my stomach will fall in from walking. I shall sweat away all my thickness. When the Wallachians burned out my eye, I thought that an absolutely awful thing had come upon me; but now I see it is really an advantage, for a grandfather not blind would be suspected. You will lead me by the hand, and call me Onufri, for that is my minstrel name. Now dress up as quickly as you can, since it is time for the road, which will be so long for us on foot."

Zagloba went aside, and Helena began at once to array herself as a minstrel boy. Having washed in the river, she cast aside the Cossack coat, and took the peasant's svitka, straw hat, and knapsack. Fortunately the youth stripped by Zagloba was tall, so that everything fitted Helena well.

Zagloba, returning, examined her carefully, and said: —

"God save me! more than one knight would willingly lay aside his armor if he only had such an attendant as you; and I know one hussar who would certainly. But we must do something with that hair. I saw handsome boys in Stamboul, but never one so handsome as you are."

"God grant my beauty may work no ill for me!" said Helena. But she smiled; for her woman's ear was tickled by Zagloba's praise.

"Beauty never turns out ill, and I will give you an example of this; for when the Turks in Galáts burned out one of my

eyes, and wanted to burn out the other, the wife of the Pasha saved me on account of my extraordinary beauty, the remnants of which you may see even yet."

"But you said that the Wallachians burned your eye out."

"They were Wallachians, but had become Turks, and were serving the Pasha in Galáts."

"They didn't burn even one of your eyes out."

"But from the heated iron a cataract grew on it. It's all the same. What do you wish to do with your tresses?"

"What! I must cut them off?"

"You must. But how?"

"With your saber."

"It is well to cut a head off with this sword, but hair — I don't know how."

"Well, I will sit by that log and put my hair across it, you can strike and cut it off; but don't cut my head off!"

"Oh, never fear! More than once have I shot the wick from candles when I was drunk, without cutting the candle. I will do no harm to you, although this act is the first of its kind in my life."

Helena sat near the log, and throwing her heavy dark hair across it, raised her eyes to Zagloba. "I am ready," said she; "cut!"

She smiled somewhat sadly; for she was sorry for those tresses, which near the head could hardly be clasped by two hands. Zagloba had a sort of awkward feeling. He went around the trunk to cut more conveniently, and muttered: —

"Pshaw, pshaw! I would rather be a barber and cut Cossack tufts. I seem to be an executioner going to my work; for it is known to you that they cut the hair off witches, so that the devils shouldn't hide in it and weaken the power of torture. But you are not a witch; therefore this act seems disgraceful to me, — for which if Pan Skshetuski does not cut my ears, then I'll pay him. Upon my word, shivers are going along my arm. At least, close your eyes!"

"All ready!" said Helena.

Zagloba straightened up, as if rising in his stirrups for a blow. The metallic blade whistled in the air, and that moment the dark tresses slipped down along the smooth bark to the ground.

"All over!" said Zagloba, in his turn.

Helena sprang up, and immediately the short-cut hair fell

in a dark circle around her face, on which blushes of shame were beating, — for at that period the cutting of a maiden's hair was considered a great disgrace; therefore it was on her part a grievous sacrifice, which she could make only in case of extreme necessity. In fact, tears came to her eyes; and Zagloba, angry at himself, made no attempt to comfort her.

"It seems to me that I have ventured on something dishonorable, and I repeat to you that Pan Skshetuski, if he is a worthy cavalier, is bound to cut my ears off. But it could not be avoided, for your sex would have been discovered at once. Now at least we can go on with confidence. I inquired of the old man too about the road, holding a dagger to his throat. According to what he said, we shall see three oaks in the steppe; near them is the Wolf's Ravine, and along the ravine lies the road through Demiánovka to Zólotonosha. He said that wagoners go by the road, and it would be possible to sit with them in the wagons. You and I are passing through a grievous time, which I shall ever remember; for now we must part with the saber, since it befits neither the minstrel nor his boy to have marks of nobility about their persons. I will push it under this tree. God may permit me to find it here some other day. Many an expedition has this saber seen, and it has been the cause of great victories. Believe me, I should be commander of an army now were it not for the envy and malice of men who accused me of a love for strong drinks. So is it always in the world, — no justice in anything! When I was not rushing into destruction like a fool, and knew how to unite prudence with valor like a second Cunctator, Pan Zatsvilikhovski was the first to say that I was a coward. He is a good man, but he has an evil tongue. The other day he gnawed at me because I played brother with the Cossacks; but had it not been for that you would not have escaped the power of Bogun."

While talking, Zagloba thrust the saber under the tree, covered it with plants and grass, then threw the bag and lyre over his shoulder, took the staff pointed with flint stones, waved his hands a couple of times, and said: —

"Well, this is not bad. I can strike a light in the eyes of some dog or wolf with this staff and count his teeth. The worst of all is that we must walk; but there is no help. Come!"

They went on, — the dark-haired youth in front, the old man following. The latter grunted and cursed; for it was hot

for him to travel on foot, though a breeze passed over the steppe. The breeze burned and tanned the face of the handsome boy. Soon they came to the ravine, at the bottom of which was a spring which distilled its pure waters into the Kagamlik. Around that ravine not far from the river three strong oaks were growing on a mound; to these our wayfarers turned at once. They came also upon traces of the road, which looked yellow along the steppe from flowers which were growing on droppings of cattle. The road was deserted; there were neither teamsters, nor tar spots on the ground, nor gray oxen slowly moving. But here and there lay the bones of cattle torn to pieces by wolves and whitening in the sun. The wayfarers went on steadily, resting only under the shade of oak groves. The dark-haired boy lay down to slumber on the green turf, and the old man watched. They passed through streams also; and when there was no ford they searched for one, walking for a distance along the shore. Sometimes, too, the old man carried the boy over in his arms, with a power that was wonderful in a man who begged his bread. But he was a sturdy minstrel! Thus they dragged on till evening, when the boy sat down by the wayside at an oak forest and said: —

"My breath is gone, I have spent my strength; I can walk no farther, I will lie down here and die."

The old man was terribly distressed. "Oh, these cursed wastes, — not a house nor a cottage by the roadside, nor a living soul! But we cannot spend the night here. Evening is already falling, it will be dark in an hour, — and just listen!"

The old man stopped speaking, and for a while there was deep silence. But it was soon broken by a distant dismal sound which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth; it did really come from the ravine, which lay not far from the road.

"Those are wolves," said Zagloba. "Last night we had horses, — they ate them; this time they will get at our own persons. I have, it is true, a pistol under my svitka; but I don't know whether my powder would hold out for two charges, and I should not like to be the supper at a wolf's wedding. Listen! Another howl!"

The howling was heard again, and appeared to be nearer.

"Rise, my child!" said the old man; "and if you are unable to walk, I will carry you. What's to be done? I see that I have a great affection for you, which is surely because living in a wifeless condition I am unable to leave legitimate

descendants of my own; and if I have illegitimate they are heathen, for I lived a long time in Turkey. With me ends the family of Zagloba, with its escutcheon 'In the Forehead.' You will take care of my old age, but now you must get up and sit on my shoulders."

"My feet have grown so heavy that I cannot move."

"You were boasting of your strength. But stop! stop! As God is dear to me, I hear the barking of dogs. That's it. Those are dogs, not wolves. Then Demiánovka, of which the old minstrel told me, must be near. Praise be to God in the highest! I had thought not to make a fire on account of the wolves; for we should have surely gone to sleep, we are so tired. Yes, they are dogs. Do you hear?"

"Let us go on," said Helena, whose strength returned suddenly.

They had barely come out of the wood when smoke from a number of cottages appeared at no great distance. They saw also three domes of a church, covered with fresh shingles, which shone yet in the dusk from the last gleams of the evening twilight. The barking of dogs seemed nearer, more distinct each moment.

"Yes, that is Demiánovka; it cannot be another place," said Zagloba. "They receive minstrels hospitably everywhere; maybe we shall find supper and lodging, and perhaps good people will take us farther. Wait a moment! this is one of the prince's villages; there must be an agent living in it. We will rest and get news. The prince must be already on the way. Rescue may come sooner than you expect. Remember that you are a mute. I began at the wrong end when I told you to call me Onufri, for since you are a mute you cannot call me anything. I shall speak for you and for myself, and, praise be to God! I can use peasants' speech as well as Latin. Move on, move on! Now the first cottage is near. My God! when will our wanderings come to an end? If we could get some warmed beer, I should praise the Lord God for even that."

Zagloba ceased, and for a time they went on in silence together; then he began to talk again.

"Remember that you are dumb. When they ask you about anything, point to me and say, 'Hum, hum, hum! niyá, niyá!' I have seen that you have much wit, and besides, it is a question of our lives. If we should chance on a regiment belonging to the Kotmans or the prince, then we would tell who we

are at once, especially if the officer is courteous and an acquaintance of Pan Skshetuski. It is true that you are under the guardianship of the prince, and you have nothing to fear from soldiers. Oh! what fires are those bursting out in the glen? Ah, there are blacksmiths — there is a forge! But I see there is no small number of people at it. Let us go there."

In the cleft which formed the entrance to the ravine there was a forge, from the chimney of which bundles and bunches of golden sparks were thrown out; and through the open doors and numerous chinks in the walls sparkling light burst forth, intercepted from moment to moment by dark forms moving around inside. In front of the forge were to be seen in the evening twilight a number of dark forms standing together in knots. The hammers in the forge beat in time, till the echo was heard all about; and the sound was mingled with songs in front of the forge, with the buzz of conversation and the barking of dogs. Seeing all this, Zagloba turned immediately into the ravine, touched his lyre, and began to sing:—

"Hei! on the mountain
Reapers are seen,
Under the mountain,
The mountain green,
Cossacks are marching on."

Singing thus, he approached the crowd of people standing in front of the forge. He looked around. They were peasants, for the most part drunk. . . .

A little later the minstrel had strengthened himself powerfully with mutton and a good portion of mead. Next morning early, he moved on with his attendant lad, in a comfortable telega, toward Zólotonosha, escorted by a number of mounted peasants armed with pikes and scythes.

They went through Kovraiets, Chernobái, and Krapivna. The wayfarers saw that everything was seething; the peasants were arming at all points, the forges were working from morning till night, and only the terrible name and power of Prince Yeremi still restrained the bloody outburst. West of the Dnieper the tempest was let loose in all its fury. News of the defeat at Korsún had spread over all Russia with the speed of lightning, and every living soul was rushing forth.

THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN.

By CALDERON.

(From the "Magico Prodigioso"; Shelley's translation.)

[Pedro Calderon de la Barca, one of the chief poets of Spain, was born in Madrid, January 17, 1600; died there May 25, 1681. He received his schooling at a Jesuits' college in Madrid; studied history, philosophy, and law at Salamanca; and served ten years in the army in Milan and the Netherlands. He was then summoned to Madrid by Philip IV., a prince fond of theatrical amusements, and was appointed director of the court theater. In 1651 he entered the priesthood, but notwithstanding his religious duties continued to write for the stage, besides which he composed many "autos sacramentales," or the Corpus Christi plays, performed annually in the cathedrals of Toledo, Seville, and Granada. According to his own account he wrote one hundred and eleven plays, among which are: "The Fairy Lady," "'Tis Better than it Was," "The Mock Astrologer," "The Wonder-working Magician," "The Devotion of the Cross," "The Constant Prince," "Life is a Dream," "No Magic like Love."]

Scene I. — Cyprian *as a student;* Clarin *and* Moscon *as poor scholars with books.*

Cyprian —

In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me: the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society,
And whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil.
You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival, — it will
Be worth the labor, and return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon,
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse; and here
I shall expect you.

Moscon — I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival

Certainly is, to leave you, sir, without
Just saying some three or four thousand words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity, you can be content
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

Clarin — My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome
Than a procession day, with troops, and priests,
And dances, and all that.

Moscon — From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer:
You praise not what you feel but what he does; —
Toadeater!

Clarin — You lie — under a mistake —
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's race. I now
Say what I think.

Cyprian — Enough, you foolish fellows!
Pufft up with your own doting ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go; and as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

Moscon —
How happens it, altho' you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

Clarin — Nay, the consequence
Is clear: — who ever did what he advises
Others to do? —

Moscon — Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia. [*Exit.*

Clarin — To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
But he is more than halfway there. — Soho!
Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, soho! [*Exit.*

Cyprian —
Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs

Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom.

[CYPRIAN *reads; the* DEMON, *dressed in a Court dress, enters.*

Demon — Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

Cyprian —
What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
What art thou? —

Demon — 'Tis a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place; and my poor horse at last,
Quite overcome, has stretcht himself upon
The enameled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

Cyprian —
'Tis singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its center, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will you cannot miss your road.

Demon —
And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it;
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student; — for my part, I feel
Much sympathy in such pursuits.

Cyprian — Have you
Studied much?

Demon — No, — and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

Cyprian — Pray, sir,
What science may you know? —

Demon — Many.
Cyprian — Alas!
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not; — but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.
Demon — And with truth.
For in the country whence I come the sciences
Require no learning, — they are known.
Cyprian — Oh would
I were of that bright country! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.
Demon — It is so true, that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes, and tho' I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious, than the failure
Could be dishonorable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know the best, and altho' I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and tho'
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.
Cyprian —
The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is rackt with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.
Demon — It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, coucht in these words:
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands.
Cyprian —
'Tis true.
Demon — What difficulty find you here?
Cyprian —
I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius; if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness; in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

Demon — The wisdom
Of the old world maskt with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.

Cyprian —
This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then
Examining the question with more care,
It follows that the Gods would always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing, one another?
And that you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning: —
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? And being opposite,
If one be good is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
Without their union.

Demon — I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence, and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyprian —
That I admit; and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory; it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat. If God
Be all sight, — God, who had beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplisht: thus, altho'
The Deity may according to his attributes
Be well distinguisht into persons, yet
Even in the minutest circumstance
His essence must be one.

Demon — To attain the end
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

Cyprian —
But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed Genii, good or evil, —
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality.
Thus God might easily, without descent
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

Demon — These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous; consider
That glorious fabric man, — his workmanship
Is stampt with one conception.

Cyprian — Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, unequal only
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?

Demon — On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

Cyprian — That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival,
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguisht, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause. [*They rise.*

Demon — How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

Cyprian — Do you regret
My victory?

Demon — Who but regrets a check

In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

Cyprian — Go in peace!

Demon —

Remain in peace! — Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought, but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances. [*Aside and exit.*

Scene III: The DEMON *tempts* JUSTINA, *who is a Christian.*

Demon —

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless fantasy
Full to overflowing be!
And with sweetest harmony
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succor she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A Voice [*within*] —

What is the glory far above
All else in human life!

All — Love! love! [*Exit* DEMON, *enter* JUSTINA.

The First Voice —
There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has imprest not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possest not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is ——
All — Love! oh love!
Justina — Thou melancholy thought which art
So flattering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses? ——
All — Love! oh love!
Justina —
'Tis that enamored nightingale
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate who rapt and fond
Listening sits a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale — no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me.
And, voluptuous Vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing, —
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin, —
No more with green embraces, Vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest, —
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted Sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor!
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How must eyes weep! O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamored tale, —
Leafy Vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless Sunflower, cease to move, —
Or tell me all, what poisonous power
Ye use against me ——

All — Love! love! love!

Justina —

It cannot be! — Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?
[*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*
Did I not requite him
With such severity, that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again? —
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
Cyprian is absent, O me miserable!
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*] It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*
And yet if it were pity,
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake.
[*Calmly.*] Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him thro' this wide world.

Enter DEMON.

Demon —

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

Justina —

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
Into my chamber thro' the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

Demon — No. I am one
Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Justina —

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

Demon — Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop halfway on the road.

Justina —

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Altho' I thought it, and altho' 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed: —
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

Demon —

But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

Justina — By my free will.

Demon — I
Must force thy will.

Justina — It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[*He draws but cannot move her.*

Demon —

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justina — It were bought
Too dear.

Demon —

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justina —

'Tis dread captivity.

Demon — 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

Justina —
'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.
Demon — But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?
Justina — My defense
Consists in God.
[*He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.*
Demon —
Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defense in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*
Justina — I
Appeal to Heaven against thee; so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the floweret wanes at morning frost,
And thou shouldst never — But, alas! to whom
Do I still speak? — Did not a man but now
Stand here before me? — No, I am alone,
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia! —

Enter LISANDER *and* LIVIA.

Lisander — Oh, my daughter! What?
Livia — What?
Justina — Saw you
A man go forth from my apartment now? —
I scarce contain myself!
Lisander — A man here!
Justina —
Have you not seen him?
Livia — No, lady.

Justina —
I saw him.
Lisander —
'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all lockt.
Livia [*aside*] —
I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was lockt up in my room.
Lisander — It must
Have been some image of thy fantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skillful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia —
My master's in the right.
Justina — Oh would it were
Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. — Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where secretly the faithful worship.
Livia — Here.
Justina [*putting on her cloak*] —
In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander — And I will go with thee.
Livia —
When once I see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.
Justina — So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven!
Lisander — Let us go.
Justina —
Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

SEGISMUND'S DREAM.

BY CALDERON.

(From Edward Fitzgerald's version of "Vida es Sueño," entitled "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of.")

[The King of Poland, frightened by an omen at his son's birth, which the soothsayers have interpreted to mean that the boy will grow up a mere wild beast, bringing fire and slaughter on the country if he succeeds to power, has imprisoned him in a tower till he shall come of age, with a faithful officer for guard. He then has him released — to see if the oracle has been mistaken! — and told that all this confinement and misery has been a dream — as in the "Induction" to the "Taming of the Shrew."]

Segismund [*within*] —

Forbear! I stifle with your perfume! cease
Your crazy salutations! peace, I say —
Begone, or let me go, ere I go mad
With all this babble, mummery, and glare,
For I am growing dangerous — Air! room! air! —
[*He rushes in. Music ceases.*
Oh but to save the reeling brain from wreck
With its bewildered senses! —
[*He covers his eyes for a while.*

[*After looking in the mirror.*]

What, this fantastic Segismund the same
Who last night, as for all his nights before,
Lay down to sleep in wolfskin on the ground
In a black turret which the wolf howled round.
And woke again upon a golden bed,
Round which as clouds about a rising sun,
In scarce less glittering caparison,
Gathered gay shapes that, underneath a breeze
Of music, handed him upon their knees
The wine of heaven in a cup of gold,
And still in soft melodious undersong
Hailing me Prince of Poland! — "Segismund,"
They said, "Our Prince! The Prince of Poland!" and
Again, "Oh, welcome, welcome, to his own
Our own Prince Segismund — "

If reason, sense, and self-identity
Obliterated from a worn-out brain,
Art thou not maddest striving to be sane,

And catching at that Self of yesterday
That, like a leper's rags, best flung away!
Or if not mad, then dreaming — dreaming? — well —
Dreaming then — Or, if self to self be true,
Not mocked by that, but as poor souls have been
By those who wronged them, to give wrong new relish?
Or have those stars indeed they told me of
As masters of my wretched life of old,
Into some happier constellation rolled,
And brought my better fortune out on earth
Clear as themselves in heav'n! —

[The great officers of state crowd around him with protestations of fidelity; Clotaldo, his old warder, comes, and after attempts at explaining and justifying the situation, Segismund in a fury attempts to strike his head off; the Princess Estrella, betrothed to the Duke of Muscovy, enters, and Segismund claims her for his own and attempts to throttle the Duke; the King is called in, and after a storm of reproaches which the King parries on the ground of good intentions, Segismund closes as follows:]

Be assured your Savage, once let loose,
Will not be caged again so quickly; not
By threat or adulation to be tamed,
Till he have had his quarrel out with those
Who made him what he is.

King — Beware! Beware!
Subdue the kindled Tiger in your eye,
Nor dream that it was sheer necessity
Made me thus far relax the bond of fate,
And, with far more of terror than of hope
Threaten myself, my people, and the State.
Know that, if old, I yet have vigor left
To wield the sword as well as wear the crown;
And if my more immediate issue fail,
Not wanting scions of collateral blood,
Whose wholesome growth shall more than compensate
For all the loss of a distorted stem.

Segismund —
That will I straightway bring to trial — Oh,
After a revelation such as this,
The Last Day shall have little left to show
Of righted wrong and villainy requited!
Nay, Judgment now beginning upon earth,
Myself, methinks, in right of all my wrongs,
Appointed heav'n's avenging minister,

Accuser, judge, and executioner,
Sword in hand, cite the guilty — First, as worst,
The usurper of his son's inheritance;
Him and his old accomplice, time and crime
Inveterate, and unable to repay
The golden years of life they stole away.
What, does he yet maintain his state, and keep
The throne he should be judged from? Down with him,
That I may trample on the false white head
So long has worn my crown! Where are my soldiers?
Of all my subjects and my vassals here
Not one to do my bidding? Hark! A trumpet!
The trumpet —

[*He pauses as the trumpet sounds as in Act I., and masked Soldiers gradually fill in behind the throne.*]

King [*rising before his throne*] —
Aye, indeed, the trumpet blows
A memorable note, to summon those
Who, if forthwith you fall not at the feet
Of him whose head you threaten with the dust,
Forthwith shall draw the curtain of the Past
About you; and this momentary gleam
Of glory, that you think to hold life-fast,
So coming, so shall vanish, as a dream.
Segismund —
He prophesies; the old man prophesies;
And, at his trumpet's summons, from the tower
The leash-bound shadows loosened after me
My rising glory reach and overlour —
But, reach not I my height, he shall not hold,
But with me back to his own darkness!
[*He dashes toward the throne and is inclosed by the soldiers.*
Traitors!
Hold off! Unhand me! Am not I your king?
And you would strangle him!
But I am breaking with an inward Fire
Shall scorch you off, and wrap me on the wings
Of conflagration from a kindled pyre
Of lying prophecies and prophet kings
Above the extinguished stars — Reach me the sword
He flung me — Fill me such a bowl of wine
As that you woke the day with —
King — And shall close, —
But of the vintage that Clotaldo knows.

[He is drugged, returned to the tower, and on waking assured that the recent taste of freedom and kingship was all a dream, and his former life in the tower the reality.]

Segismund — You know
'Tis nothing but a dream?
Clotaldo — Nay, you yourself
Know best how lately you awoke from that
You know you went to sleep on?
Why, have you never dreamt the like before?
Segismund —
Never, to such reality.
Clotaldo — Such dreams
Are oftentimes the sleeping exhalations
Of that ambition that lies smoldering
Under the ashes of the lowest fortune;
By which, when reason slumbers, or has lost
The reins of sensible comparison,
We fly at something higher than we are —
Scarce ever dive to lower — to be kings,
Or conquerors, crowned with laurel or with gold,
Nay, mounting heav'n itself on eagle wings.
Which, by the way, now that I think of it,
May furnish us the key to this high flight —
That royal Eagle we were watching, and
Talking of as you went to sleep last night.
Segismund —
Last night? Last night?
Clotaldo — Aye, do you not remember
Envying his immunity of flight,
As, rising from his throne of rock, he sailed
Above the mountains far into the West
That burned about him, while with poising wings
He darkled in it as a burning brand
Is seen to smolder in the fire it feeds?
Segismund —
Last night — last night — Oh, what a day was that
Between that last night and this sad To-day!
Clotaldo —
And yet, perhaps,
Only some few dark moments, into which
Imagination, once lit up within
And unconditional of time and space,
Can pour infinities.
Segismund — And I remember
How the old man they called the King, who wore

The crown of gold about his silver hair,
And a mysterious girdle round his waist,
Just when my rage was roaring at its height,
And after which it was all dark again,
Bid me beware lest all should be a dream.

Clotaldo —

Aye, there another specialty of dreams,
That once the dreamer 'gins to dream he dreams,
His foot is on the very verge of waking.

Segismund —

Would it had been upon the verge of death
That knows no waking —
Lifting me up to glory, to fall back,
Stunned, crippled — wretcheder than ev'n before.

Clotaldo —

Yet not so glorious, Segismund, if you
Your visionary honor wore so ill
As to work murder and revenge on those
Who meant you well.

Segismund — Who meant me! — me! their Prince
Chained like a felon —

Clotaldo — Stay, stay — Not so fast,
You dreamed the Prince, remember.

Segismund — Then in dream
Revenged it only.

Clotaldo — True. But as they say
Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul
Yet uncorrected of the higher Will,
So that men sometimes in their dreams confess
An unsuspected, or forgotten, self;
One must beware to check — aye, if one may,
Stifle ere born, such passion in ourselves
As makes, we see, such havoc with our sleep,
And ill reacts upon the waking day.
And, by the bye, for one test, Segismund,
Between such swearable realities —
Since Dreaming, Madness, Passion, are akin
In missing each that salutary rein
Of reason, and the guiding will of man:
One test, I think, of waking sanity
Shall be that conscious power of self-control,
To curb all passion, but much most of all
That evil and vindictive, that ill squares
With human, and with holy canon less,
Which bids us pardon ev'n our enemies,

And much more those who, out of no ill will,
Mistakenly have taken up the rod
Which heav'n, they think, has put into their hands.

Segismund —

I think I soon shall have to try again —
Sleep has not yet done with me.

Clotaldo — Such a sleep.
Take my advice — 'tis early yet — the sun
Scarce up above the mountain; go within,
And if the night deceived you, try anew
With morning; morning dreams they say come true.

Segismund —

Oh, rather pray for me a sleep so fast
As shall obliterate dream and waking too.

[*Exit into the tower.*

Clotaldo —

So sleep; sleep fast: and sleep away those two
Night potions, and the waking dream between
Which dream thou must believe; and, if to see
Again, poor Segismund! that dream must be.
And yet, and yet, in these our ghostly lives,
Half night, half day, half sleeping, half awake,
How if our working life, like that of sleep,
Be all a dream in that eternal life
To which we wake not till we sleep in death?
How if, I say, the senses we now trust
For date of sensible comparison, —
Aye, ev'n the Reason's self that dates with them,
Should be in essence or intensity
Hereafter so transcended, and awoke
To a perceptive subtlety so keen
As to confess themselves befooled before,
In all that now they will avouch for most?
One man — like this — but only so much longer
As life is longer than a summer's day,
Believed himself a king upon his throne,
And played at hazard with his fellows' lives,
Who cheaply dreamed away their lives to him.
The sailor dreamed of tossing on the flood:
The soldier of his laurels grown in blood:
The lover of the beauty that he knew
Must yet dissolve to dusty residue:
The merchant and the miser of his bags
Of fingered gold; the beggar of his rags:
And all this stage of earth on which we seem

Such busy actors, and the parts we played,
Substantial as the shadow of a shade,
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream.

Fife —

Was it not said, sir,
By some philosopher as yet unborn,
That any chimney sweep who for twelve hours
Dreams himself king is happy as the king
Who dreams himself twelve hours a chimney-sweep?

Clotaldo —

A theme indeed for wiser heads than yours
To moralize upon.

[An insurrection breaking out to reinstate Segismund, a band of soldiers bring him, asleep, from the tower.]

Captain —

O Royal Segismund, our Prince and King,
Look on us — listen to us — answer us,
Your faithful soldiery and subjects, now
About you kneeling, but on fire to rise
And cleave a passage through your enemies,
Until we seat you on your lawful throne.
For though your father, King Basilio,
Now King of Poland, jealous of the stars
That prophesy his setting with your rise,
Here holds you ignominiously eclipsed,
And would Astolfo, Duke of Muscovy,
Mount to the throne of Poland after him;
So will not we, your loyal soldiery
And subjects; neither those of us now first
Apprised of your existence and your right:
Nor those that hitherto deluded by
Allegiance false, their vizors now fling down,
And craving pardon on their knees with us
For that unconscious disloyalty,
Offer with us the service of their blood;
Not only we and they; but at our heels
The heart, if not the bulk, of Poland follows
To join their voices and their arms with ours,
In vindicating with our lives our own
Prince Segismund to Poland and her throne.

Soldiers —

Segismund, Segismund, Prince Segismund!
Our own King Segismund, etc. [*They all arise*

Segismund —
Again? So soon? — What, not yet done with me?
The sun is little higher up, I think,
Than when I last lay down,
To bury in the depth of your own sea
You that infest its shallows.
Captain — Sir!
Segismund — And now,
Not in a palace, not in the fine clothes
We all were in; but here, in the old place,
And in your old accouterment —
Only your vizors off, and lips unlockt
To mock me with that idle title —
Captain — Nay,
Indeed no idle title, but your own,
Then, now, and now forever. For, behold,
Ev'n as I speak, the mountain passes fill
And bristle with the advancing soldiery
That glitters in your rising glory, sir;
And, at our signal, echo to our cry,
"Segismund, King of Poland!" [*Shouts, trumpets, etc.*
Segismund — Oh, how cheap
The muster of a countless host of shadows,
As impotent to do with as to keep!
All this they said before — to softer music.
Captain —
Soft music, sir, to what indeed were shadows,
That, following the sunshine of a Court,
Shall back be brought with it — if shadows still,
Yet to substantial reckoning.
Segismund — They shall?
The white-haired and white-wanded chamberlain,
So busy with his wand too — the old King
That I was somewhat hard on — he had been
Hard upon me — and the fine feathered Prince
Who crowed so loud — my cousin, — and another,
Another cousin, we will not bear hard on —
And — but Clotaldo?
Captain — Fled, my Lord, but close
Pursued; and then —
Segismund — Then, as he fled before,
And after he had sworn it on his knees,
Came back to take me — where I am! — No more,
No more of this! Away with you! Begone!
Whether but visions of ambitious night

That morning ought to scatter, or grown out
Of night's proportions you invade the day
To scare me from my little wits yet left,
Begone! I know I must be near awake,
Knowing I dream; or, if not at my voice,
Then vanish at the clapping of my hands,
Or take this foolish fellow for your sport:
Dressing me up in visionary glories,
Which the first air of waking consciousness
Scatters as fast as from the alamander —
That, waking one fine morning in full flower,
One rougher insurrection of the breeze
Of all her sudden honor disadorns
To the last blossom, and she stands again
The winter-naked scarecrow that she was!

[*Shouts, trumpets, etc.*

A Soldier — Our forces, sir,
Challenging King Basilio's, now in sight,
And bearing down upon us.

Captain — Sir, you hear;
A little hesitation and delay,
And all is lost — your own right, and the lives
Of those who now maintain it at that cost;
With you all saved and won; without, all lost.
That former recognition of your right
Grant but a dream, if you will have it so;
Great things forecast themselves by shadows great:
Or will you have it, this like that dream too,
People, and place, and time itself, all dream —
Yet, being in't, and as the shadows come
Quicker and thicker than you can escape,
Adopt your visionary soldiery,
Who, having struck a solid chain away,
Now put an airy sword into your hand,
And harnessing you piecemeal till you stand
Amidst us all complete in glittering,
If unsubstantial, steel —

[A battle is fought, in which Segismund is victorious; taught by his former experience, he resolves to be wise and temperate, and closes with the following moralizing:]

You stare upon me all, amazed to hear
The word of civil justice from such lips
As never yet seemed tuned to such discourse.
But listen — In that same enchanted tower,

Not long ago, I learned it from a dream
Expounded by this ancient prophet here;
And which he told me, should it come again,
How I should bear myself beneath it; not
As then with angry passion all on fire,
Arguing and making a distempered soul;
But ev'n with justice, mercy, self-control,
As if the dream I walked in were no dream,
And conscience one day to account for it.
A dream it was in which I thought myself,
And you that hailed me now then hailed me King,
In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it, mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so high and swelled so wide,
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble,
That my ambition had about me blown,
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this in which I may be walking now;
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,
Who make believe to listen; but anon,
With all your glittering arms and equipage,
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel,
Aye, ev'n with all your airy theater,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamation, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that
Both waking or both dreaming; such a doubt
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
And, whether wake or dreaming; this I know,
How dream-wise human glories come and go;
Whose momentary tenure not to break,
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake
So fairly carry the full cup, so well
Disordered insolence and passion quell,
That there be nothing after to upbraid
Dreamer or doer in the part he played,
Whether To-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,
Or the Last Trumpet of the eternal Day,
When Dreaming with the Night shall pass away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENES AND CUSTOMS IN THE MOON.

By CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

[Savinien Hercule de Cyrano Bergerac, philosopher, man of letters, and fighter, was born in Paris in 1619, a younger son of a noble Perigord family. Educated first in the country and then at the Collège de Beauvais in Paris, — under tutors he satirized in "Le Pédant Joué," — he led a wild student-life; his father cutting off his allowance, Cyrano entered Carbon de Castel-Jaloux's famous Gascon-noblemen's company of Guards, and from a butt forced himself into a foremost position of repute for reckless courage. Shot through the body at Mouzon in 1639, and stabbed in the throat at Arras in 1640, he had to leave the army, and began literary life and study at Paris at twenty-two. He became deep in ancient and modern metaphysics, and a speculator of great boldness and independence, upholding free thought for all; and the travels credited to him within the next twelve years may have been enforced, like Voltaire's, to escape persecution. He seems to have led a straitened life, and certainly a quarrelsome one, his immense nose being the cause of many duels. Finally enforced to seek patronage from the Duc d'Arpajon, his unorthodox "Agrippine" and an injury needing care caused the Duke to send him away, and he was cared for by an aunt and two other women of a convent, and his friend Lebret; but finally went to the house of a cousin, and died there at thirty-six. His "Voyage to the Moon," and "Comic History of the States and Empires of the Sun," were published posthumously.]

Languages, Meals, and how Bills are Paid.

You may judge what conversation I could have with these that came to see me, since, besides that they only took me for an animal, in the highest class of the category of brutes, I neither understood their language nor they mine. For you must know that there are but two idioms in use in that country, one for the grandees and another for the people in general.

That of the great ones is no more but various inarticulate tones, much like our music when the words are not added to the air: and in reality it is an invention both very useful and pleasant; for when they are weary of talking, or disdain to prostitute their throats to that office, they take either a lute or some other instrument, whereby they communicate their thoughts as well as by their tongue: so that sometimes fifteen or twenty in a company will handle a point of divinity, or discuss the difficulties of a lawsuit, in the most harmonious concert that ever tickled the ear.

The second, which is used by the vulgar, is performed by a shivering of the members, but not perhaps as you may imagine; for some parts of the body signify an entire discourse; for ex-

ample, the agitation of a finger, a hand, an ear, a lip, an arm, an eye, a cheek, every one severally will make up an oration, or a period with all the parts of it: others serve only instead of words, as the knitting of the brows, the several quiverings of the muscles, the turning of the hands, the stamping of the feet, the contortion of the arms; so that when they speak, as their custom is, stark naked, their members, being used to gesticulate their conceptions, move so quick that one would not think it to be a man that spoke, but a body that trembled.

Every day almost the spirit came to see me, and his rare conversation made me patiently bear with the rigor of my captivity. At length one morning I saw a man enter my cabin, whom I knew not, who having a long while licked me gently, took me in his teeth by the shoulder, and with one of his paws, wherewith he held me up for fear I might hurt myself, threw me upon his back, where I found myself so softly seated, and so much at my ease, that, although afflicted to be used like a beast, I had not the least desire of making my escape; and besides, these men that go upon all four are much swifter than we, seeing the heaviest of them make nothing of running down a stag.

In the meantime I was extremely troubled that I had no news of my courteous spirit; and the first night we came to our inn, as I was walking in the court, expecting till supper should be ready, a pretty handsome young man came smiling in my face and cast his two fore-legs about my neck. After I had a little considered him: "How!" said he in French, "don't you know your friend, then?" I leave you to judge in what case I was at that time; really, my surprise was so great, that I began to imagine, that all the globe of the moon, all that had befallen me, and all that I had seen, had only been enchantment: and that beast-man, who was the same that had carried me all day, continued to speak to me in this manner; "You promised me, that the good offices I did you should never be forgotten, and yet it seems you have never seen me before;" but perceiving me still in amaze: "In fine," said he, "I am that same demon of Socrates, who diverted you during your imprisonment, and who, that I may still oblige you, took to myself a body, on which I carried you to-day:" "But," said I, interrupting him, "how can that be, seeing that all day you were of a very long stature, and now you are very short; that all day long you had a weak and broken voice, and now you

have a clear and vigorous one; that, in short, all day long you were a grayheaded old man, and are now a brisk young blade: Is it then that whereas in my country, the progress is from life to death; animals here go retrograde from death to life, and by growing old become young again."

"So soon as I had spoken to the prince," said he, "and received orders to bring you to court, I went and found you out where you were, and have brought you hither; but the body I acted in was so tired out with the journey, that all its organs refused me their ordinary functions, so that I inquired the way to the hospital; where being come in I found the body of a young man, just then expired by a very odd accident, but yet very common in this country. I drew near him, pretending to find motion in him still, and protesting to those who were present, that he was not dead, and that what they thought to be the cause of his death, was no more but a bare lethargy; so that without being perceived, I put my mouth to his, by which I entered as with a breath: Then down dropped my old carcass, and as if I had been that young man, I rose and came to look for you, leaving the spectators crying a miracle."

With this they came to call us to supper, and I followed my guide into a parlor richly furnished; but where I found nothing fit to be eaten. No victuals appearing, when I was ready to die of hunger, made me ask him where the cloth was laid: But I could not hear what he answered, for at that instant three or four young boys, children of the house, drew near, and with much civility stripped me to the shirt. This new ceremony so astonished me, that I durst not so much as ask my pretty *valets de chambre* the cause of it; and I cannot tell how my guide, who asked me what I would begin with, could draw from me these two words, *a potage;* but hardly had I pronounced them, when I smelt the odor of the most agreeable soup that ever steamed in the rich glutton's nose: I was about to rise from my place, that I might trace that delicious scent to its source, but my carrier hindered me: "Whither are you going," said he, "we shall fetch a walk by and by; but now it is time to eat, make an end of your *potage,* and then we'll have something else:" "And where the devil is the *potage?*" answered I, half angry: "Have you laid a wager you'll jeer me all this day?" "I thought," replied he, "that at the town we came from, you had seen your master or somebody else at meal, and that's the reason I told you not, how people feed in this country. Seeing

then you are still ignorant, you must know, that here they live on steams. The art of cookery is to shut up in great vessels, made on purpose, the exhalations that proceed from the meat whilst it is a dressing; and when they have provided enough of several sorts and several tastes, according to the appetite of those they treat, they open one vessel where that steam is kept, and after that another; and so on till the company be satisfied.

"Unless you have already lived after this manner, you would never think that the nose, without teeth and gullet, can perform the office of the mouth in feeding a man; but I'll make you experience it yourself." He had no sooner said so, but I found so many agreeable and nourishing vapors enter the parlor, one after another, that in less than half a quarter of an hour I was fully satisfied. When we were got up, "This is not a matter," said he, "much to be admired at, seeing you cannot have lived so long, and not have observed, that all sorts of cooks, who eat less than people of another calling, are nevertheless much fatter. Whence proceeds that plumpness, d'ye think, unless it be from the steams that continually environ them, which penetrate into their bodies and fatten them? Hence it is, that the people of this world enjoy a more steady and vigorous health, by reason that their food hardly engenders any excrements, which are in a manner the original of all diseases. You were, perhaps, surprised, that before supper you were stripped, since it is a custom not practiced in your country; but it is the fashion of this, and for this end used, that the animal may be the more transpirable to the fumes." "Sir," answered I, "there is a great deal of probability in what you say, and I have found somewhat of it myself by experience; but I must frankly tell you, that, not being able to unbrute myself so soon, I should be glad to feel something that my teeth might fix upon:" He promised I should, but not before next day; "because," said he, "to eat so soon after your meal would breed crudities."

After we had discoursed a little longer, we went up to a chamber to take our rest; a man met us on the top of the stairs, who having attentively eyed us, led me into a closet where the floor was strewed with orange-flowers three foot thick, and my spirit into another filled with gilly-flowers and jessamines. Perceiving me amazed at that magnificence, he told me they were the beds of the country. In fine, we laid ourselves down to rest in our several cells, and so soon as I had

stretched myself out upon my flowers, by the light of thirty large glow-worms shut up in a crystal (being the only candles they use), I perceived the three or four boys who had stripped me before supper, one tickling my feet, another my thighs, the third my flanks, and the fourth my arms, and all so delicately and daintily, that in less than a minute I was fast asleep.

Next morning by sun-rising my spirit came into my room and said to me, "Now I'll be as good as my word, you shall breakfast this morning more solidly than you supped last night." With that I got up, and he led me by the hand to a place at the back of the garden, where one of the children of the house stayed for us, with a piece in his hand much like to one of our firelocks. He asked my guide if I would have a dozen of larks, because baboons (one of which he took me to be) loved to feed on them? I had hardly answered yes, when the fowler discharged a shot, and twenty or thirty larks fell at our feet ready roasted. This, thought I presently with myself, verifies the proverb in our world of a country where larks fall ready roasted; without doubt it has been made by somebody that came from hence. "Fall to, fall to," said my spirit, "don't spare; for they have a knack of mingling a certain composition with their powder and shot which kills, plucks, roasts, and seasons the fowl all at once." I took up some of them, and ate them upon his word; and to say the truth, in all my lifetime I never ate anything so delicious.

Having thus breakfasted we prepared to be gone, and with a thousand odd faces, which they use when they would show their love, our landlord received a paper from my spirit. I asked him, if it was a note for the reckoning? He replied no, that all was paid, and that it was a copy of verses. "How! Verses," said I; "are your inn-keepers here curious of rhyme, then?" "It's," said he, "the money of the country, and the charge we have been at here hath been computed to amount to three couplets, or six verses, which I have given him. I did not fear we should out-run the constable; for though we should pamper ourselves for a whole week we could not spend a sonnet, and I have four about me, besides two epigrams, two odes, and an eclogue."

"Would to God," said I, "it were so in our world; for I know a good many honest poets there who are ready to starve, and who might live plentifully if that money would pass in payment." I further asked him, if these verses would always

serve, if one transcribed them? He made answer, no, and so went on: "When an author has composed any, he carries them to the mint, where the sworn poets of the kingdom sit in court. There these versifying officers assay the pieces; and if they be judged sterling, they are rated not according to their coin; that's to say, that a sonnet is not always as good as a sonnet; but according to the intrinsic value of the piece; so that if any one starve, he must be a blockhead: For men of wit make always good cheer." With ecstasy I was admiring the judicious policy of that country, when he proceeded in this manner: —

"There are others who keep public-house after a far different manner: When one is about to be gone, they demand, proportionably to the charges, an acquittance for the other world; and when that is given them, they write down in a great register, which they call *Doomsday's Book*, much after this manner: *Item*, The value of so many verses, delivered such a day, to such a person, which he is to pay upon the receipt of this acquittance, out of his readiest cash: and when they find themselves in danger of death, they cause these registers to be chopped in pieces, and swallow them down; because they believe, that if they were not thus digested, they would be good for nothing."

Phonographs, Burials, and Noses.

I fell to consider attentively my books and their boxes, that's to say, their covers, which seemed to me to be wonderfully rich; the one was cut of a single diamond, incomparably more resplendent than ours; the second looked like a prodigious great pearl, cloven in two. My spirit had translated those books into the language of that world; but because I have none of their print, I'll now explain to you the fashion of these two volumes.

As I opened the box, I found within somewhat of metal, almost like to our clocks, full of I know not what little springs and imperceptible engines: it was a book, indeed; but a strange and wonderful book, that had neither leaves nor letters: In fine, it was a book made wholly for the ears, and not the eyes. So that when anybody has a mind to read in it, he winds up that machine with a great many strings; then he turns the hand to the chapter which he desires to hear, and straight, as

from the mouth of a man, or a musical instrument, proceed all the distinct and different sounds, which the lunar grandees make use of for expressing their thoughts, instead of language.

When I since reflected on this miraculous invention, I no longer wondered that the young men of that country were more knowing at sixteen or eighteen years old, than the graybeards of our climate; for knowing how to read as soon as speak, they are never without lectures [readings], in their chambers, their walks, the town, or traveling; they may have in their pockets, or at their girdles, thirty of these books, where they need but wind up a spring to hear a whole chapter, and so more, if they have a mind to hear the book quite through; so that you never want the company of all the great men, living and dead, who entertain you with living voices. This present employed me about an hour; and then hanging them to my ears, like a pair of pendants, I went a walking; but I was hardly at the end of the street when I met a multitude of people very melancholy.

Four of them carried upon their shoulders a kind of hearse, covered with black: I asked a spectator, what that procession, like to a funeral in my country, meant? He made me answer, that that naughty [musical sequence, the form in which he represents all human names], called so by the people because of a knock he had received upon the right knee, being convicted of envy and ingratitude, died the day before; and that twenty years ago, the Parliament had condemned him to die in his bed, and then to be interred after his death. I fell a laughing at that answer. And he asking me, why? "You amaze me," said I, "that that which is counted a blessing in our world, as a long life, a peaceable death, and an honorable burial, should pass here for an exemplary punishment." "What, do you take a burial for a precious thing then," replied that man? "And, in good earnest, can you conceive anything more horrid than a corpse crawling with worms, at the discretion of toads which feed on his cheeks; the plague itself clothed with the body of a man? Good God! The very thought of having, even when I am dead, my face wrapped up in a shroud, and a pike-depth of earth upon my mouth, makes me I can hardly fetch breath. The wretch whom you see carried here, besides the disgrace of being thrown into a pit, hath been condemned to be attended by an hundred and

fifty of his friends; who are strictly charged, as a punishment for their having loved an envious and ungrateful person, to appear with a sad countenance at his funeral; and had it not been that the judges took some compassion of him, imputing his crimes partly to his want of wit, they would have been commanded to weep there also.

"All are burnt here, except malefactors: And, indeed, it is a most rational and decent custom: For we believe, that the fire having separated the pure from the impure, the heat by sympathy reassembles the natural heat which made the soul, and gives it force to mount up till it arrive at some star, the country of certain people more immaterial and intellectual than us; because their temper ought to suit with, and participate of the globe which they inhabit.

"However, this is not our neatest way of burying neither; for when any one of our philosophers comes to an age, wherein he finds his wit begin to decay, and the ice of his years to numb the motions of his soul, he invites all his friends to a sumptuous banquet; then having declared to them the reasons that move him to bid farewell to nature, and the little hopes he has of adding anything more to his worthy actions, they show him favor; that's to say, they suffer him to die; or otherwise are severe to him and command him to live. When then, by plurality of voices, they have put his life into his own hands, he acquaints his dearest friends with the day and place. These purge, and for four and twenty hours abstain from eating; then being come to the house of the sage, and having sacrificed to the sun, they enter the chamber where the generous philosopher waits for them on a bed of state; every one embraces him, and when it comes to his turn whom he loves best, having kissed him affectionately, leaning upon his bosom, and joining mouth to mouth, with his right hand he sheathes a dagger in his heart."

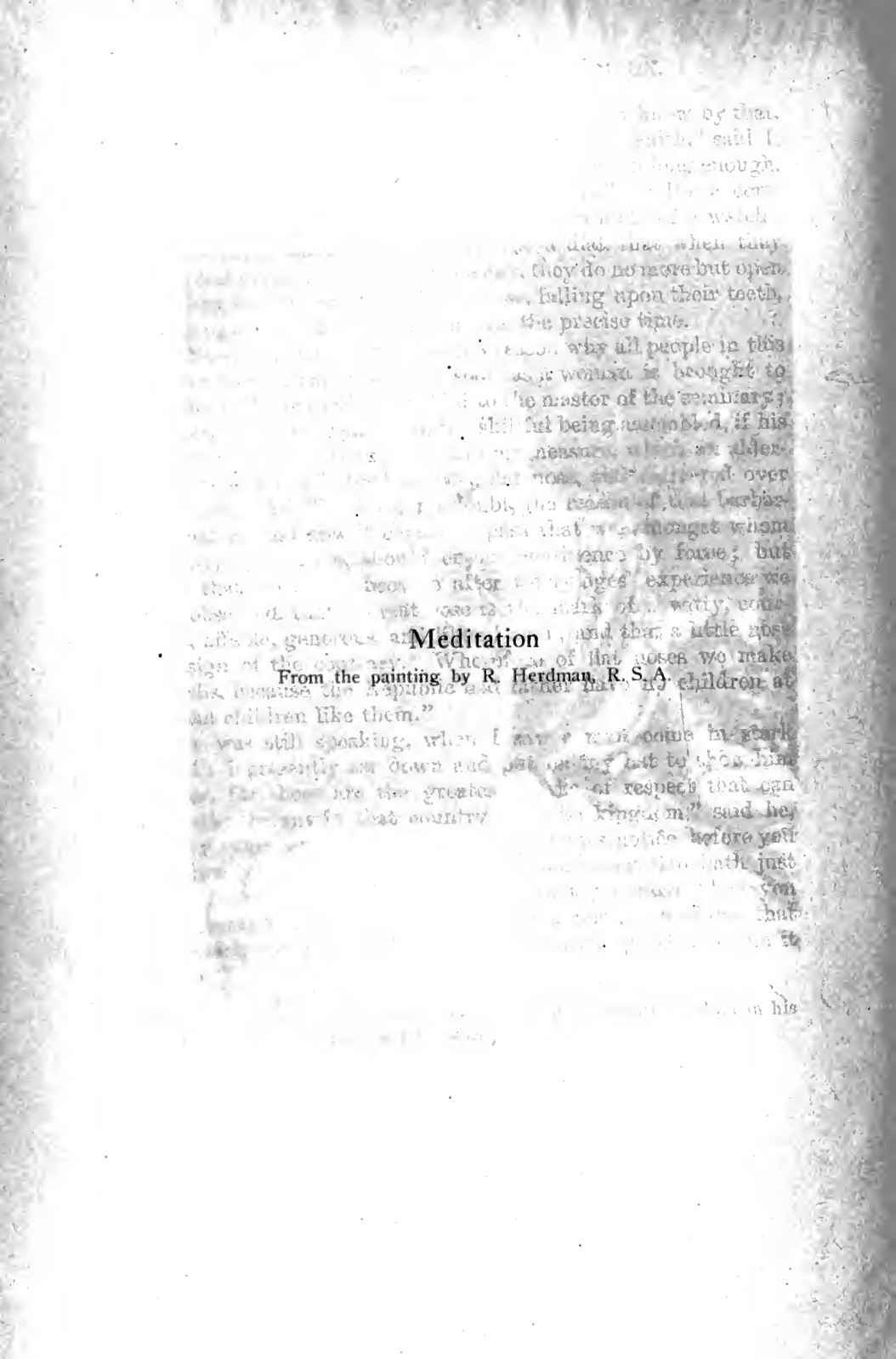
I interrupted this discourse, saying to him that told me all, that this manner of acting much resembled the ways of some people of our world; and so pursued my walk which was so long that when I came back dinner had been ready two hours. They asked me, why I came so late? It is not my fault, said I to the cook, who complained: I asked what it was o'clock several times in the street, but they made me no answer but by opening their mouths, shutting their teeth, and turning their faces awry.

"How," cried all the company, "did not you know by that, that they showed you what it was o'clock?" "Faith," said I, "they might have held their great noses in the sun long enough, before I had understood what they meant." "It's a commodity," said they, "that saves them the trouble of a watch; for with their teeth they make so true a dial, that when they would tell anybody the hour of the day, they do no more but open their lips, and the shadow of that nose, falling upon their teeth, like the gnomon of a sun-dial, makes the precise time.

"Now, that you may know the reason why all people in this country have great noses; as soon as a woman is brought to bed, the midwife carries the child to the master of the seminary; and exactly at the year's end, the skillful being assembled, if his nose prove shorter than the standing measure, which an alderman keeps, he is judged to be a flat nose, and delivered over to be gelt. You'll ask me, no doubt, the reason of that barbarous custom, and how it comes to pass that we, amongst whom virginity is a crime, should enjoin continence by force; but know that we do so, because after thirty ages' experience we have observed, that a great nose is the mark of a witty, courteous, affable, generous, and liberal man; and that a little nose is a sign of the contrary. Wherefore of flat noses we make eunuchs, because the Republic had rather have no children at all than children like them."

He was still speaking, when I saw a man come in stark naked: I presently sat down and put on my hat to show him honour, for these are the greatest marks of respect that can be shown to any in that country. "The kingdom," said he, "desires that you would give the magistrates notice, before you return to your own world; because a mathematician hath just now undertaken before the council, that provided when you are returned home, you would make a certain machine, that he'll teach you how to do, he'll attract your globe, and join it to this."

[When the time comes, however, the Demon of Socrates takes him in his arms and carries him back to earth.]



Meditation

From the painting by R. Herdman, R.S.A.

PASSIONS AND THEIR BODILY SIGNS.

By RENÉ DESCARTES.

(Translated for this work.)

[RENÉ DESCARTES, French mathematician and philosopher of the first rank, was born in Touraine, 1596; educated at the Jesuit College of La Flèche; spent 1613–1618 in Paris; traveled over Europe, studying and observing, 1618–1629; was a volunteer at the siege of La Rochelle in 1628; and lived in Holland 1629–1649, studying and writing expository and polemic works, especially in defense of his new conceptions. In 1649 he went to Stockholm on the invitation of Queen Christina, but died of pneumonia five months after (1650). His novel ideas in substance were all published together in 1637: the chief parts being "Discourse on Method," a new science of thought, and "Geometry," a new basis for that and for algebra. There were also essays on dioptrics and meteors. He also published "Meditationes de Prima Philosophia" (1641), "Principles of Philosophy" (1644), "On the Passions of the Soul" (1649), here excerpted, and polemics. Others were published after his death.]

LAUGHTER. — Laughter consists in the blood which comes from the right cavity of the heart, through the arterial vein, and inflates the lungs suddenly and in various repetitions, forcing the air they contain to leave them with impetuosity through the windpipe, where it forms an inarticulate and broken voice; and the lungs becoming so much inflated that the air in passing presses against all the muscles of the diaphragm, of the chest, and of the throat, by means of which they move those of the visage which have any connection with them; and it is only that action of the visage, with that inarticulate and broken voice, which one calls laughter.

Now, though it seems that laughter is one of the principal signs of joy, the latter, nevertheless, cannot cause it save when it is but moderate, and there is some wonder or some aversion mixed with it; for one finds by experience that when he is unusually joyful, the subject of that joy never makes him burst into laughter, and even that he cannot be so easily summoned to that state by any other cause as when he is sad; of which the reason is, that in great joys the lungs are always so full of blood that they can be no more inflated by repetitions.

I can only note two causes which give rise to this sudden inflation of the lungs. The first is the surprise of wonder, which, being added to joy, is able to open the orifices of the heart so promptly that a great abundance of blood, entering

all at once on its right side through the *vena cava,* is rarefied, and passing thence through the arterial vein, inflates the lungs. The other is the mixture of some fluid which augments the rarefaction of the blood; and I find nothing in it adapted to this except the more fluid part of that which comes from the spleen, which part of the blood being driven toward the heart by some light emotion of aversion, aided by the surprise of wonder, and mingling itself with the blood which comes from other channels of the body, which joy causes to enter there in abundance, is able to make the blood expand there to a more than ordinary degree: just as one sees a quantity of other fluids expand all at once, while over the fire, when he throws a little vinegar into the vessel where they are; for the more fluid part of the blood which comes from the spleen is of a nature like vinegar Experience also shows us that in all the meetings which can produce that broken laughter which comes from the lungs, there is always some little subject of aversion, or at least of wonder. And those in whom the spleen is not very sound are subject to being not alone more sad, but also at intervals more gay and more disposed to laugh, than others, inasmuch as the spleen carries two kinds of blood to the heart, — the one very thick and heavy, which causes sadness, the other very fluid and refined, which causes joy. And often, after having laughed greatly, one feels himself naturally inclined to sadness, because, the more fluid part of the blood from the spleen becoming thickened, the other, the heavier, follows it toward the heart.

Tears. — As laughter is never caused by the greatest joys, so tears do not come from an extreme sadness, but only from that which is moderate, and accompanied or followed by some sentiment of love, or even of joy. And to understand their origin well, it must be observed that although a quantity of vapors continually depart from all portions of our bodies, there is none whence they depart so much as from the eyes, because of the large size of the optic nerves and the multitude of little arteries by which they reach there; and that as the perspiration is composed only of vapors which, leaving other parts, convert themselves into water on the surface, so tears are made of vapors which leave the eyes.

Courage and Boldness. — Courage, when it is a passion and not a natural habitude or inclination, is a certain warmth or agitation which disposes the mind to urge itself powerfully

to the execution of the things it wishes to do, of whatsoever nature they are; and boldness is a species of courage which disposes the mind to the execution of the things which are most dangerous.

Emulation. — Emulation is also a species of courage, but in another sense; for one must consider courage as a genus which divides itself into as many species as there are different objects, and as many others as it has causes: in the first fashion, boldness is a species, in the second emulation; and the latter is nothing other than a warmth which disposes the mind to undertake the things it hopes to be able to achieve because it sees them achieved by others; and thus it is a sort of courage of which the external cause is example. I say the external cause, because beyond that it must always have an internal cause, which consists in one's having a body, in such a condition that desire and hope have more power to send a quantity of blood toward the heart than dread or despair have to hinder it.

For it is to be remarked that although the object of boldness may be difficulty, which ordinarily is followed by dread or even despair, so that it is in the most dangerous or desperate affairs that one employs his boldness and courage, it is nevertheless necessary that one should hope, or even be assured, that the end he proposes to himself will be attained, to oppose with vigor the difficulties he encounters. But this end is different from this subject; for one cannot be assured and in despair of the same thing at the same time. Thus, when the Decii threw themselves athwart the enemy, and rushed to a certain death, the subject of their boldness was the difficulty of preserving their lives during that action, as to which difficulty they could only despair, for they were sure to die: but their object was to animate their soldiers by their example, and make them gain the victory of which they had hope; rather also, their object was to have glory after their death, of which they were assured.

Cowardice and Fear. — Cowardice is a languor or coldness which prevents the soul from carrying into execution the things it would do if it were exempt from that passion; and fear or terror is not only coldness, but also a trouble and stupefaction of the spirit which takes from it the power of resisting evils which it thinks are near. Now, though I cannot persuade myself that nature has given to men any passion which must always

be vicious, and has no good and praiseworthy use, I have, nevertheless, much difficulty in divining what these two can serve.

It seems to me that cowardice only has some use when it causes an exemption from certain sufferings, which one might be incited to undergo by plausible reasons if other surer reasons which have caused them to be reckoned worthless, had not excited that passion: for, besides exempting the spirit from those sufferings, it then serves for the body also, in which, retarding the movement of the spirits, it prevents the forces from being dissipated. But ordinarily it is very injurious, because it turns aside the will from useful actions; and since it only arises from one not having enough hope or desire, one should increase in himself those two passions to correct it.

As to fear or terror, I do not see that it can ever be praiseworthy or useful; besides, it is not an individual passion, it is only an excess of cowardice, of stupefaction and dread, which is always vicious, just as boldness is an excess of courage which is always good, provided the end proposed is good; and since the principal cause of fear is surprise, there is nothing better to procure exemption from it than to use premeditations and prepare for all eventualities, the dread of which causes it.

Remorse. — Remorse of conscience is a species of sadness which springs from a doubt whether something one is doing or has done is not wrong; and it necessarily presupposes doubt; for if one were entirely assured that what he was doing was bad, inasmuch as the will does not apply itself except to things which have some appearance of goodness; and if one were assured that what he had already done was bad, he ought to repent of it, not merely feel remorse. Now, the use of that passion is to make one examine if the thing one doubts of is good or not, or prevent him from doing one at another time until he is assured it is good. But, because it presupposes evil, it would be best never to be subject to the feelings; and one can prevent it by the same means by which he can free himself from irresolution.

Mockery. — Derision or mockery is a species of joy mingled with aversion, which springs from perceiving some slight misfortune befall a person whom one thinks deserves it; and when it occurs unexpectedly, the surprise of the wonderment is the cause of one's bursting into laughter, according to what has been said above of the nature of laughter. But the misfortune must be slight; for if it is great one cannot believe that

he who has it deserves it, unless one had a very bad nature, or feels a great deal of aversion. And we see that those who have very obvious deformities — for instance, those who are lame, one-eyed, or humpbacked, or have received some affront in public — are particularly inclined to mockery; for, desiring to see all others as much disgraced as themselves, they are well pleased with the evils that come to those others, and think they deserve them.

The Use of Raillery. — With regard to modest raillery, which rebukes the vices by making them seem ridiculous, without however laughing at them one's self, nor evincing any hate against persons, it is not a passion, but the trait of an honest man, which makes visible the gayety of his humor and the tranquillity of his spirit, which are the marks of virtue, and often also the skill of his wit, by which to know how to give an agreeable appearance to the things he scoffs at. And it is not indecent to laugh when one hears another's railleries; they may even be such that it would be surly not to laugh at them; but when one rallies another himself, it is more seemly to abstain from it, to the end of not seeming surprised by the things he says himself, not admiring the skill with which he has invented them and that causes them to surprise so much more those who hear them.

Envy. — What is commonly termed envy is a vice that consists in a perversity of nature, which makes certain people torment themselves with the good fortune they see coming to other men; but I use the word here to signify a passion which is not always vicious. Envy, then, so far as it is a passion, is a species of sadness mixed with aversion which springs from seeing good things come to those we think worthy of them — those which we justly think are only gifts of fortune; for as to those of soul or of body, so far as one has them from birth, it is enough to constitute desert of them that one has received them from God before being capable of committing any evil. But when fortune sends some one good things he is really unworthy of, and envy is excited in us only because, naturally loving justice, we are pained that it is not observed in the distribution of the benefits, it is a zeal which cannot but be excusable, principally when the good which we envy others is of such a nature that it may be converted into evil in their hands, as when it is some charge or office in the exercise of which they can behave ill; even when one desires for himself the same good, and is hindered from having it because others who are less worthy possess it,

this renders that passion more violent, but it does not cease to be excusable, provided the aversion it contains relates solely to the bad distribution of the good one envies, and not at all to the persons who possess or distribute it. But there are few so just and so generous as to have no hate whatever to those who block the way to their acquisition of a good which is not communicable to many, and which they have desired for themselves, even if those who have acquired it are as worthy or more so. And what is ordinarily most envied is glory ; for even if that of others does not hinder us from aspiring to it, it nevertheless renders access more difficult and raises the price.

Furthermore, there is no vice which injures the happiness of men so much as envy ; for besides that those infected afflict themselves, they also trouble to the extent of their power the pleasure of others; and they generally have a leaden color, — that is to say, a mixture of yellow and black, as if of dead blood, whence it comes that the envious is named *livor* in Latin ; which accords very well with what has been said above of the movements of the blood in sadness and in aversion ; for this causes the yellow bile which comes from the lower part of the liver, and the black which comes from the spleen, to spread themselves from the heart through the arteries into all the veins, and that causes the venous blood to have less heat and flow more slowly than ordinary, which suffices to render the color livid. But because the bile, as well yellow as black, can also be carried into the veins by many other causes, and that envy does not force them there in large enough quantity to change the color of the complexion, unless it is very great and of long duration, we ought not to think that all those in whom we see that color are thus inclined.

Pity. — Pity is a species of sadness, mingled with love or good will toward those we see suffering some evil of which we think them unworthy. Thus it is the opposite of envy, by reason of its object ; and of mockery, because he regards them in another manner. Those who feel themselves very weak and very subject to adversities of fortune, seem to be more inclined to this passion than others, because they fancy the evils of others may come to themselves ; and thus they are moved to pity rather by the love they bear themselves than by that which they bear to others.

But nevertheless those who are most generous, and who have the strongest spirit, so that they fear no evil for them-

selves, and hold themselves beyond the power of fortune, are not exempt from compassion when they see the infirmity of other men, and hear their complaints ; for it is a part of generosity to have good will to every one. But the sadness of that pity is not very bitter, and like that caused by the mournful acts they see represented in the theater, it is more in the exterior and the senses than in the interior of the soul, which nevertheless has the satisfaction of thinking that it is doing its duty, in that it sympathizes with the afflicted. And there is this difference : that whereas the ordinary man has compassion for those who complain, because he thinks the evils they suffer are very grievous, the principal object of pity with great men is the weakness of those whom they see complain, because they think no casualty which can befall is so great an evil as the cowardice of those who cannot suffer with constancy ; and though they hate vices, they do not hate on that account those they see subject to such, they have only pity for them.

But there are none but malicious and envious minds who naturally hate all men ; or rather it is those who are so brutal, and so blinded by good fortune, or desperate from bad, that they think nothing evil can come to themselves, who are insensible to pity. Furthermore, one weeps very easily in this passion, because love, carrying much blood to the heart, causes many vapors to depart through the eyes.

POEMS OF RICHARD LOVELACE.

[Richard Lovelace was born in Kent, 1618, of distinguished legal and military families; graduated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, and took military service in Charles' inglorious Scotch war, besides essaying drama in the style of Fletcher, and poetry in that of Donne. In the civil broils that followed, he presented a petition to the Long Parliament in favor of the King, and was made prisoner on parole, with £40,000 bail, which kept him from English soldiering through the war, though he helped the French King besiege Dunkirk in 1646. Returning to England in 1648, he was again imprisoned, released after Charles' execution, but died in hopeless poverty in 1658. He had published a volume of poems, "Lucasta," in 1649.]

To Althea, from Prison.

When love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

To Lucasta,[1] on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,

[1] Lucy Sacheverell, who married another on a false report of his death at Dunkirk.

And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore, —
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

The Grasshopper.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.

O thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropt thee from heaven, where now thou art reared,

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends, we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the North Wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry, he hath his crown again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.

CHARLES I.'S APOLOGY FOR HIMSELF.

(From the "Eikōn Basilike," ostensibly written by Charles I. during his imprisonment, and accepted as such by the people; the authorship afterwards claimed by Gauden, bishop of Exeter, and this authorship generally accepted in recent times; but later investigations make this very dubious, and its place as Charles' authentic work again probable.)

[Charles I., son of James I., was born November 19, 1600; acceded to the throne 1625, and married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, after years of his father's seeking a Spanish marriage for him, which was the source of his worst troubles later. The Petition of Right (practically a restatement of the leading clauses of Magna Charta) was forced from him in 1628, in consequence of his clinging to Buckingham, who was assassinated shortly after. He held no Parliament after 1629 till the Short Parliament of April–May, 1639, wrung from him by the Scotch war, resulting from Archbishop Laud forcing a ritual on the Scotch. Compelled to summon another, the Long Parliament met in November, swept away his measures, impeached his advisers, and sent Strafford to the block, Charles being coerced into signing Strafford's death warrant. This Parliament split over ecclesiastical measures, and an indictment of Charles' administration (the Grand Remonstrance) was only carried by eleven votes; Charles thought it a favorable time to reduce the majority to nothing by seizing and executing the leaders, and the famous attempt on the Five Members resulted in ruining his cause. This proof that the fight was one of life and death hastened open war, August 22, 1642; he showed that no terms could be made with him and no promises would be kept by him, was tried for treason, and executed January 30, 1649.]

Upon the Earl of Strafford's Death.

I looked upon my Lord of Strafford as a gentleman whose great abilities might make a prince rather afraid than ashamed to employ him in the greatest affairs of State.

For those were prone to create in him great confidence of undertakings, and this was like enough to betray him to great errors and many enemies; whereof he could not but contract good store, while moving in so high a sphere, and with so vigorous a luster, he must needs, as the sun, raise many envious exhalations, which, condensed by a popular odium, were capable to cast a cloud upon the brightest merit and integrity.

Though I cannot in my judgment approve all he did, driven, it may be, by the necessities of the times, and the temper of that people, more than led by his own disposition to any height and rigor of actions; yet I could never be convinced of any such criminousness in him as willingly to expose his life to the stroke of justice and malice of his enemies.

I never met with a more unhappy conjuncture of affairs than in the business of that unfortunate Earl, when between my own unsatisfiedness in conscience and a necessity, as some told me, of satisfying the importunities of some people, I was persuaded by those that I think wished me well to choose rather what was safe than what seemed just, preferring the outward peace of my kingdoms with men before that inward exactness of conscience before God.

And, indeed, I am so far from excusing or denying that compliance on my part (for plenary consent it was not) to his destruction, whom in my judgment I thought not, by any clear law, guilty of death, that I never bear any touch of conscience with greater regret; which, as a sign of my repentance, I have often with sorrow confessed both to God and men as an act of so sinful frailty that it discovered more a fear of man than of God, whose name and place on earth no man is worthy to bear, who will avoid inconveniences of State by acts of so high injustice as no public convenience can expiate or compensate.

I see it a bad exchange to wound a man's own conscience, thereby to salve State sores; to calm the storms of popular discontents by stirring up a tempest in a man's own bosom.

Nor hath God's justice failed, in the event and sad consequences, to show the world the fallacy of that maxim, Better one man perish, though unjustly, than the people be displeased or destroyed. For,

In all likelihood, I could never have suffered, with my people, greater calamities, yet with greater comfort, had I

vindicated Strafford's innocency, at least by denying to sign that destructive Bill, according to that justice which my conscience suggested to me, than I have done since I gratified some men's unthankful importunities with so cruel a favor. And I have observed, that those who counseled me to sign that Bill have been so far from receiving the rewards of such ingratiatings with the people, that no men have been harassed and crushed more than they. He only hath been least vexed by them who counseled me not to consent against the vote of my own conscience. I hope God hath forgiven me and them the sinful rashness of that business.

To which being in my soul so fully conscious, those judgments God hath pleased to send upon me are so much the more welcome, as a means, I hope, which His mercy hath sanctified so to me as to make me repent of that unjust act (for so it was to me), and for the future to teach me that the best rule of policy is to prefer the doing of justice before all enjoyments, and the peace of my conscience before the preservation of my kingdoms.

Nor hath anything more fortified my resolutions against all those violent importunities which since have sought to gain a like consent from me to acts wherein my conscience is unsatisfied, than the sharp touches I have had for what passed me in my Lord of Strafford's business.

Not that I resolved to have employed him in my affairs, against the advice of my parliament; but I would not have had any hand in his death, of whose guiltlessness I was better assured than any living man could be.

Nor were the crimes objected against him so clear, as after a long and fair hearing to give convincing satisfaction to the major part of both Houses, especially that of the Lords, of whom scarce a third part were present when the Bill passed that House. And for the House of Commons, many gentlemen, disposed enough to diminish my Lord of Strafford's greatness and power, yet unsatisfied of his guilt in law, durst not condemn him to die; who, for their integrity in their votes, were, by posting their names, exposed to the popular calumny, hatred, and fury, which grew then so exorbitant in their clamors for justice (that is, to have both myself and the two Houses vote and do as they would have us), that many, it is thought, were rather terrified to concur with the condemning party than satisfied that of right they ought so to do.

And that after act, vacating the authority of the precedent for future imitation, sufficiently tells the world that some remorse touched even his most implacable enemies as knowing he had very hard measure, and such as they would be very loath should be repeated to themselves.

This tenderness and regret I find in my soul for having had any hand (and that very unwillingly, God knows) in shedding one man's blood unjustly, though under the color and formalities of justice and pretenses of avoiding public mischiefs; which may, I hope, be some evidence before God and man to all posterity that I am far from bearing justly the vast load and guilt of all that blood which hath been shed in this unhappy war, which some men will needs charge on me to ease their own souls, who am, and ever shall be, more afraid to take away any man's life unjustly than to lose my own.

But Thou, O God of infinite mercies, forgive me that act of sinful compliance, which hath greater aggravations upon me than any man, since I had not the least temptation of envy or malice against him and by my place should at least so far have been a preserver of him as to have denied my consent to his destruction.

O Lord, I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me.

Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation, and my tongue shall sing of Thy righteousness.

Against Thee have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight, for Thou sawest the contradiction between my heart and my hand.

Yet cast me not away from Thy presence, purge me with the blood of my Redeemer, and I shall be clean; wash me with that precious effusion, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Teach me to learn righteousness by Thy judgments, and to see my frailty in Thy justice. While I was persuaded by shedding one man's blood to prevent after troubles, Thou hast for that, among other sins, brought upon me and upon my kingdoms great, long, and heavy troubles.

Make me to prefer justice, which is Thy will before all contrary clamors, which are but the discoveries of man's injurious will.

It is too much that they have once overcome me, to please them by displeasing Thee. O never suffer me, for any reason of State, to go against my reason of conscience, which is highly to sin against Thee, the God of reason, and judge of our consciences.

Whatever, O Lord, Thou seest fit to deprive me of, yet restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and ever uphold me with Thy free spirit,

which subjects my will to none but Thy light of reason, justice, and religion which shines in my soul; for Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and integrity in the outward expressions.

Lord, hear the voice of Thy Son's and my Saviour's blood, which speaks better things. O make me and my people to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice in Thy salvation.

Upon his Majesty's Going to the House of Commons.

My going to the House of Commons to demand justice upon the five members, was an act which my enemies loaded with all the obloquies and exasperations they could.

It filled indifferent men with great jealousies and fears; yea, and many of my friends resented it as a motion rising rather from passion than reason, and not guided with such discretion as the touchiness of those times required.

But these men knew not the just motives and pregnant grounds with which I thought myself so furnished, that there needed nothing to such evidence as I could have produced against those I charged save only a free and legal trial, which was all I desired.

Nor had I any temptation of displeasure or revenge against those men's persons further than I had discovered those, as I thought, unlawful correspondences they had used, and engagements they had made, to embroil my kingdoms; of all which I missed but little to have produced writings under some men's own hands who were the chief contrivers of the following innovations.

Providence would not have it so; yet I wanted not such probabilities as were sufficient to raise jealousies in any king's heart, who is not wholly stupid and neglective of the public peace; which to preserve by calling in question half a dozen men in a fair and legal way (which, God knows, was all my design), could have amounted to no worse effect, had it succeeded, than either to do me and my kingdom right, in case they had been found guilty, or else to have cleared their innocency and removed my suspicions, which, as they were not raised out of any malice, so neither were they in reason to be smothered.

What flames of discontent this spark (though I sought by all speedy and possible means to quench it) soon kindled, all

the world is witness. The aspersion which some men cast upon that action, as if I had designed by force to assault the House of Commons and invade their privilege, is so false, that as God best knows I had no such intent, so none that attended me could justly gather from anything I then said or did the least intimation of any such thoughts.

That I went attended with some gentlemen, as it was no unwonted thing for the majesty and safety of a king so to be attended, especially in discontented times, so were my followers at that time short of my ordinary guard, and no way proportionable to hazard a tumultuary conflict. Nor were they more scared at my coming than I was unassured of not having some affronts cast upon me, if I had none with me to preserve a reverence to me; for many people had, at that time, learned to think those hard thoughts which they have since abundantly vented against me both by words and deeds.

The sum of that business was this: Those men and their adherents were then looked upon by the affrighted vulgar as greater protectors of their laws and liberties than myself, and so worthier of their protection. I leave them to God and their own consciences, who, if guilty of evil machinations no present impunity or popular vindications of them will be subterfuge sufficient to rescue them from those exact tribunals.

To which, in the obstructions of justice among men, we must religiously appeal, as being an argument to us Christians of that after unavoidable judgment which shall rejudge what among men is but corruptly decided, or not at all.

I endeavored to have prevented, if God had seen fit, those future commotions which I foresaw would in all likelihood follow some men's activity, if not restrained, and so now have done to the undoing of many thousands; the more is the pity.

But to overawe the freedom of the Houses, or to weaken their just authority by any violent impressions upon them, was not at all my design. I thought I had so much justice and reason on my side as should not have needed so rough assistance, and I was resolved rather to bear the repulse with patience than to use such hazardous extremities.

But Thou, O Lord, art my witness in heaven, and in my heart. If I have purposed any violence or oppression against the innocent, or if there were any such wickedness in my thoughts, then let the enemy

persecute my soul, and tread my life to the ground, and lay mine honor in the dust.

Thou that seest not as man seeth, but lookest beyond all popular appearances, searching the heart and trying the reins, and bringing to light the hidden things of darkness, show Thyself.

Let not my afflictions be esteemed, as with wise and godly men they cannot be, any argument of my sin in that matter, more than their impunity among good men is any sure token of their innocency.

But forgive them wherein they have done amiss, though they are not punished for it in this world.

Save Thy servant from the privy conspiracies and open violence of bloody and unreasonable men, according to the uprightness of my heart and the innocency of my hands in this matter.

Plead my cause, and maintain my right, O Thou that sittest in the throne judging rightly, that Thy servant may ever rejoice in Thy salvation.

Upon the Queen's Departure and Absence out of England.

Although I have much cause to be troubled at my wife's departure from me and out of my dominions, yet not her absence so much as the scandal of that necessity which drives her away doth afflict me, that she should be compelled by my own subjects, and those pretending to be Protestants, to withdraw for her safety, this being the first example of any Protestant subjects that have taken up arms against their king, a Protestant. For I look upon this now done in England as another act of the same tragedy which was lately begun in Scotland; the brands of that fire, being ill quenched, have kindled the like flames here. I fear such motions, so little to the adorning of the Protestant profession, may occasion a further alienation of mind and divorce of affections in her from that religion, which is the only thing wherein we differ.

Which yet God can, and I pray He would, in time take away, and not suffer these practices to be any obstruction to her judgment, since it is the motion of those men, for the most part, who are yet to seek and settle their religion for doctrine, government, and good manners, and so not to be imputed to the true English Protestants, who continue firm to their former settled principles and laws.

I am sorry my relation to so deserving a lady should be any occasion of her danger and affliction, whose merits would

have served her for a protection among the savage Indians, while their rudeness and barbarity knows not so perfectly to hate all virtues as some men's subtility doth, among whom I yet think few are so malicious as to hate her for herself. The fault is, that she is my wife.

All justice, then, as well as affection, commands me to study her security, who is only in danger for my sake. I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten, and shipwrecked, so as she may be in safe harbor.

This comfort I shall enjoy by her safety in the midst of my personal dangers, that I can perish but half if she be preserved; in whose memory and hopeful posterity I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they should be satiated with my blood.

I must leave her and them to the love and loyalty of my good subjects, and to His protection who is able to punish the faults of princes, and no less severely to revenge the injuries done to them by those who in all duty and allegiance ought to have made good that safety which the laws chiefly provide for princes.

But common civility is in vain expected from those that dispute their loyalty; nor can it be safe for any relation to a king, to tarry among them who are shaking hands with their allegiance, under pretense of laying faster hold on their religion.

It is pity so noble and peaceful a soul should see, much more suffer, the rudeness of those who must make up their want of justice with inhumanity and impudence.

Her sympathy with me in my afflictions will make her virtues shine with greater luster, as stars in the darkest nights, and assure the envious world that she loves me, not my fortunes.

Neither of us but can easily forgive, since we do not so much blame the unkindness of the generality and vulgar; for we see God is pleased to try both our patience by the most self-punishing sin, the ingratitude of those who, having eaten of our bread and being enriched with our bounty, have scornfully lifted up themselves against us; and those of our own household are become our enemies. I pray God lay not their sins to their charge, who think to satisfy all obligations to duty by their corban of religion, and can less endure to see, than to sin against, their benefactors as well as their sovereigns.

But even that policy of my enemies is so far venial as it was necessary to their designs, by scandalous articles and all irreverent demeanor to seek to drive her out of my kingdoms; lest by the influence of her example — eminent for love as a wife and loyalty as a subject — she should have converted to, or retained in their love and loyalty all those whom they had a purpose to pervert.

The less I may be blest with her company, the more I will retire to God and my own heart, whence no malice can banish her. My enemies may envy, but they can never deprive me of the enjoyment of her virtues while I enjoy myself.

Thou, O Lord, whose justice at present sees fit to scatter us, let Thy mercy, in Thy due time, reunite us on earth, if it be Thy will; however, bring us both at last to Thy heavenly kingdom.

Preserve us from the hands of our despiteful and deadly enemies, and prepare us by our sufferings for Thy presence.

Though we differ in some things as to religion, which is my greatest temporal infelicity, yet, Lord, give and accept the sincerity of our affections, which desire to seek, to find, to embrace every truth of Thine.

Let both our hearts agree in the love of Thyself, and Christ crucified for us.

Teach us both what Thou wouldest have us to know in order to Thy glory, our public relations, and our souls' eternal good, and make us careful to do what good we know.

Let neither ignorance of what is necessary to be known, nor unbelief or disobedience to what we know, be our misery or our willful default.

Let not this great scandal of those my subjects which profess the same religion with me, be any hindrance to her love of any truth Thou wouldst have her to learn, nor any hardening of her in any error Thou wouldst have cleared to her.

Let mine and other men's constancy be an antidote against the poison of their example.

Let the truth of that religion I profess be represented to her judgment with all the beauties of humility, loyalty, charity, and peaceableness, which are the proper fruits and ornaments of it; not in the odious disguises of levity, schism, heresy, novelty, cruelty, and disloyalty, which some men's practices have lately put upon it.

Let her see Thy sacred and saving truths as Thine, that she may believe, love, and obey them as Thine, cleared from all rust and dross of human mixtures.

That in the glass of Thy truth she may see Thee in those mercies which Thou hast offered to us in Thy Son Jesus Christ our only

Saviour, and serve Thee in all those holy duties which most agree with His holy doctrine and most imitable example.

The experience we have of the vanity and uncertainty of all human glory and greatness in our scatterings and eclipses, let it make us both so much the more ambitious to be invested in those durable honors and perfections which are only to be found in Thyself, and obtained through Jesus Christ.

AN HORATIAN ODE

Upon Oliver Cromwell's Return from Ireland in 1650.

By ANDREW MARVELL.

[Andrew Marvell, English poet and satirist, was born 1621, in Holderness; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, was captured by the Jesuits and taken to London, recaptured and returned to Trinity (1638); becoming unsettléd (perhaps by his father's drowning in 1640), he was expelled in 1641; traveled for years on the Continent; in 1650 was tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter, and wrote "Poems of the Country," and "Poems of Imagination and Love" (in part); in 1652, to Cromwell's nephew Dutton; 1657–1658, assistant Latin secretary to Milton; 1658, member of Richard Cromwell's Parliament, and remained in Parliament till death, almost through Charles II.'s reign, except when (1663–1665) he was secretary to Lord Carlisle's embassy to the Northern Powers. His correspondence is large and valuable. Politically he was a strong and open monarchist, but a loyal adherent to any *de facto* government. His chief satirical works were: "The Rehearsal Transprosed" (1672), against a bigoted clergyman who claimed the right of persecution for the State; a rejoinder to his reply (1673); "Mr. Smike, or the Divine in Mode" (1676); a mock "King's Speech" (1675). In 1678 he published a powerful pamphlet, "The Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Power," which aroused great indignation. He died the same year. He was a man not only of great wit, charm, and scholarship, but of the loftiest integrity.]

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy;
And, with such, to inclose,
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mold!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain —
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While around the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The ax's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust:

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year?

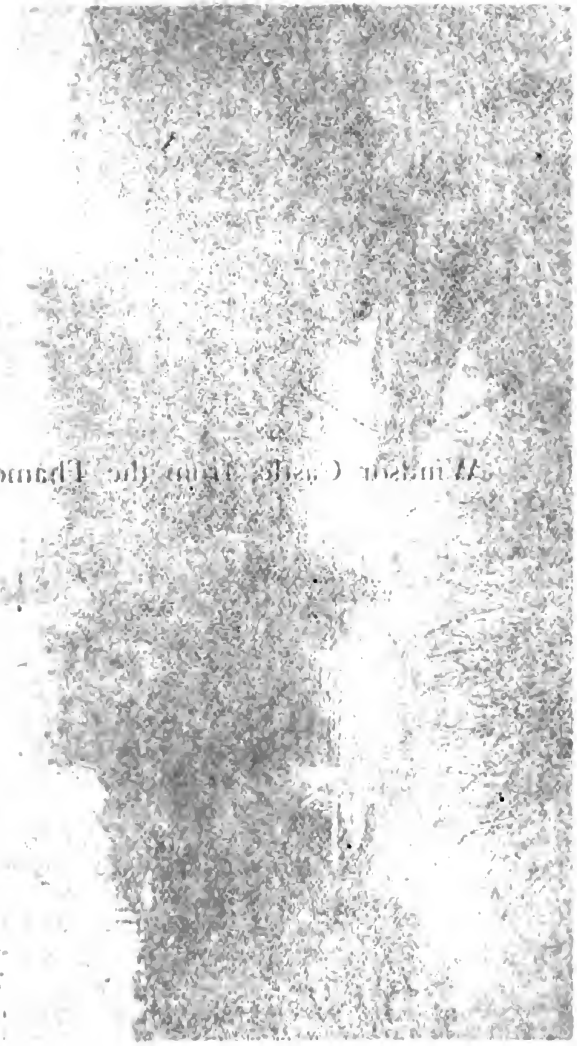
As Cæsar, he, erelong, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colored mind;
But, from this valor sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid —

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.



Windsor Castle, from the Thames

OLIVER CROMWELL.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

[Thomas Carlyle, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm in Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were: "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

From of old, I will confess, this theory of Cromwell's falsity has been incredible to me. Nay, I cannot believe the like of any Great Man whatever. Multitudes of Great Men figure in History as false selfish men; but if we will consider it, they are but *figures* for us, unintelligible shadows; we do not see into them as men that could have existed at all. A superficial unbelieving generation only, with no eye but for surfaces and semblances of things, could form such notions of Great Men. Can a great soul be possible without a *conscience* in it, the essence of all *real* souls, great or small? No, we cannot figure Cromwell as a Falsity and Fatuity: the longer I study him and his career, I believe this the less. Why should we? There is no evidence of it. Is it not strange that, after all the mountains of calumny this man has been subject to, after being represented as the very prince of liars, who never, or hardly ever, spoke truth, but always some cunning counterfeit of truth, there should not yet have been one falsehood brought clearly home to him? A prince of liars, and no lie spoken by him. Not one that I could yet get sight of. . . .

Let us leave all these calumnious chimeras, as chimeras ought to be left. They are not portraits of the man: they are distracted phantasms of him, the joint product of hatred and darkness.

Looking at the man's life with our own eyes, it seems to me a very different hypothesis suggests itself. What little we know of his earlier obscure years, distorted as it has come down to us, does it not all betoken an earnest, affectionate, sincere kind of man? His nervous melancholic temperament indicates rather a seriousness too deep for him. . . .

The young Oliver is sent to study Law; falls, or is said to have fallen, for a little period, into some of the dissipations of youth; but if so, speedily repents, abandons all this: not much above twenty, he is married, settled as an altogether grave and quiet man.

"He pays back what money he had won at gambling," says the story; he does not think any gain of that kind could be really *his*. It is very interesting, very natural, this "conversion" as they well name it; this awakening of a great true soul from the worldly slough, to see into the awful *truth* of things; to see that Time and its shows all rested on Eternity, and this poor Earth of ours was the threshold either of Heaven or of Hell! Oliver's life at St. Ives and Ely, as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways: *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay, can himself preach, — exhorts his neighbors to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what "hypocrisy," "ambition," "cant," or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher World; his aim to get well *thither*, by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what would notice here do for him? "Ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

It is striking, too, how he comes out once into public view; he, since no other is willing to come: in resistance to a public grievance. I mean, in that matter of the Bedford Fens. No one else will go to law with Authority; therefore he will. That matter once settled, he returns back into obscurity, to his Bible and his Plow. "Gain influence?" His influence is the most legitimate; derived from personal knowledge of him, as a just, religious, reasonable, and determined man. In this way he has lived till past forty; old age is now in view of him, and the earnest portal of Death and Eternity; it was at this point that he suddenly became "ambitious!" I do not interpret his Parliamentary mission in that way!

His successes in Parliament, his successes through the world, are honest successes of a brave man; who has more resolution in the heart of him, more light in the head of him, than other men. His prayers to God; his spoken thanks to the God of Victory, who had preserved him safe, and carried him forward

so far, through the furious clash of a world all set in conflict, through desperate-looking envelopments at Dunbar; through the death hail of so many battles; mercy after mercy; to the "crowning mercy" of Worcester Fight: all this is good and genuine for a deep-hearted Calvinistic Cromwell. Only to vain unbelieving Cavaliers, worshiping not God but their own "lovelocks" frivolities, and formalities, living quite apart from contemplations of God, living *without* God in the world, need it seem hypocritical.

Nor will his participation in the King's death involve him in condemnation with us. It is a stern business killing of a King! But if you once go to war with him, it lies *there;* this and all else lies there. Once at war, you have made wager of battle with him: it is he to die, or else you. Reconciliation is problematic; may be possible, or, far more likely, is impossible. It is now pretty generally admitted that the Parliament, having vanquished Charles First, had no way of making any tenable arrangement with him. The large Presbyterian party, apprehensive now of the Independents, were most anxious to do so; anxious indeed as for their own existence; but it could not be. The unhappy Charles, in those final Hampton-Court negotiations, shows himself as a man fatally incapable of being dealt with. A man who, once for all, could not and would not *understand:* whose thought did not in any measure represent to him the real fact of the matter; nay worse, whose *word* did not at all represent his thought. We may say this of him without cruelty, with deep pity rather: but it is true and undeniable. Forsaken there of all but the *name* of Kingship, he still, finding himself treated with outward respect as a King, fancied that he might play off party against party, and smuggle himself into his old power by deceiving both. Alas, they both *discovered* that he was deceiving them. A man whose *word* will not inform you at all what he means or will do, is not a man you can bargain with. You must get out of that man's way, or put him out of yours! The Presbyterians, in their despair, were still for believing Charles, though found false, unbelievable, again and again. Not so Cromwell: "For all our fighting," says he, "we are to have a little bit of paper?" No! —

In fact, everywhere we have to note the decisive practical eye of this man; how he drives towards the practical and prac-

ticable ; has a genuine insight into what *is* fact. Such an intellect, I maintain, does not belong to a false man : the false man sees false shows, plausibilities, expediences : the true man is needed to discern even practical truth. Cromwell's advice about the Parliament's Army, early in the contest, How they were to dismiss their city tapsters, flimsy riotous persons, and choose substantial yeomen, whose hearts were in the work, to be soldiers for them : this is advice by a man who *saw*. Fact answers, if you see into Fact! Cromwell's *Ironsides* were the embodiment of this insight of his ; men fearing God, and without any other fear. No more conclusively genuine set of fighters ever trod the soil of England, or of any other land.

Neither will we blame greatly that word of Cromwell's to them; which was so blamed : "If the King should meet me in battle, I would kill the King." Why not? These words were spoken to men who stood as before a Higher than Kings. They had set more than their own lives on the cast. The Parliament may call it, in official language, a fighting "*for* the King" ; but we, for our share, cannot understand that. To us it is no dilettante work, no sleek officiality; it is sheer rough death and earnest. They have brought it to the calling forth of *War;* horrid internecine fight, man grappling with man in fire-eyed rage, — the *infernal* element in man called forth, to try it by that? *Do* that therefore ; since that is the thing to be done. — The successes of Cromwell seem to me a very natural thing ! Since he was not shot in battle, they were an inevitable thing. That such a man, with the eye to see, with the heart to dare, should advance, from post to post, from victory to victory, till the Huntingdon Farmer became, by whatever name you might call him, the acknowledged Strongest Man in England, virtually the King of England, requires no magic to explain it ! —

Truly it is a sad thing for a people, as for a man, to fall into Skepticism, into dilettanteism, insincerity ; not to know a Sincerity when they see it. For this world, and for all worlds, what curse is so fatal? The heart lying dead, the eye cannot see. What intellect remains is merely the *vulpine* intellect. That a true *King* be sent them is of small use ; they do not know him when sent. They say scornfully, Is this your King? The Hero wastes his heroic faculty in bootless contradiction from the unworthy ; and can accomplish little. For himself

he does accomplish a heroic life, which is much, which is all; but for the world he accomplishes comparatively nothing. The wild rude Sincerity, direct from Nature, is not glib in answering from the witness box: in your small-debt *pie-powder* court, he is scouted as a counterfeit. The vulpine intellect "detects" him. For being a man worth any thousand men, the response your Knox, your Cromwell, gets is an argument for two centuries whether he was a man at all. God's greatest gift to this Earth is sneeringly flung away. The miraculous talisman is a paltry plated coin, not fit to pass in the shops as a common guinea.

Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. Till this be remedied in some measure, there is nothing remedied. "Detect quacks?" Yes do, for Heaven's sake; but know withal the men that are to be trusted! Till we know that, what is all our knowledge; how shall we even so much as "detect"? For the vulpine sharpness, which considers itself to be knowledge, and "detects" in that fashion, is far mistaken. Dupes indeed are many; but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in undue terror of being duped. The world does exist; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist! First recognize what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false; and properly never till then.

"Know the men that are to be trusted:" alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. The sincere alone can recognize sincerity. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; a world not of *Valets*, — the Hero comes almost in vain to it otherwise! Yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming. Till it do come, what have we? Ballot boxes, suffrages, French Revolutions: if we are as Valets, and do not know the Hero when we see him, what good are all these? A heroic Cromwell comes; and for a hundred and fifty years he cannot have a vote from us. Why, the insincere, unbelieving word is the *natural property* of the Quack, and of the Father of quacks and quackeries! Misery, confusion, unveracity, are alone possible there. By ballot boxes we alter the *figure* of our Quack; but the substance of him continues. The Valet World *has* to be governed by the Sham Hero, by the king merely *dressed* in King gear. It is his; he is its! In brief, one of two things: We shall either learn to know a Hero, a true Governor and Captain, somewhat better, when we see him; or else go on to be forever governed by

the Unheroic; had we ballot boxes clattering at every street corner, there were no remedy in these.

Poor Cromwell, — great Cromwell! The inarticulate Prophet; Prophet who could not *speak*. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity; and he looked so strange, among the elegant Euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, visions of the Devil, nervous dreams, almost semimadness; and yet such a clear determinate man's energy working in the heart of that. A kind of chaotic man. The ray as of pure starlight and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, *un*formed black of darkness! And yet withal this hypochondria, what was it but the very greatness of the man? The depth and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of *sympathy* he had with things, — the quantity of insight he would yet get into the heart of things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery as man's misery always does, came of his greatness. Samuel Johnson too is that kind of man. Sorrow-stricken, half-distracted; the wide element of mournful *black* enveloping him, — wide as the world. It is the character of a prophetic man; a man with his whole soul *seeing*, and struggling to see.

On this ground, too, I explain to myself Cromwell's reputed confusion of speech. To himself the internal meaning was sun-clear; but the material with which he was to clothe it in utterance was not there. He had *lived* silent; a great unnamed sea of Thought round him all his days; and in his way of life little call to attempt *naming* or uttering that. With his sharp power of vision, resolute power of action, I doubt not he could have learned to write Books withal, and speak fluently enough; he did harder things than writing of Books. This kind of man is precisely he who is fit for doing manfully all things you will set him on doing. Intellect is not speaking and logicizing; it is seeing and ascertaining. Virtue, *Vir-tus*, manhood, *hero*hood, is not fair-spoken, immaculate regularity; it is first of all what the Germans well name it, *Tugend* (*Taugend*, *dow*ing or *Dough*-tiness), Courage and the Faculty to *do*. This basis of the matter Cromwell had in him.

One understands moreover how, though he could not speak in Parliament, he might *preach*, rhapsodic preaching; above

all, how he might be great in extempore prayer. These are the free outpouring utterances of what is in the heart; method is not required in them; warmth, depth, sincerity, are all that is required. Cromwell's habit of prayer is a notable feature of him. All his great enterprises were commenced with prayer. In dark, inextricable-looking difficulties, his Officers and he used to assemble, and pray alternately, for hours, for days, till some definite resolution rose among them, some "door of hope," as they would name it, disclosed itself. Consider that. In tears, in fervent prayers, and cries to the great God, to have pity on them, to make His light shine before them. They, armed Soldiers of Christ, as they felt themselves to be; a little band of Christian Brothers, who had drawn the sword against a great black devouring world not Christian, but Mammonish, Devilish, — they cried to God in their straits, in their extreme need, not to forsake the Cause that was His. The light which now rose upon them, — how could a human soul, by any means at all, get better light? Was not the purpose so formed like to be precisely the best, wisest, the one to be followed without hesitation any more? To them it was as the shining of Heaven's own Splendor in the waste-howling darkness; the Pillar of Fire by night, that was to guide them on their desolate, perilous way. *Was* it not such? Can a man's soul, to this hour, get guidance by any other method than intrinsically by that same, — devout prostration of the earnest struggling soul before the Highest, the Giver of all Light; be such *prayer* a spoken, articulate, or be it a voiceless, inarticulate one? There is no other method. "Hypocrisy"? One begins to be weary of all that. They who call it so have no right to speak on such matters. They never formed a purpose, what one can call a purpose. They went about balancing expediences, plausibilities; gathering votes, advices; they never were alone with the *truth* of a thing at all. — Cromwell's prayers were likely to be "eloquent," and much more than that. His was the heart of a man who *could* pray.

But indeed his actual Speeches, I apprehend, were not nearly so ineloquent, incondite, as they look. We find he was, what all speakers aim to be, an impressive speaker, even in Parliament; one who, from the first, had weight. With that rude, passionate voice of his, he was always understood to *mean* something, and men wished to know what. He disregarded eloquence, — nay, despised and disliked it; spoke al-

ways without premeditation of the words he was to use. The Reporters, too, in those days seem to have been singularly candid; and to have given the Printer precisely what they found on their own note paper. And withal, what a strange proof is it of Cromwell's being the premeditative, ever-calculating hypocrite, acting a play before the world, That to the last he took no more charge of his Speeches! How came he not to study his words a little, before flinging them out to the public? If the words were true words, they could be left to shift for themselves.

But with regard to Cromwell's "lying," we will make one remark. This, I suppose, or something like this, to have been the nature of it. All parties found themselves deceived in him; each party understood him to be meaning *this*, heard him even say so, and behold he turns out to have been meaning *that!* He was, cry they, the chief of liars. But now, intrinsically, is not all this the inevitable fortune, not of a false man in such times, but simply of a superior man? Such a man must have *reticences* in him. If he walk wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, his journey will not extend far! There is no use for any man's taking up his abode in a house built of glass. A man always is to be himself the judge how much of his mind he will show to other men; even to those he would have work along with him. There are impertinent inquiries made: your rule is, to leave the inquirer *un*informed on that matter; not, if you can help it, *mis*informed, but precisely as dark as he was!

This, could one hit the right phrase of response, is what the wise and faithful man would aim to answer in such a case.

Cromwell, no doubt of it, spoke often in the dialect of small subaltern parties; uttered to them a *part* of his mind. Each little party thought him all its own. Hence their rage, one and all, to find him not of their party, but of his own party! Was it his blame? At all seasons of his history he must have felt, among such people, how, if he explained to them the deeper insight he had, they must either have shuddered aghast at it, or believing it, their own little compact hypothesis must have gone wholly to wreck. They could not have worked in his province any more; nay, perhaps they could not now have worked in their own province. It is the inevitable position of a great man among small men. Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose

whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one; imperfect, what we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality, to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and open only my little finger."

And if this be the fact even in matters of doctrine, how much more in all departments of practice! He that cannot withal *keep his mind to himself* cannot practice any considerable thing whatever. And we call it "dissimulation," all this? What would you think of calling the general of an army a dissembler because he did not tell every corporal and private soldier, who pleased to put the question, what his thoughts were about everything? — Cromwell, I should rather say, managed all this in a manner we must admire for its perfection. An endless vortex of such questioning "corporals" rolled confusedly round him through his whole course; whom he did answer. It must have been as a great true-seeing man that he managed this too. Not one proved falsehood, as I said; not one! Of what man that ever wound himself through such a coil of things will you say so much? —

But in fact there are two errors, widely prevalent, which pervert to the very basis our judgments formed about such men as Cromwell; about their "ambition," "falsity," and suchlike. The first is what I might call substituting the *goal* of their career for the course and starting point of it. The vulgar Historian of a Cromwell fancies that he had determined on being Protector of England, at the time when he was plowing the marsh lands of Cambridgeshire. His career lay all mapped out: a programme of the whole drama; which he then step by step dramatically unfolded with all manner of cunning, deceptive dramaturgy, as he went on, — the hollow scheming Ὑποκριτής, or Play-actor, that he was! This is a radical perversion; all but universal in such cases. And think for an instant how different the fact is! How much does one of *us* foresee of his own life? Short way ahead of us it is all dim; an *un*wound skein of possibilities, of apprehensions, attemptabilities, vague-looming hopes. This Cromwell had *not* his life lying all in that fashion of Programme, which he needed then, with that unfathomable cunning of his, only to enact dramatically, scene after scene! Not so. We see it so; but to him it

was in no measure so. What absurdities would fall away of themselves, were this one undeniable fact kept honestly in view by History! Historians indeed will tell you that they do keep it in view; but look whether such is practically the fact! Vulgar History, as in this Cromwell's case, omits it altogether; even the best kinds of History only remember it now and then. To remember it duly with rigorous perfection, as in the fact it *stood*, requires indeed a rare faculty; rare, nay impossible. A very Shakespeare for faculty; or more than Shakespeare; who could *enact* a brother man's biography, see with the brother man's eyes at all points of his course what things *he* saw; in short, *know* his course and him, as few "Historians" are like to do. Half or more of all the thick-plied perversions which distort our image of Cromwell will disappear, if we honestly so much as try to represent them so; in sequence, as they *were;* not in the lump, as they are thrown down before us.

But a second error, which I think the generality commit, refers to this same "ambition" itself. We exaggerate the ambition of Great Men; we mistake what the nature of it is. Great men are not ambitious in that sense; he is a small, poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under the sun. A *great* man? A poor morbid prurient empty man; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, was ever much tormented in this way.

But with regard to Cromwell and his purposes: Hume, and a multitude following him, come upon me here with an admission that Cromwell *was* sincere at first; a sincere "Fanatic" at first, but gradually became a "Hypocrite" as things opened round him. This of the Fanatic Hypocrite is Hume's theory of it; extensively applied since, — to Mahomet and many

others. Think of it seriously, you will find something in it; not much, not all, very far from all. Since hero hearts do not sink in this miserable manner. The Sun flings forth impurities, gets balefully incrusted with spots; but it does not quench itself, and become no Sun at all, but a mass of Darkness! I will venture to say that such never befell a great deep Cromwell; I think, never. Nature's own lion-hearted Son; Antæuslike, his strength is got by *touching the Earth*, his Mother; lift him up from the Earth, lift him up into Hypocrisy, Inanity, his strength is gone. We will not assert that Cromwell was an immaculate man; that he fell into no faults, no insincerities, among the rest. He was no dilettante professor of "perfections," "immaculate conducts." He was a rugged Orson, rending his rough way through actual, true *work*, — doubtless with many a *fall* therein. Insincerities, faults, very many faults, daily and hourly: it was too well known to him; known to God and him! The Sun was dimmed many a time; but the Sun had not himself grown a Dimness. Cromwell's last words, as he lay waiting for death, are those of a Christian, heroic man. Broken prayers to God, that He would judge him and this Cause, He since man could not, in justice yet in pity. They are most touching words. He breathed out his wild, great soul, its toils and sins all ended now, into the presence of his Maker, in this manner.

I, for one, will not call the man a Hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality; empty barren quack, hungry for the shouts of mobs? The man had made obscurity do very well for him till his head was gray; and now he *was*, there as he stood recognized unblamed, the virtual King of England. Cannot a man do without King's Coaches and Cloaks? Is it such a blessedness to have clerks forever pestering you with bundles of papers in red tape? A simple Diocletian prefers planting of cabbages; a George Washington, no very immeasurable man, does the like. One would say, it is what any genuine man could do; and would do. The instant his real work were out in the matter of Kingship, — away with it!

Let us remark, meanwhile, how indispensable everywhere a *King* is, in all movements of men. It is strikingly shown, in this very War, what becomes of men when they cannot find a Chief Man, and their enemies can. The Scotch Nation was all but unanimous in Puritanism; zealous and of one mind about it, as in this English end of the Island was always far

from being the case. But there was no great Cromwell among them; poor, tremulous, hesitating, diplomatic Arygles and such-like; none of them had a heart true enough for the truth, or durst commit himself to the truth. They had no leader; and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one; Montrose, the noblest of all the Cavaliers; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand subjects without a King; on the other a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them, time after time, some five times over, from the field before him. He was at one period, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man: a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless! Perhaps of all the persons in that Puritan struggle, from first to last, the single indispensable one was verily Cromwell. To see and dare, and decide; to be a fixed pillar in the welter of uncertainty; a King among them, whether they called him so or not.

Precisely here, however, lies the rub for Cromwell. His other proceedings have all found advocates, and stand generally justified; but this dismissal of the Rump Parliament and assumption of the Protectorship is what no one can pardon him. He had fairly grown to be King in England; Chief Man of the victorious party in England: but it seems he could not do without the King's Cloak, and sold himself to perdition in order to get it. Let us see a little how this was.

England, Scotland, Ireland, all lying now subdued at the feet of the Puritan Parliament, the practical question arose, What was to be done with it? How will you govern these Nations, which Providence in a wondrous way has given up to your disposal? Clearly those hundred surviving members of the Long Parliament, who sit there as supreme authority, cannot continue forever to sit. What *is* to be done? — It was a question which theoretical constitution builders may find easy to answer; but to Cromwell, looking there into the real practical facts of it, there could be none more complicated. He asked of the Parliament, What it was they would decide upon? It

was for the Parliament to say. Yet the Soldiers too, however contrary to Formula, they who had purchased this victory with their blood, it seemed to them that they also should have something to say in it! We will not "For all our fighting have nothing but a little piece of paper." We understand that the Law of God's Gospel, to which He through us has given the victory, shall establish itself, or try to establish itself, in this land!

For three years, Cromwell says, this question had been sounded in the ears of the Parliament. They could make no answer; nothing but talk, talk. Perhaps it lies in the nature of parliamentary bodies; perhaps no Parliament could in such case make any answer but even that of talk, talk! Nevertheless the question must and shall be answered. You sixty men there, becoming fast odious, even despicable, to the whole nation, whom the nation already calls Rump Parliament, *you* cannot continue to sit there; who or what then is to follow? "Free Parliament," right of Election, Constitutional Formulas of one sort or the other, — the thing is a hungry Fact coming on us, which we must answer or be devoured by it! And who are you that prate of Constitutional Formulas, rights of Parliament? You have had to kill your King, to make Pride's Purges, to expel and banish by the law of the stronger whosoever would not let your Cause prosper: there are but fifty or three-score of you left there, debating, in these days. Tell us what we shall do; not in the way of Formula, but of practicable Fact!

How they did finally answer remains obscure to this day. The diligent Godwin himself admits that he cannot make it out. The likeliest is that this poor Parliament still would not, and indeed could not, dissolve and disperse; that when it came to the point of actually dispersing, they again, for the tenth or twentieth time, adjourned it, — and Cromwell's patience failed him. But we will take the favorablest hypothesis ever started for the Parliament; the favorablest, though I believe it is not the true one, but too favorable.

According to this version: At the uttermost crisis, when Cromwell and his Officers were met on the one hand, and the fifty or sixty Rump Members on the other, it was suddenly told Cromwell that the Rump in its despair *was* answering in a very singular way; that in their splenetic, envious despair, to keep out the Army at least, these men were hurrying through the

House a kind of Reform Bill, — Parliament to be chosen by the whole of England; equable electoral division into districts; free suffrage, and the rest of it! A very questionable, or indeed for *them* an unquestionable thing. Reform Bill, free suffrage of Englishmen? Why, the Royalists, themselves, silenced indeed but not exterminated, perhaps out*number* us; the great numerical majority of England was always indifferent to our Cause, merely looked at it and submitted to it. It is in weight and force, not by counting of heads, that we are the majority! And now with your Formulas and Reform Bills, the whole matter sorely won by our swords, shall again launch itself to sea; become a mere hope, and likelihood, *small* even as a likelihood? And it is not a likelihood; it is a certainty, which we have won, by God's strength and our own right hands, and do now hold *here*. Cromwell walked down to these refractory Members; interrupted them in that rapid speed of their Reform Bill; ordered them to begone, and talk there no more. — Can we not forgive him? Can we not understand him? John Milton, who looked on it all near at hand, could applaud him. The Reality had swept the Formulas away before it. I fancy, most men who were realities in England might see into the necessity of that.

The strong, daring man, therefore, has set all manner of Formulas and logical superficialities against him; has dared appeal to the genuine Fact of this England, Whether it will support him or not? It is curious to see how he struggles to govern in some constitutional way; find some Parliament to support him; but cannot. His first Parliament, the one they call Barebones' Parliament, is, so to speak, a *Convocation of the Notables*. From all quarters of England the leading Ministers and chief Puritan Officials nominate the men most distinguished by religious reputation, influence, and attachment to the true Cause: these are assembled to shape out a plan. They sanctioned what was past; shaped as they could what was to come. They were scornfully called *Barebones' Parliament*, the man's name, it seems, was not *Barebones*, but Barbone, — a good enough man. Nor was it a jest, their work; it was a most serious reality, — a trial on the part of these Puritan Notables how far the Law of Christ could become the Law of this England. There were men of sense among them, men of some quality; men of deep piety I suppose the most of them were. They failed, it seems, and broke down, endeavoring to reform

the Court of Chancery! They dissolved themselves, as incompetent; delivered up their power again into the hands of the Lord General Cromwell, to do with it what he liked and could.

What *will* he do with it? The Lord General Cromwell, "Commander in chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised"; he hereby sees himself, at this unexampled juncture, as it were the one available Authority left in England, nothing between England and utter Anarchy but him alone. Such is the undeniable Fact of his position and England's, there and then. What will he do with it? After deliberation, he decides that he will *accept* it; will formally, with public solemnity, say and vow before God and men, "Yes, the Fact is so, and I will do the best I can with it!" Protectorship, Instrument of Government, — these are the external forms of the thing; worked out and sanctioned as they could in the circumstances be, by the Judges, by the leading Official people, "Council of Officers and Persons of interest in the Nation": and as for the thing itself, undeniably enough, at the pass matters had now come to, there was no alternative but Anarchy or that. Puritan England might accept it or not; but Puritan England was, in real truth, saved from suicide thereby! — I believe the Puritan People did, in an inarticulate, grumbling, yet on the whole grateful and real way, accept this anomalous act of Oliver's; at least, he and they together made it good, and always better to the last. But in their Parliamentary *articulate* way, they had their difficulties, and never knew fully what to say to it! —

Oliver's second Parliament, properly his *first* regular Parliament, chosen by the rule laid down in the Instrument of Government, did assemble, and worked; but got, before long, into bottomless questions as to the Protector's *right*, as to "usurpation," and so forth; and had at the earliest legal day to be dismissed. Cromwell's concluding Speech to these men is a remarkable one. So likewise to his third Parliament, in similar rebuke for their pedantries and obstinacies. Most rude, chaotic, all these Speeches are; but most earnest-looking. You would say, it was a sincere, helpless man; not used to *speak* the great inorganic thought of him, but to act it rather! A helplessness of utterance, in such bursting fullness of meaning. He talks much about "births of Providence." All these changes, so many victories and events, were not forethoughts, and theatrical contrivances of men, of *me* or of men; it is blind blasphemers that will persist in calling them so! He insists

with a heavy sulphurous wrathful emphasis on this. As he well might. As if a Cromwell in that dark, huge game he had been playing, the world wholly thrown into chaos round him, had *foreseen* it all, and played it all off like a precontrived puppet show by wood and wire! These things were foreseen by no man, he says; no man could tell what a day would bring forth: they were "births of Providence," God's finger guided us on, and we came at last to clear height of victory, God's Cause triumphant in these Nations; and you as a Parliament could assemble together, and say in what manner all this could be *organized*, reduced into rational feasibility among the affairs of men. You were to help with your wise counsel in doing that. "You have had such an opportunity as no Parliament in England ever had." Christ's Law, the Right and True, was to be in some measure made the Law of this land. In place of that, you have got into your idle pedantries, constitutionalities, bottomless cavilings, and questionings about written laws for *my* coming here; and would send the whole matter in chaos again, because I have no Notary's parchment, but only God's voice from the battle whirlwind, for being President among you. That opportunity is gone; and we know not when it will return. You have had your constitutional Logic; and Mammon's Law, not Christ's Law, rules yet in this land. "God be judge between you and me!" These are his final words to them: Take you your constitution formulas in your hand; and I my *in*formal struggles, purposes, realities, and acts; and "God be judge between you and me!"

We said above what shapeless, involved chaotic things the printed Speeches of Cromwell are. *Willfully* ambiguous, unintelligible, say the most: a hypocrite shrouding himself in confused Jesuitic jargon! To me they do not seem so. I will say rather, they afforded the first glimpses I could ever get into the reality of this Cromwell, — nay, into the possibility of him. Try to believe that he means something, search lovingly what that may be: you will find a real *speech* lying imprisoned in these broken, rude, tortuous utterances; a meaning in the great heart of this inarticulate man! You will, for the first time, begin to see that he was a man; not an enigmatic chimera, unintelligible to you, incredible to you. The Histories and Biographies written of this Cromwell, written in shallow, skeptical generations that could not know or conceive of a deep believing man, are far more *obscure* than Cromwell's Speeches.

You look through them only into the infinite vague of Black and the Inane. "Heats and jealousies," says Lord Clarendon himself: "heats and jealousies," mere crabbed whims, theories and crotchets; these induced slow, sober, quiet Englishmen to lay down their plows and work; and fly into red fury of confused war against the best-conditioned of Kings! *Try* if you can find that true. Skepticism writing about Belief may have great gifts; but it is really *ultra vires* there. It is Blindness laying down the Laws of Optics.—

Cromwell's third Parliament split on the same rock as his second. Ever the constitutional Formula: How came *you* there? Show us some Notary parchment! Blind pedants: "Why, surely the same power which makes you a Parliament, that, and something more, made me a Protector!" If my Protectorship is nothing, what in the name of wonder is your Parliamenteership, a reflex and creation of that?—

Parliaments having failed, there remained nothing but the way of Despotism. Military Dictators, each with his district, to *coerce* the Royalist and other gainsayers, to govern them, if not by act of Parliament, then by the sword. Formula shall *not* carry it, while the Reality is here! I will go on, protecting oppressed Protestants abroad, appointing just judges, wise managers, at home cherishing true Gospel ministers; doing the best I can to make England a Christian England, greater than old Rome, the Queen of Protestant Christianity; I, since you will not help me; I, while God leaves me life!—Why did he not give it up; retire into obscurity again, since the Law would not acknowledge him? cry several. That is where they mistake. For him there was no giving of it up! Prime Ministers have governed countries, Pitt, Bombal, Choiseul; and their word was a law while it held: but this Prime Minister was one that *could not get resigned*. Let him once resign, Charles Stuart and the Cavaliers waited to kill him; to kill the Cause *and* him. Once embarked, there is no retreat, no return. This Prime Minister could *retire* no-whither except into his tomb.

One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him. Heavy; which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will,—Cromwell "follows him to the door," in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style; begs that he would be

reconciled to him, his old brother in arms; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old: the rigorous Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes his way. — And the man's head now white; his strong arm growing weary with its long work! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that Palace of his; a right brave woman; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing Household there: if she heard a shot go off, she thought it was her son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living. The poor old Mother! — What had this man gained; what had he gained? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in History? His dead body was hung in chains; his "place in History," — place in History forsooth! — has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar, but a genuinely honest man! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us? *We* walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life; step over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not *spurn* it, as we step on it! Let the Hero rest. It was not to *men's* judgment that he appealed: nor have men judged him very well.

CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS.

By JEREMY TAYLOR.

(From "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living.")

[JEREMY TAYLOR: An English theologian; born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613; died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1667. He was the son of a barber, and received his degree at Cambridge. He was probably a chaplain during the Civil War, later became a schoolmaster, and after the Restoration was made bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland. He published "Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians, New and Old" (1642), "Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying" (1647), "The Great Exemplar of Sanctity and Holy Life" (1649), "The Rule and Exercise of Holy Living" (1650), and "Ductor Dubitantium" (1660).]

VIRTUES and discourses are like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sad-

nesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents: and, in this sense, no man that is virtuous can be friendless; nor hath any man reason to complain of the Divine Providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit: for this alone makes a man pass through fire, and not be scorched; through seas, and not be drowned; through hunger and nakedness, and want nothing.

For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite,—as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss,—he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him; because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune: and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or center of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised, whatever happens; either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness; and they are every one of them equally in order to his great end and immortal felicity: and beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin; but by a proportion to the fancy.

No rules can make amiability, our minds and apprehensions make that: and so is our felicity: and we may be reconciled to poverty and a low fortune, if we suffer contentedness and the grace of God to make the proportions. For no man is poor, that does not think himself so: but if, in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition. But, because this grace of Contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy, and a great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burdens of the world and the enmities of sad chances, it will not be amiss to press it by the proper arguments by which God hath bound it upon our spirits: it being fastened by reason and religion, by duty and interest, by necessity and conveniency, by example, and by the proposition of excellent rewards, no less than peace and felicity.

Contentedness in all estates is a duty of religion; it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence

which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of His great family. He were a strange fool that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial: for He hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them; so that it only differs in the manner of our provision: and which had you rather want, shoes or reason? And my patron that hath given me a farm is freer to me than if he gives a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from Him, and therefore it is fit He should dispense them as He pleases; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For, if that which we are or have do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, *if this please God, let it be as it is:* and we, who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances: and if their employment be crossed by a higher decree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event; and, when the Angel of Judæa could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the Angel of Persia opposed it, he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshiped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion as the prevailing Spirit. Do thou so likewise: keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine Providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For, is not all the world God's family? Are not we His creatures? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter? Do not we live upon His meat, and move by His strength, and do our work by His light? Are we anything but what we are from Him? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their Shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into deserts and unknown ways? If we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all: but God, who can do

what He pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to execute all His wise decrees. Here therefore is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him: for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where our great General hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon chance and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our own fortunes good or bad; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents among things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain; or, if we want meat till we die, then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him: for so the adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head. The old Stoics when you told them of a sad story, would still answer: "τί πρὸς μέ; *What is that to me?*" "Yes, for the tyrant hath sentenced you also to prison." "Well, what is that? He will put a chain upon my leg, but he cannot bind my soul." "No: but he will kill you." "Then I'll die. If presently, let me go, that I may presently

be freer than himself: but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason and nature calls for, as at other times." This in Gentile philosophy is the same with the discourse of St. Paul, *I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both how to be full and how to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need.*

We are in the world like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can; and let nothing trouble us, but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly: these things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another, they cannot fall under our deliberations, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose: and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them; since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy: and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and *to a man nothing miserable, unless it be unreasonable.* No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings. . . .

There is nothing but hath a double handle, or at least we have two hands to apprehend it. When an enemy reproaches us, let us look on him as an impartial relator of our faults, for he will tell thee truer than thy fondest friend will; and thou mayest call them precious balms, though they break thy head, and forgive his anger, while thou makest use of the plainness of his declamation. "The ox, when he is weary, treadeth surest;" and if there be nothing else in the disgrace, but that it makes us to walk warily, and tread sure for fear of our enemies, that is better than to be flattered into pride and carelessness. . . .

Never compare thy condition with those about thee; but to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldest not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition. A soldier must not think himself unprosperous if he be not

successful as the son of Philip, or cannot grasp a fortune as big as the Roman empire. Be content that thou art not lessened as was Pyrrhus, or if thou beest, that thou art not routed like Crassus; and when that comes to thee, it is a great prosperity that thou art not caged and made a spectacle, like Bajazet, or thy eyes were not pulled out, like Zedekiah's, or that thou wert not flayed alive, like Valentinian.[1] If thou admirest the greatness of Xerxes, look also on those that digged the mountain Atho, or whose ears and noses were cut off because the Hellespont carried away the bridge. It is a fine thing (thou thinkest) to be carrried on men's shoulders; but give God thanks that thou art not forced to carry a rich fool upon thy shoulders, as those poor men do whom thou beholdest. There are but a few kings in mankind; but many thousands who are very miserable if compared to thee. However, it is a huge folly rather to grieve for the good of others than to rejoice for that good which God hath given us as our own.

And yet there is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world. It may be, he would have one man's wealth added to himself, or the power of a second, or the learning of a third; but still he would receive these into his own person because he loves that best, and therefore esteems it best, and therefore overvalues all that which he is, before all that which any other man in the world can be. Would any man be Dives to have his wealth, or Judas for his office, or Saul for his kingdom, or Absalom for his beauty, or Achitophel for his policy? It is likely he would wish all these, and yet he would be the same person still. For every man hath desires of his own, and objects just fitted to them, without which he cannot be, unless he were not himself. And let every man that loves himself so well as to love himself before all the world, consider if he have not something for which in the whole he values himself for more than he can value any man else. There is, therefore, no reason to take the finest feathers from all the winged nation to deck that bird that thinks already she is more valuable than any of the inhabitants of the air. Either change all or none. Cease to love yourself best, or be content with that portion of being and blessing for which you love yourself so well.

[1] A slip for "Valerian," and even he was not (apocryphally) reported as flayed *alive*, but after his death.

OF THE LIBERTY OF SUBJECTS.

By THOMAS HOBBES.

(From "The Leviathan.")

[Thomas Hobbes, a great English metaphysician, was born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588; died December 4, 1679. His works are so numerous and special, in metaphysical exposition and controversy, that only students of such subjects would find a list of them useful; the one still familiar is "The Leviathan," an analysis of society.]

The difference of commonwealths consisteth in the difference of the sovereign, or the person representative of all and every one of the multitude. And because the sovereignty is either in one man, or in an assembly of more than one; and into that assembly either every man hath right to enter, or not every one, but certain men distinguished from the rest: it is manifest, there can be but three kinds of commonwealth. For the representative must needs be one man, or more; and if more, then it is the assembly of all, or but of a part. When the representative is one man, then is the commonwealth a Monarchy; when of all that will come together, then it is a Democracy, or popular commonwealth; when of a part only, then it is called an Aristocracy. Other kind of commonwealth there can be none; for either one, or more, or All, must have the sovereign power (which I have shown to be indivisible) entire.

There be other names of government, in the histories and books of policy: Tyranny and Oligarchy; but they are not the names of other forms of government, but of the same forms misliked. For they that are discontented under Monarchy call it Tyranny; and they that are displeased with Aristocracy call it Oligarchy; so also they which find themselves grieved under a Democracy, call it Anarchy (which signifies want of government). And yet I think no man believes that want of government is any new kind of government; nor by the same reason, ought they to believe that the government is of one kind when they like it, and another when they mislike it, or are oppressed by the governors. Liberty, or "freedom," signifieth, properly, the absence of opposition; by "opposition," I mean external impediments of motion; and may be applied no less to irrational and inanimate

creatures than to rational. For whatsoever is so tied, or environed, as it cannot move but within a certain space, which space is determined by the opposition of some external body, we say it hath not liberty to go further. And so of all living creatures whilst they are imprisoned, or restrained, with walls or chains; and of the water whilst it is kept in by banks or vessels, that otherwise would spread itself into a larger space, we use to say, they are not at liberty to move in such manner, as without those external impediments they would. But when the impediment of motion is in the constitution of the thing itself, we use not to say, it wants the liberty, but the power to move; as when a stone lieth still, or a man is fastened to his bed by sickness.

And according to this proper and generally received meaning of the word, a "freeman is he that, in those things which by his strength and wit he is able to do, is not hindered to do what he has a will to." But when the words "free" and "liberty" are applied to anything but "bodies," they are abused; for that which is not subject to motion is not subject to impediment; and therefore, when it is said, for example, the way is free, no liberty of the way is signified, but of those that walk in it without stop. And when we say a gift is free, there is not meant any liberty of the gift, but of the giver, that was not bound by any law or covenant to give it. So when we "speak freely," it is not the liberty of voice, or pronunciation, but of the man, whom no law hath obliged to speak otherwise than he did. Lastly, from the use of the word "free-will," no liberty can be inferred of the will, desire, or inclination, but the liberty of the man; which consisteth in this, that he finds no stop in doing what he has the will, desire, or inclination to do.

Fear and liberty are consistent; as when a man throweth his goods into the sea for "fear" the ship should sink, he doth it nevertheless very willingly, and may refuse to do it if he will: it is therefore the action of one that was "free"; so a man sometimes pays his debt, only for "fear" of imprisonment, which because nobody hindered him from detaining, was the action of a man at "liberty." And generally all actions which men do in commonwealths, for "fear" of the law, are actions which the doers had "liberty" to omit.

"Liberty" and "necessity" are consistent, as in the water, that hath not only "liberty," but a "necessity," of descending by the channel; so likewise in the actions which men voluntarily do: which, because they proceed from their will, proceed

from "liberty," and yet, because every act of man's will, and every desire and inclination, proceedeth from some cause, and that from another cause, in a continual chain, whose first link is in the hand of God the first of all causes, proceed from "necessity." So that to him that could see the connection of those causes, the "necessity" of all men's voluntary actions would appear manifest. And therefore God, that seeth and disposeth all things, seeth also that the "liberty" of man in doing what he will is accompanied with the "necessity" of doing that which God will, and no more nor less. For though men may do many things which God does not command, nor is therefore author of them, yet they can have no passion, nor appetite to anything, of which appetite God's will is not the cause. And did not His will assure the "necessity" of man's will, and consequently of all that on man's will dependeth, the "liberty" of men would be a contradiction and impediment to the omnipotence and "liberty" of God. And this shall suffice, as to the matter in hand, of that natural "liberty," which only is properly called "liberty."

But as men, for the attaining of peace, and the conservation of themselves thereby, have made an artificial man, which we call a commonwealth; so also have they made artificial chains, called "civil laws," which they themselves, by mutual covenants, have fastened at one end, to the lips of that man, or assembly, to whom they have given the sovereign power; and at the other end to their own ears. These bonds, in their own nature but weak, may nevertheless be made to hold, by the danger, though not by the difficulty, of breaking them.

In relation to these bonds only it is that I am to speak now of the "liberty" of "subjects." For seeing there is no commonwealth in the world wherein there be rules enough set down for the regulating of all the actions and words of men, as being a thing impossible, it followeth necessarily that in all kinds of actions by the laws pretermitted, men have the liberty of doing what their own reasons shall suggest, for the most profitable to themselves. For if we take liberty in the proper sense, for corporal liberty; that is to say, freedom from chains and prison; it were very absurd for men to clamor as they do for the liberty they so manifestly enjoy. Again, if we take liberty for an exemption from laws, it is no less absurd for men to demand as they do that liberty by which all other men may be masters of their lives. And yet, as absurd as it is, this is it they demand;

not knowing that the laws are of no power to protect them, without a sword in the hands of a man, or men, to cause those laws to be put in execution. The liberty of a subject lieth therefore only in those things which, in regulating their actions, the sovereign hath pretermitted: such as is the liberty to buy and sell, and otherwise contract with one another; to choose their own abode, their own diet, their own trade of life, and institute their children as they themselves think fit; and the like.

Nevertheless we are not to understand that by such liberty the sovereign power of life and death is either abolished or limited. For it has been already shown that nothing the sovereign representative can do to a subject, on what pretense soever, can properly be called injustice or injury; because every subject is author of every act the sovereign doth; so that he never wanteth right to anything, otherwise than as he himself is the subject of God, and bound thereby to observe the laws of Nature. And therefore it may, and doth often happen in commonwealths, that a subject may be put to death by the command of the sovereign power; and yet neither do the other wrong: as when Jephtha caused his daughter to be sacrificed; in which, and the like cases, he that so dieth, had liberty to do the action, for which he is nevertheless without injury put to death. And the same holdeth also in a sovereign prince that putteth to death an innocent subject. For though the action be against the law of Nature, as being contrary to equity, as was the killing of Uriah by David; yet it was not an injury to Uriah, but to God. Not to Uriah, because the right to do what he pleased was given him by Uriah himself: and yet to God, because David was God's subject, and prohibited all iniquity by the law of Nature: which distinction, David himself, when he repented the fact, evidently confirmed, saying, "To Thee only have I sinned." In the same manner the people of Athens, when they banished the most potent of their commonwealth for ten years, thought they committed no injustice; and yet they never questioned what crime he had done, but what hurt he would do: nay, they commanded the banishment of they knew not whom; and every citizen bringing his oyster shell into the market place, written with the name of him he desired should be banished, without actually accusing him, sometimes banished an Aristides, for his reputation of justice, and sometimes a scurrilous jester, as Hyperbolus, to make a jest of it. And yet a man cannot say, the

sovereign people of Athens wanted right to banish them, or an Athenian the liberty to jest or to be just.

The liberty whereof there is so frequent and honorable mention in the histories and philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in the writings and discourse of those that from them have received all their learning in the politics, is not the liberty of particular men, but the liberty of the commonwealth: which is the same with that which every man then should have, if there were no civil laws, nor commonwealth at all. And the effects of it also be the same. For as amongst masterless men there is perpetual war, of every man against his neighbor; no inheritance to transmit to the son, nor to expect from the father; no propriety of goods or lands; no security; but a full and absolute liberty in every particular man: so in states and commonwealths not dependent on one another, every commonwealth, not every man, has an absolute liberty to do what it shall judge, that is to say, what that man, or assembly that representeth it, shall judge most conducing to their benefit. But withal, they live in the condition of a perpetual war, and upon the confines of battle, with their frontiers armed, and cannons planted against their neighbors round about. The Athenians and Romans were free; that is, free commonwealths: not that any particular men had the liberty to resist their own representative, but that their representative had the liberty to resist or invade other people. There is written on the turrets of the city of Lucca, in great characters, at this day, the word "Libertas"; yet no man can thence infer that a particular man has more liberty, or immunity from the service of the commonwealth there, than in Constantinople. Whether a commonwealth be monarchical or popular, the freedom is still the same.

But it is an easy thing for men to be deceived by the specious name of liberty, and for want of judgment to distinguish, mistake that for their private inheritance and birthright which is the right of the public only. And when the same error is confirmed by the authority of men in reputation for their writings on this subject, it is no wonder if it produce sedition and change of government. In these western parts of the world we are made to receive our opinions concerning the institution and rights of commonwealths, from Aristotle, Cicero, and other men, Greeks and Romans, that living under popular states derived those rights, not from the principles of Nature, but transcribed them into their books out of the practice of their own

commonwealths, which were popular; as the grammarians describe the rules of language out of the practice of the time, or the rules of poetry out of the poems of Homer and Virgil. And because the Athenians were taught to keep them from desire of changing their government, that they were free men, and all that lived under monarchy were slaves; therefore Aristotle put it down in his "Politics" (lib. 6, cap. ii.): "In democracy, 'liberty' is to be supposed: for it is commonly held that no man is 'free' in any other government." And as Aristotle, so Cicero and other writers have grounded their civil doctrine on the opinions of the Romans, who were taught to hate monarchy, at first, by them that, having deposed their sovereign, shared amongst them the sovereignty of Rome, and afterwards by their successors. And by reading of these Greek and Latin authors, men from their childhood have gotten a habit, under a false show of liberty, of favoring tumults, and of licentious controlling the actions of their sovereigns, and again of controlling those controllers; with the effusion of so much blood as I think I may truly say there was never anything so dearly bought as these western parts have bought the learning of the Greek and Latin tongues.

To come now to the particulars of the true liberty of a subject; that is to say, what are the things which, though commanded by the sovereign, he may nevertheless, without injustice, refuse to do; we are to consider what rights we pass away, when we make a commonwealth; or, which is all one, what liberty we deny ourselves, by owning all the actions, without exception, of the man, or assembly, we make our sovereign. For in the act of our "submission" consisteth both our "obligation" and our "liberty"; which must therefore be inferred by arguments taken from thence; there being no obligation on any man, which ariseth not from some act of his own; for all men equally are by Nature free. And because such arguments must either be drawn from the express words, I "authorize all his actions," or from the intention of him that submitteth himself to his power, which intention is to be understood by the end for which he so submitteth, the obligation and liberty of the subject is to be derived, either from those words, or others equivalent; or else from the end of the institution of sovereignty, namely, the peace of the subjects within themselves, and their defense against a common enemy.

First, therefore, seeing sovereignty by institution is by

covenant of every one to every one; and sovereignty by acquisition, by covenants of the vanquished to the victor, or child to the parent; it is manifest that every subject has liberty in all those things the right whereof cannot by covenant be transferred. I have shown before, in the 14th chapter, that covenants not to defend a man's own body are void. Therefore,

If the sovereign command a man, though justly condemned, to kill, wound, or maim himself; or not to resist those that assault him; or to abstain from the use of food, air, medicine, or any other thing, without which he cannot live; yet hath that man the liberty to disobey.

If a man be interrogated by the sovereign, or his authority, concerning a crime done by himself, he is not bound, without assurance of pardon, to confess it; because no man, as I have shown in the same chapter, can be obliged by covenant to accuse himself.

Again, the consent of a subject to sovereign power is contained in these words, "I authorize, or take upon me, all his actions;" in which there is no restriction at all, of his own former natural liberty: for by allowing him to "kill me," I am not bound to kill myself when he commands me. It is one thing to say, "Kill me, or my fellow, if you please;" another thing to say, "I will kill myself, or my fellow." It followeth therefore that

No man is bound by the words themselves, either to kill himself, or any other man; and consequently, that the obligation a man may sometimes have, upon the command of the sovereign to execute any dangerous or dishonorable office, dependeth not on the words of our submission, but on the intention which is to be understood by the end thereof. When therefore our refusal to obey frustrates the end for which the sovereignty was ordained, then there is no liberty to refuse: otherwise there is.

Upon this ground, a man that is commanded as a soldier to fight against the enemy, though his sovereign have right enough to punish his refusal with death, may nevertheless in many cases refuse, without injustice; as when he substituteth a sufficient soldier in his place: for in this case he deserteth not the service of the commonwealth. And there is allowance to be made for natural timorousness; not only to women, of whom no such dangerous duty is expected, but also to men of feminine cour-

age. When armies fight, there is on one side, or both, a running away; yet when they do it not out of treachery, but fear, they are not esteemed to do it unjustly, but dishonorably. For the same reason, to avoid battle is not injustice, but cowardice. But he that enrolleth himself a soldier, or taketh impressed money, taketh away the excuse of a timorous nature, and is obliged, not only to go to the battle, but also not to run from it, without his captain's leave. And when the defense of the commonwealth requireth at once the help of all that are able to bear arms, every one is obliged; because otherwise the institution of the commonwealth, which they have not the purpose or courage to preserve, was in vain.

To resist the sword of the commonwealth in defense of another man, guilty or innocent, no man hath liberty; because such liberty takes away from the sovereign the means of protecting us, and is therefore destructive of the very essence of government. But in case a great many men together have already resisted the sovereign power unjustly, or committed some capital crime for which every one of them expecteth death, whether have they not the liberty then to join together, and assist and defend one another? Certainly they have; for they but defend their lives, which the guilty man may as well do as the innocent. There was indeed injustice in the first breach of their duty; their bearing of arms subsequent to it, though it be to maintain what they have done, is no new unjust act. And if it be only to defend their persons, it is not unjust at all. But the offer of pardon taketh from them to whom it is offered the plea of self-defense, and maketh their perseverance in assisting or defending the rest unlawful.

As for other liberties, they depend on the silence of the law. In cases where the sovereign has prescribed no rule, there the subject hath the liberty to do, or forbear, according to his own discretion. And therefore such liberty is in some places more, and in some less; and in some times more, in other times less, according as they that have the sovereignty shall think most convenient.

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

By IZAAK WALTON.

[IZAAK WALTON, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653). He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

GENTLEMEN, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship to carry, and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. But I cry your mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

Auceps — Sirs, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless I must part with you at this park wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

Piscator — Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

Venator — Not I, sir: I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say farther concerning those particulars.

Piscator — Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

Venator — Pray, sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatched House; during which walk I dare promise you my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken — first that it is an art, and an art

worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a fishing, and that I may become your scholar and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

Piscator — O sir, doubt not that angling is an art. Is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? a trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold; and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow for a friend's breakfast; — doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself.

Venator — Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed; and in the order you propose.

Piscator — Then first, for the antiquity of angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this: some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood; others, that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of angling; and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge and those useful arts which by God's appointment or allowance and his noble industry were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, sir, have been the opinions of several men that have possibly endeavored to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you that angling is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Savior; for in the prophet Amos mention is made of fishhooks; and in the book of Job, which

was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fishhooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches; or wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant that where a noble and ancient descent, and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person); so, if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honor or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practice, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you that in ancient times a debate hath arisen, and it remains yet unresolved; whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which some have endeavored to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say that God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Savior to Martha (Luke x. 41, 42).

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country or do good to particular persons. And they say also that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together,

and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the seashore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their minds in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the Children of Israel (Psal. cxxxvii.), who, having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon these banks bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard says that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour to pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first, concerning rivers: there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them; and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drunk cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof

have their wool turned into a vermilion color. And one of no less credit than Aristotle tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, it is called Mole, that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way underground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny, the philosopher, says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called *balæna*, or whirlpool, is so long and broad as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that, in the river Ganges, there be eels of thirty feet long. He says there that these monsters appear in the sea only when tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of water falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish bones. He there tells us that there are sometimes a thousand of these great eels found wrapt or interwoven together. He tells us there that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and used to feed them, and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's "Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity," printed by him about the year 1670.

I know that we islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully

and methodically at his house, near to Lambeth near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may see the hogfish, the dogfish, the dolphin, the coneyfish, the parrotfish, the shark, the poisonfish, the swordfish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, and Solan geese, the bird of Paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such birds' nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other wonders I spake of the less incredible; for you may note that the waters are nature's storehouse, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet Mr. George Herbert his divine "Contemplation on God's Providence."

Lord, who hath praise enough; nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Therefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

* * * * * * *

You shall read in Seneca, his "Natural Questions," Lib. 3, Cap. 17, that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass bottles in their dining rooms: and they did glory much in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colors, when they were dying.

But enough of this, for I doubt I have stayed too long from giving you some observations of the trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.

The Trout is a fish highly valued both in this and foreign nations: he may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck that he also has his seasons; for it is observed that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck; Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring, and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste, and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him. . . .

But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebblestones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milkmaid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do: but she cast away all care, and sung like a

nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it: it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milkmaid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed, and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk Woman — Marry, God requite you, sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice in a new-made haycock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men; in the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Piscator — No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt; it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow about eight or nine days since.

Milk Woman — What song was it, I pray? Was it "Come Shepherds, deck your heads"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Philida flouts me"? or, "Chevy Chace"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?

Piscator — No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk Woman — Oh, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentleman with a merry heart, and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
The valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for my meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Venator — Trust me, my master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, and sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her, "That she may die in the spring,

and being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."

THE MILKMAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last and love still breed —
Had joys no date, or age no need —
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Mother — Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maudlin — I will, mother.

"I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate;
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate;

"But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking pail."

Piscator — Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days, and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar, let Maudlin alone; do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look, yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now? Is my brother Peter come?

Hostess — Yes, and a friend with him; they are both glad to hear that you are in these parts, and long to see you, and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

* * * * * * *

Piscator — What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you; but I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was and is to plant that in

your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul: that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you riches, without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches, with them, remove many fears and cares; and therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy, and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart. Which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest scholar; and so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator — Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. . . .

Here I must part with you, here in this now sad place where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless, I will make it as short as I can by my hopes and wishes. And, my good master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honored so much for being philosophers, as to honor philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavor to do so; and to live like those many worthy men of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel

houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. Peter's master be with mine.

Piscator — And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a angling.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

By JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

(From "Lucifer," translated by Sir John Bowring.)

[JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL, the great Dutch poet and dramatist, known as "the Dutch Shakespeare," was born at Cologne, November 17, 1587. His parents, who were Anabaptists, had fled to Cologne from Antwerp to avoid the persecution of the Spanish government, and removed to Amsterdam in 1597. The son carried on his father's business of hosier, to which, however, his wife chiefly attended, and thus secured him leisure for his literary work. In 1657 he became a bankrupt, owing to bad management of his affairs by his eldest son, and the next year was forced to accept a clerkship in the public loan office, retiring with a pension in 1668 on account of old age. Among his dramatic works are: Translations or imitations of classic plays; the original dramas "Palamedes," "Gysbrecht van Aemstel," "Mary Stuart," "Jephtha"; and the dramatic poem "Lucifer" (1654), his most powerful work. He also excelled as a lyric poet. He died at Amsterdam in 1679.]

WHO sits above heaven's heights sublime,
  Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity or time
  Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on Himself alone depends,
  Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
And in His mighty being blends
  What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not, all we know,
  Prime source and origin, a sea
Whose waters poured on earth below
  Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.

His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
And wakened from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
From His resplendent majesty
We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of Kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim.
O name, describe the Lord of Lords!
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him: —
Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain head:
Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
Or from the living or the dead!
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
No space can hold that awful Name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken; —
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb, — Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
And thou, O God! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell!
Who knows Thee? Thee, the All-unknown?
Can angels be thy oracle,
Who art, who art Thyself alone?
None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The Splendor and the Source of Time,
The Eternal of Eternity!
The light of light outpoured conveys
Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays; —
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us, but meets Thee never:
Thy power is life's support and stay, —
We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord! forever.
Holy! holy! holy! Praise,
Praise be His in every land!
Safety in His presence stays,
Sacred is His high command.

THREE SONNETS OF MILTON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 28.]

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont (1655).

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

To Cyriac Skinner (1656).

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

COWLEY ON HIMSELF.

[ABRAHAM COWLEY, one of the most admired poets of his time, though now little esteemed, was born at London in 1618. He was expelled from Cambridge University during the Civil War on account of his royalist sympathies, and then studied for a time at St. John's, Oxford. When Queen Henrietta Maria left the country he followed her to France, and managed her correspondence in cipher with the king. After the Restoration he was neglected for many years by Charles II., but at length retained the lease of the queen's lands at Chertsey, in Surrey. He died in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The epic "Davideis," "Pindaric Odes," and "The Mistress" are his chief poetical works.]

IT IS a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont

to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which I confess I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumor can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have, but when it depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display
Or in clouds hide them — I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily fight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts), yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when for aught I knew it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a storm, though I saw many

ships which rode safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect:

> Well then; I now do plainly see,
> This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from His Majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, with no greater probabilities or pretenses have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it.

> Thou, neither great at court nor in the war,
> Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
> Content thyself with the small barren praise,
> Which neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it *A corps perdu*, without making capitulations or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, "Take thy ease"; I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.* Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

> ——— *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
> *Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,*
> *Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest, and the best,
You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest,
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other chapters with a copy of verses, I will maintain the humor to the last.

Martial, Lib. 10, Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, etc.

Since, dearest friend, 'tis your desire to see
A true receipt of happiness from me;
These are the chief ingredients, if not all:
Take an estate neither too great nor small,
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call;
Let this estate from parents' care descend:
The getting it too much of life does spend.
Take such a ground, whose gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for industry.
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,
And let thy kitchens be a vestal flame.
Thee to the town let never suit at law,
And rarely, very rarely, business draw.
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,
In undisturbèd peace, yet not in sleep.
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,
Without which all the composition's vain.
In the same weight prudence and innocence take
Ana of each does the just mixture make.
But a few friendships wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Instead of art and luxury in food,
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good.
If any cares into thy daytime creep,
At night, without wines, opium, let them sleep.
Let rest, which Nature does to darkness wed,
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.
Be satisfied, and pleased with what thou art;
Act cheerfully and well the allotted part.
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear, nor wish the approaches of the last.

THE BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

By HENRY VAUGHAN.

[Henry Vaughan, "the Silurist" (*i.e.*, South Welshman), English poet and mystic, was born in Skethiog, Wales, in 1621. He graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, studied and was in literary society in London, and published a volume of poems in 1646. Taking a medical course, he settled as a physician in his native town. His works thenceforth were: "Silex Scintillans" (sacred poems), 1650 and 1655; "Olor Iscanus" (secular), 1651; "The Mount of Olives" (prose, mystical), 1652; and translations. In 1678 a friend collected his miscellaneous poems as "Thalia Rediviva." He died in 1693.]

Blest infant bud, whose blossom life
Did only look about, and fall
Wearied out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all;

Sweetly didst thou expire: thy soul
Flew home unstained by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death weaned thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin crumbs
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dress them, and unswaddle death!

THE BIRD.

By HENRY VAUGHAN.

Hither thou com'st. The busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed
And harmless head;
And now as fresh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence whose unseen arm
Curbed them, and clothed thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

THE DEATH OF RADZIVILL.

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

(From "The Deluge."[1])

[HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, the foremost living Polish novelist, was born of Lithuanian parents at Vola Okrzejska in the Lukowschen, in 1846. After pursuing his studies at the University of Warsaw, he adopted a wandering existence, and in 1876 proceeded to America, where he spent considerable time in southern California, and wrote for the Warsaw papers numerous stories and impressions of travel. He subsequently returned to Poland and took up literature as a profession. Nearly all of his works have been translated into English, and enjoy great popularity in the United States and England. The most important are: "Children of the Soil"; "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," forming a trilogy of historical novels; "Quo Vadis," a tale of the time of Nero; "Yanko the Musician"; "Without Dogma"; "Hania."]

THE others marched toward the castle in darkness and wind, which rose from the north and blew with increasing force, howling, storming, bringing with it clouds of snow broken fine.

"A good night to explode a petard!" said Volodyovski.

"But also for a sortie," answered Pan Yan. "We must keep a watchful eye and ready muskets."

"God grant," said Pan Tokarzevich, "that at Chenstohova there is a still greater storm. It is always warmer for our men behind the walls. But may the Swedes freeze there on guard, may they freeze!"

"A terrible night!" said Pan Stanislav; "do you hear, gentlemen, how it howls, as if Tartars were rushing through the air to attack?"

"Or as if devils were singing a requiem for Radzivill!" said Volodyovski.

But a few days subsequent the great traitor in the castle was looking at the darkness coming down on the snowy shrouds and listening to the howling of the wind.

The lamp of his life was burning out slowly. At noon of that day he was still walking around and looking through the battlements, at the tents and the wooden huts of Sapyeha's troops; but two hours later he grew so ill that they had to carry him to his chambers.

From those times at Kyedani in which he had striven for a crown, he had changed beyond recognition. The hair on his head had grown white, around his eyes red rings had formed,

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Little, Brown & Co.

his face was swollen and flabby, therefore it seemed still more enormous, but it was the face of a half corpse, marked with blue spots and terrible through its expression of hellish suffering.

And still, though his life could be measured by hours, he had lived too long, for not only had he outlived faith in himself and his fortunate star, faith in his own hopes and plans, but his fall was so deep that when he looked at the bottom of that precipice to which he was rolling, he would not believe himself. Everything had deceived him : events, calculations, allies. He, for whom it was not enough to be the mightiest lord in Poland, a prince of the Roman Empire, grand hetman, and voevoda of Vilna ; he, for whom all Lithuania was less than what he desired and was lusting after, was confined in one narrow, small castle in which either Death or Captivity was waiting for him. And he watched the door every day to see which of these two terrible goddesses would enter first to take his soul or his more than half-ruined body.

Of his lands, of his estates and starostaships, it was possible not long before to mark out a vassal kingdom ; now he is not master even of the walls of Tykotsin.

Barely a few months before he was treating with neighboring kings ; to-day one Swedish captain obeys his commands with impatience and contempt, and dares to bend him to his will.

When his troops left him, when from a lord and a magnate who made the whole country tremble, he became a powerless pauper who needed rescue and assistance himself, Karl Gustav despised him. He would have raised to the skies a mighty ally, but he turned with haughtiness from the supplicant.

Like Kostka Napyerski, the footpad, besieged on a time in Chorshtyn, is he, Radzivill, besieged now in Tykotsin. And who is besieging him? Sapyeha, his greatest personal enemy. When they capture him they will drag him to justice in worse fashion than a robber, as a traitor.

His kinsmen have deserted him, his friends, his connections. Armies have plundered his property, his treasures and riches are blown into mist, and that lord, that prince, who once upon a time astonished the court of France and dazzled it with his luxury, he who at feasts received thousands of nobles, who maintained tens of thousands of his own troops, whom he fed

and supported, had not now wherewith to nourish his own failing strength; and terrible to relate, he, Radzivill, in the last moments of his life, almost at the hour of his death, was hungry!

In the castle there had long been a lack of provisions; from the scant remaining supplies the Swedish commander dealt stingy rations, and the prince would not beg of him.

If only the fever which was devouring his strength had deprived him of consciousness; but it had not. His breast rose with increasing heaviness, his breath turned into a rattle, his swollen feet and hands were freezing, but his mind, omitting moments of delirium, omitting the terrible visions and nightmares which passed before his eyes, remained for the greater part of the time clear. And that prince saw his whole fall, all his want, all his misery and humiliation; that former warrior victor saw all his defeat, and his sufferings were so immense that they could be equaled only by his sins.

Besides, as the Furies tormented Orestes, so was he tormented by reproaches of conscience, and in no part of the world was there a sanctuary to which he could flee from them. They tormented him in the day, they tormented him at night, in the field, under the roof; pride could not withstand them nor repulse them. The deeper his fall, the more fiercely they lashed him. And there were moments in which he tore his own breast. When enemies came against his country from every side, when foreign nations grieved over its hapless condition, its sufferings and bloodshed, he, the grand hetman, instead of moving to the field, instead of sacrificing the last drop of his blood, instead of astonishing the world like Leonidas or Themistocles, instead of pawning his last coat like Sapyeha, made a treaty with enemies against the mother, raised a sacrilegious hand against his own king, and imbrued it in blood near and dear to him. He had done all this, and now he is at the limit not only of infamy, but of life, close to his reckoning, there beyond. What is awaiting him?

The hair rose on his head when he thought of that. For he had raised his hand against his country, he had appeared to himself great in relation to that country, and now all had changed. Now he had become small, and the Commonwealth, rising from dust and blood, appeared to him something great and continually greater, invested with a mysterious terror, full of a sacred majesty, awful. And she grew, increased continually in his eyes, and became more and more gigantic. In

presence of her he felt himself dust as prince and as hetman, as Radzivill. He could not understand what that was. Some unknown waves were rising around him, flowing toward him, with roaring, with thunder, flowing ever nearer, rising more terribly, and he understood that he must be drowned in that immensity, hundreds such as he would be drowned. But why had he not seen this awfulness and this mysterious power at first; why had he, madman, rushed against it? When these ideas roared in his head, fear seized him in presence of that mother, in presence of that Commonwealth; for he did not recognize her features, which formerly were so kind and so mild.

The spirit was breaking within him, and terror dwelt in his breast. At moments he thought that another country altogether, another people, were around him. Through the besieged walls came news of everything that men were doing in the invaded Commonwealth, and marvelous and astonishing things were they doing. A war of life or death against the Swedes and traitors had begun, all the more terrible in that it had not been foreseen by any man. The Commonwealth had begun to punish. There was something in this of the anger of God for the insult to majesty.

When through the walls of Tykotsin came news of the siege of Chenstohova, Radzivill, a Calvinist, was frightened; and fright did not leave his soul from that day, for then he perceived for the first time those mysterious waves which, after they had risen, were to swallow the Swedes and him; then the invasion of the Swedes seemed not an invasion, but a sacrilege, and the punishment of it inevitable. Then for the first time the veil dropped from his eyes, and he saw the changed face of the Commonwealth, no longer a mother, but a punishing queen.

All who had remained true to her and served with heart and soul rose and grew greater and greater; whoso sinned against her went down. "And therefore it is not free to any one to think," said the prince to himself, "of his own elevation, or that of his family, but he must sacrifice life, strength, and love to her."

But for him it was now too late; he had nothing to sacrifice; he had no future before him save that beyond the grave, at sight of which he shuddered.

From the time of besieging Chenstohova, when one terrible

cry was torn from the breast of an immense country, when as if by a miracle there was found in it a certain wonderful, hitherto unknown and not understood power, when you would have said that a mysterious hand from beyond this world rose in its defense, a new doubt gnawed into the soul of the prince, and he could not free himself from the terrible thought that God stood with that cause and that faith.

And when such thoughts roared in his head, he doubted his own faith, and then his despair passed even the measure of his sins. Temporal fall, spiritual fall, darkness, nothingness, — behold to what he had come, what he had gained by serving self.

And still, at the beginning of the expedition from Kyedani against Podlyasye, he was full of hope. It is true that Sapyeha, a leader inferior to him beyond comparison, had defeated him in the field, and the rest of the squadrons left him, but he strengthened himself with the thought that any day Boguslav might come with assistance. That young eagle of the Radzivills would fly to him at the head of Prussian Lutheran legions, who would not pass over to the papists like the Lithuanian squadrons ; and at once he would bend Sapyeha in two, scatter his forces, scatter the confederates, and putting themselves on the corpse of Lithuania, like two lions on the carcass of a deer, with roaring alone would terrify all who might wish to tear it away from them.

But time passed; the forces of Prince Yanush melted ; even the foreign regiments went over to the terrible Sapyeha ; days passed, weeks, months, but Boguslav came not.

At last the siege of Tykotsin began.

The Swedes, a handful of whom remained with Yanush, defended themselves heroically; for, stained already with terrible cruelty, they saw that even surrender would not guard them from the vengeful hands of the Lithuanians. The prince in the beginning of the siege had still the hope that at the last moment, perhaps, the King of Sweden himself would move to his aid, and perhaps Pan Konyetspolski, who at the head of six thousand cavalry was with Karl Gustav. But his hope was vain. No one gave him a thought, no one came with assistance.

"Oh, Boguslav ! Boguslav ! " repeated the prince, walking through the chambers of Tykotsin ; "if you will not save a cousin, save at least a Radzivill ! "

At last in his final despair Prince Yanush resolved on taking

a step at which his pride revolted fearfully; that was to implore Prince Michael Radzivill of Nyesvyej for rescue. This letter, however, was intercepted on the road by Sapyeha's men; but the voevoda of Vityebsk sent to Yanush in answer a letter which he had himself received from Prince Michael a week before.

Prince Yanush found in it the following passage: —

If news has come to you, gracious lord, that I intend to go with succor to my relative, the voevoda of Vilna, believe it not, for I hold only with those who endure in loyalty to the country and our king, and who desire to restore the former liberties of this most illustrious Commonwealth. This course will not, as I think, bring me to protect traitors from just and proper punishment. Boguslav too will not come, for, as I hear, the elector prefers to think of himself, and does not wish to divide his forces; and *quod attinet* (as to) Konyetspolski, since he will pay court to Prince Yanush's widow, should she become one, it is to his profit that the prince voevoda be destroyed with all speed.

This letter, addressed to Sapyeha, stripped the unfortunate Yanush of the remnant of his hope, and nothing was left him but to wait for the accomplishment of his destiny.

The siege was hastening to its close.

News of the departure of Sapyeha passed through the wall almost that moment; but the hope that in consequence of his departure hostile steps would be abandoned were of short duration, for in the infantry regiments an unusual movement was observable. Still some days passed quietly enough, since the plan of blowing up the gate with a petard resulted in nothing; but December 31 came, on which only the approaching night might incommode the besiegers, for evidently they were preparing something against the castle, at least a new attack of cannon on the weakened walls.

The day was drawing to a close. The prince was lying in the so-called "Corner" hall, situated in the western part of the castle. In an enormous fireplace were burning whole logs of pine wood, which cast a lively light on the white and rather empty walls. The prince was lying on his back on a Turkish sofa, pushed out purposely into the middle of the room, so that the warmth of the blaze might reach it. Nearer to the fireplace, a little in the shade, slept a page, on a carpet; near the

prince were sitting, slumbering in armchairs, Pani Yakimovich, formerly chief lady in waiting at Kyedani, another page, a physician, also the prince's astrologer, and Kharlamp.

Kharlamp had not left the prince, though he was almost the only one of his former officers who had remained. That was a bitter service, for the heart and soul of the officer were outside the walls of Tykotsin, in the camp of Sapyeha; still he remained faithful at the side of his old leader. From hunger and watching the poor fellow had grown as thin as a skeleton. Of his face there remained but the nose, which now seemed still greater, and mustaches like bushes. He was clothed in complete armor, breastplate, shoulder pieces, and morion, with a wire cape which came down to his shoulders. His cuirass was battered, for he had just returned from the walls, to which he had gone to make observations a little while before, and on which he sought death every day. He was slumbering at the moment from weariness, though there was a terrible rattling in the prince's breast as if he had begun to die, and though the wind howled and whistled outside.

Suddenly short quivering began to shake the gigantic body of Radzivill, and the rattling ceased. Those who were around him woke at once and looked quickly, first at him and then at one another. But he said: —

"It is as if something had gone out of my breast; I feel easier."

He turned his head a little, looked carefully toward the door, and at last said, "Kharlamp!"

"At the service of your highness!"

"What does Stahovich want here?"

The legs began to tremble under poor Kharlamp, for unterrified as he was in battle he was superstitious in the same degree; therefore he looked around quickly, and said in a stifled voice: —

"Stahovich is not here; your highness gave orders to shoot him at Kyedani."

The prince closed his eyes and answered not a word.

For a time there was nothing to be heard save the doleful and continuous howling of the wind.

"The weeping of people is heard in that wind," said the prince, again opening his eyes in perfect consciousness. "But I did not bring in the Swedes; it was Radzeyovski."

When no one gave answer, he said after a short time: —

"He is most to blame, he is most to blame, he is most to blame."

And a species of consolation entered his breast, as if the remembrance rejoiced him that there was some one more guilty than he.

Soon, however, more grievous thoughts must have come to his head, for his face grew dark, and he repeated a number of times: —

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

And again choking attacked him; a rattling began in his throat more terrible than before. Meanwhile from without came the sound of musketry, at first infrequent, then more frequent; but amidst the drifting of the snow and the howling of the whirlwind they did not sound too loudly, and it might have been thought that that was some continual knocking at the gate.

"They are fighting!" said the prince's physician.

"As usual!" answered Kharlamp. "People are freezing in the snowdrifts, and they wish to fight to grow warm."

"This is the sixth day of the whirlwind and the snow," answered the doctor. "Great changes will come in the kingdom, for this is an unheard-of thing."

"God grant it!" said Kharlamp. "It cannot be worse."

Further conversation was interrupted by the prince, to whom a new relief had come.

"Kharlamp!"

"At the service of your highness!"

"Does it seem to me so from weakness, or did Oskyerko try to blow up the gate with a petard two days since?"

"He tried, your highness; but the Swedes seized the petards and wounded him slightly, and Sapyeha's men were repulsed."

"If wounded slightly, then he will try again. But what day is it?"

"The last day of December, your highness."

"God be merciful to my soul! I shall not live to the New Year. Long ago it was foretold me that every fifth year death is near me."

"God is kind, your highness."

"God is with Sapyeha," said the prince, gloomily.

All at once he looked around and said: "Cold comes to me from it. I do not see it, but I feel that it is here."

"What is that, your highness?"

"Death!"

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

A moment of silence followed; nothing was heard but the whispered "Our Father," repeated by Pani Yakimovich.

"Tell me," said the prince, with a broken voice, "do you believe that outside of your faith no one can be saved?"

"Even in the moment of death it is possible to renounce errors," said Kharlamp.

The sound of shots had become at that moment more frequent. The thunder of cannon began to shake the window panes, which answered each report with a plaintive sound.

The prince listened a certain time calmly, then rose slightly on the pillow; his eyes began slowly to widen, his pupils to glitter. He sat up; for a moment he held his head with his hand, then cried suddenly, as if in bewilderment: —

"Boguslav! Boguslav! Boguslav!"

Kharlamp ran out of the room like a madman.

The whole castle trembled and quivered from the thunder of cannon.

All at once there was heard the cry of several thousand voices; then something was torn with a ghastly smashing of walls, so that brands and coals from the chimney were scattered on the floor. At the same time Kharlamp rushed into the chamber.

"Sapyeha's men have blown up the gate!" cried he. "The Swedes have fled to the tower! The enemy is here! Your highness——"

Further words died on his lips. Radzivill was sitting on the sofa with eyes starting out; with open lips he was gulping the air, his teeth bared like those of a dog when he snarls; he tore with his hands the sofa on which he was sitting, and gazing with terror into the depth of the chamber cried, or rather gave out hoarse rattles between one breath and another: —

"It was Radzeyovski — Not I — Save me! — What do you want? Take the crown! — It was Radzeyovski — Save me, people! Jesus! Jesus! Mary!"

These were the last words of Radzivill.

Then a terrible coughing seized him; his eyes came out in still more ghastly fashion from their sockets; he stretched himself out, fell on his back, and remained motionless.

"He is dead!" said the doctor.

"He cried Mary, though a Calvinist, you have heard!" said Pani Yakimovich.

"Throw wood on the fire!" said Kharlamp to the terrified pages.

He drew near to the corpse, closed the eyelids; then he took from his own armor a gilded image of the Mother of God which he wore on a chain, and placing the hands of Radzivill together on his breast, he put the image between the dead fingers.

The light of the fire was reflected from the golden ground of the image, and that reflection fell upon the face of the voevoda and made it cheerful, so that never had it seemed so calm.

Kharlamp sat at the side of the body, and resting his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hands.

The silence was broken only by the sound of shots.

All at once something terrible took place. First of all was a flash of awful brightness; the whole world seemed turned into fire, and at the same time there was given forth such a sound as if the earth had fallen from under the castle. The walls tottered; the ceilings cracked with a terrible noise; all the windows tumbled in on the floor, and the panes were broken into hundreds of fragments. Through the empty openings of the windows that moment clouds of snow drifted in, and the whirlwind began to howl gloomily in the corners of the chamber.

All the people present fell to the floor on their faces, speechless from terror.

Kharlamp rose first, and looked directly on the corpse of the voevoda; the corpse was lying in calmness, but the gilded image had slipped a little in the hands.

Kharlamp recovered his breath. At first he felt certain that that was an army of Satans who had broken into the chamber for the body of the prince.

"The word has become flesh!" said he. "The Swedes must have blown up the tower and themselves."

But from without there came no sound. Evidently the troops of Sapyeha were standing in dumb wonder, or perhaps in fear that the whole castle was mined, and that there would be explosion after explosion.

"Put wood on the fire!" said Kharlamp to the pages.

Again the room was gleaming with a bright, quivering light. Round about a deathlike stillness continued; but the fire hissed, the whirlwind howled, and the snow rolled each moment more densely through the window openings.

At last confused voices were heard, then the clatter of spurs and the tramp of many feet; the door of the chamber was opened wide, and soldiers rushed in.

It was bright from the naked sabers, and more and more figures of knights in helmets, caps, and kolpaks crowded through the door. Many were bearing lanterns in their hands, and they held them to the light, advancing carefully, though it was light in the room from the fire as well.

At last there sprang forth from the crowd a little knight all in enameled armor, and cried: —

"Where is the voevoda of Vilna?"

"Here!" said Kharlamp, pointing to the body lying on the sofa.

Volodyovski looked at him, and said: —

"He is not living!"

"He is not living, he is not living!" went from mouth to mouth.

"The traitor, the betrayer, is not living!"

"So it is," said Kharlamp, gloomily. "But if you dishonor his body and bear it apart with sabers, you will do ill, for before his end he called on the Most Holy Lady, and he holds Her image in his hand."

These words made a deep impression. The shouts were hushed. Then the soldiers began to approach, to go around the sofa, and look at the dead man. Those who had lanterns turned the light of them on his eyes; and he lay there, gigantic, gloomy, on his face the majesty of a hetman and the cold dignity of death.

The soldiers came one after another, and among them the officers; therefore Stankyevich approached, the two Skshetuskis, Horotkyevich, Yakub Kmita, Oskyerko, and Pan Zagloba.

"It is true!" said Zagloba, in a low voice, as if he feared to rouse the prince. "He holds in his hands the Most Holy Lady, and the shining from Her falls on his face."

When he said this he removed his cap. That instant all the others bared their heads. A moment of silence filled with reverence followed, which was broken at last by Volodyovski.

"Ah!" said he, "he is before the judgment of God, and people have nothing to do with him." Here he turned to Kharlamp. "But you, unfortunate, why did you for his sake leave your country and king?"

"Give him this way!" called a number of voices at once.

Then Kharlamp rose, and taking off his saber threw it with a clatter on the floor, and said: —

"Here I am, cut me to pieces! I did not leave him with you, when he was powerful as a king, and afterward it was not proper to leave him when he was in misery and no one stayed with him. I have not grown fat in his service; for three days I have had nothing in my mouth, and the legs are bending under me. But here I am, cut me to pieces! for I confess furthermore [here Kharlamp's voice trembled] that I loved him."

When he had said this he tottered and would have fallen; but Zagloba opened his arms to him, caught him, supported him, and cried: —

"By the living God! Give the man food and drink!"

That touched all to the heart; therefore they took Kharlamp by the arms and led him out of the chamber at once. Then the soldiers began to leave it one after another, making the sign of the cross with devotion.

On the road to their quarters Zagloba was meditating over something. He stopped, coughed, then pulled Volodyovski by the skirt. "Pan Michael," said he.

"Well, what?"

"My anger against Radzivill is passed; a dead man is a dead man! I forgive him from my heart for having made an attempt on my life."

"He is before the tribunal of heaven," said Volodyovski.

"That's it, that's it! H'm, if it would help him I would even give for a Mass, since it seems to me that he has an awfully small chance up there."

"God is merciful!"

"As to being merciful, he is merciful; still the Lord cannot look without abhorrence on heretics. And Radzivill was not only a heretic, but a traitor. There is where the trouble is!"

Here Zagloba shook his head and began to look upward.

"I am afraid," said he, after a while, "that some of those Swedes who blew themselves up will fall on my head; that they will not be received there in heaven is certain."

"They were good men," said Pan Michael, with recognition; "they preferred death to surrender; there are few such soldiers in the world."

HYDRIOTAPHIA: OR, URN-BURIAL.

By Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

(For biographical notice, see page 39.)

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim ?

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones become considerable, and some old philosophers would honor them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long, make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politicly cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth

our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counselors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vainglories which thought the world might last forever, had encouragement for ambition; and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore restless unquiet for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of

the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopical inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistencies? To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name, than Herodias with one. And who had not rather been the good thief than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have

equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. . . .

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls — a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become

merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osyris in the Dog Star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth — durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton's favor, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end (all others have a dependent being and within the reach of destruction); which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal luster, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch

and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least, quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocents' churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

THE AFFECTED LADIES.

By MOLIÈRE.

(Translated by Charles Heron Wall.)

[MOLIÈRE (stage name of Jean Baptiste Poquelin), the greatest of French comedy writers, was the son of an upholsterer, and was born in Paris in 1622. He studied law for a time at Orleans, but, preferring the theatrical profession, at twenty-one joined a company styling themselves "Illustre Théâtre," and traveled in the provinces for many seasons. He was playing at Lyons in 1653, where his first piece, "L'Étourdi," a comedy of intrigue, was brought out. In 1658 Molière's company acted at Paris before Louis XIV., who was so highly pleased that he allowed them to establish themselves in the city under the title of the "Troupe de Monsieur" (later denominated "Troupe du Roi"). Molière continued his career as actor and dramatist, and produced in rapid succession "Les Précieuses Ridicules," "L'École des Femmes," "Le Misanthrope," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "Tartuffe," "L'Avare," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Le Malade Imaginaire." In 1662 he made an ill-sorted marriage with Armande Béjart, a young actress twenty years his junior, a union that embittered the latter part of his life. About 1667 he showed symptoms of lung disease, and on February 17, 1673, after a performance of "Le Malade Imaginaire," died of a hemorrhage. It was only through the intervention of the king that the Church allowed him burial. In the literature of comedy Molière bears the greatest name among the moderns after Shakespeare.]

Present: LA GRANGE, DU CROISY.

Du Croisy — What do you think of our visit; are you much pleased with it?

La Grange — Has either of us reason to be so, in your opinion?

Du Croisy — No great reason, if the truth be told.

La Grange — For my part I am dreadfully put out about it. Did ever anybody meet with a couple of silly country wenches giving themselves such airs as these? Did ever anybody see two men treated with more contempt than we were? It was as much as they could do to bring themselves to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering, such yawning, such rubbing of eyes, such constant asking what o'clock it was. Why, they answered nothing but *yes* or *no* to all we said to them. Don't you think with me, that had we been the meanest persons in the world, they could hardly have behaved more rudely?

Du Croisy — You seem to take it very much to heart.

La Grange — I should think I do. I feel it so much that I am determined to be revenged on them for their imperti-

nence. . . . I have a certain valet, named Mascarille, who in the opinion of many people passes for a kind of wit, — nothing is cheaper nowadays than wit, — an absurd fellow, who has taken into his head to ape the man of rank. He prides himself upon love intrigues and poetry, and despises those of his own condition so far as to call them vulgar wretches.

Du Croisy — And what use do you intend to make of him?

La Grange — I will tell you; he must — But let us first get away from here.

Enter GORGIBUS.

Gorgibus — Well, gentlemen, you have seen my daughter and my niece; did all run smoothly? what is the result of your visit?

La Grange — This you may better learn from them than from us; all we can say is that we thank you for the honor you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

Du Croisy — And remain your most humble servants.

[*Exeunt.*

Gorgibus — Heyday! They seem to go away dissatisfied; what can have displeased them? I must know what's the matter. I say there!

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Did you call, sir?

Gorgibus — Where are your mistresses?

Marotte — In their dressing room, sir.

Gorgibus — What are they doing?

Marotte — Making lip salve.

Gorgibus — They are always making salve. Tell them to come down. [*Exit* MAROTTE.

Gorgibus [*alone*] — I believe these foolish girls have determined to ruin me with their ointments. I see nothing about here but white of eggs, milk of roses, and a thousand fiddle-faddles that I know nothing about. Since we came here they have used the fat of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live on the sheep's trotters they daily require.

Enter MADELON *and* CATHOS.

Gorgibus — There is great need, surely, for you to spend so much money in greasing your nozzles! Tell me, please, what

you can have done to those gentlemen, that I see them going away so coldly. Did I not ask you to receive them as persons whom I intended to give you for husbands?

Madelon — What! my father, could you expect us to have any regard for the unconventional proceedings of such people?

Cathos — What! my uncle, could you expect any girl, to the smallest extent in her senses, to reconcile herself to their persons?

Gorgibus — And what is there the matter with them?

Madelon — A fine way of making love to be sure, to begin at once with marriage!

Gorgibus — And what would you have them begin with — concubinage? Does not their conduct honor you as much as it does me? Can anything be more complimentary to you? and is not the sacred bond they propose a proof of the honesty of their intentions?

Madelon — Ah! father, how all you are saying betrays the vulgarity of your taste; I am ashamed to hear you speak as you do, and really you should make yourself acquainted with the fashionable air of things.

Gorgibus — I care neither for airs nor songs. I tell you that marriage is a holy and sacred thing, and that they acted like honorable men in speaking of it to you from the first.

Madelon — Really, if everybody was like you, how soon a love romance would be ended! What a fine thing it would have been if at starting Cyrus had married Mandane, and Aronce had been given straight off to Clélie! [In Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances.]

Gorgibus — What in the world is the girl talking about!

Madelon — My cousin will tell you, as well as I, that marriage, my father, should never take place till after other adventures. A lover who wants to be attractive should know how to utter noble sentiments, to sigh delicate, tender, and rapturous vows. He should pay his addresses according to rules. In the first place, it should be either at church or in the promenade, or at some public ceremony, that he first sees the fair one with whom he falls in love; or else fate should will his introduction to her by a relation or a friend, and he should leave her house thoughtful and melancholy. For a while, he conceals his love from the object of his passion, but in the mean time pays her several visits, during which he never fails to start some subject of gallantry to exercise the thoughts of

the assembled company. The day arrives for him to make his declaration. This should take place usually in some leafy garden walk, whilst everybody is out of hearing. The declaration is followed by our immediate displeasure, which shows itself by our blushing, and causes our lover to be banished for a time from our presence. He finds afterwards the means to appease us; to accustom us, by insensible degrees, to the rehearsal of his passion, and to obtain from us that confession which causes us so much pain. Then follow adventures: rivals who thwart our mutual inclination, persecution of fathers, jealousy based upon false appearances, reproaches, despair, elopement, and its consequences. It is thus things are carried on in high society, and in a well-regulated love affair these rules cannot be dispensed with. But to plunge headlong into a proposal of marriage, to make love and the marriage settlements go hand in hand, is to begin the romance at the wrong end. Once more, father, there is nothing more shopkeeper-like than such proceedings, and the bare mention of it makes me feel ill.

Gorgibus — What the devil is the meaning of all this jargon? Is that what you call "elevated style"?

Cathos — Indeed, uncle, my cousin states the case with all veracity. How can one be expected to receive with gratification persons whose addresses are altogether an impropriety? I feel certain that they have never seen the map of the "Country of Tenderness," and that "Billets-doux," "Trifling attentions," "Flattering letters," and "Sprightly verses," are regions unknown to them. [In Mademoiselle de Scudéry.] Was it not plainly marked in all their person? Are you not conscious that their external appearance was in no way calculated to give a good opinion of them at first sight? To come on a love visit with a leg lacking adornment, a hat destitute of feathers, a head unartistic as to its hair, and a coat that suffers from an indigence of ribbons! Heavens! what lovers! What frugality of dress! What barrenness of conversation! It is not to be endured. I also noticed that their bands were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their hauts-de-chausses [breeches] were at least six inches too narrow.

Gorgibus — I believe they are both crazed; not a word can I understand of all this gibberish — Cathos, and you, Madelon ——

Madelon — Pray, father, give up those strange names, and call us otherwise.

Gorgibus — Strange names! what do you mean? are they not those which were given you at your baptism?

Madelon — Ah me! how vulgar you are! My constant wonder is that you could ever have such a soul of wit as I for a daughter. Did ever anybody in refined language speak of "Cathos" [Kitty] and "Madelon," and must you not admit that a name such as either of these would be quite sufficient to ruin the finest romance in the world?

Cathos — It is but too true, uncle, that it painfully shocks a delicate ear to hear those names pronounced; and the name of Polixène which my cousin has chosen, and that of Aminte which I have taken for myself, have a charm which you cannot deny.

Gorgibus — Listen to me; one word is as good as a hundred. I won't have you adopt any other names than those given to you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for the gentlemen in question, I know their families and their fortune, and I have made up my mind that you shall take them for husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands; it is too much for a man of my age to have to look after two young girls.

Cathos — Well, uncle, all I can say is that I think marriage is altogether a very shocking thing.

Madelon — Let us enjoy for a time the *beau monde* of Paris, where we are only just arrived. Let us leisurely weave our own romance, and do not, we beg, hasten so much its conclusion.

Gorgibus [*aside*] — They are far gone, there is no doubt about it. [*Aloud*] Once more, understand me, get rid of all this nonsense, for I mean to have my own way; to cut matters short, either you will both be married before long, or, upon my word, you shall both be shut up in a nunnery. I'll take my oath of it. [*Exit.*

Cathos — Ah! my dear, how deeply immersed in matter your father is, how dull is his understanding, and what darkness overcasts his soul.

Madelon — What can I say, my dear? I am thoroughly ashamed for him. I can scarcely persuade myself that I am really his daughter, and I feel sure that at some future time it will be discovered that I am of a more illustrious descent.

Cathos — I fully believe it; yes, it is exceedingly probable. And when I too consider myself ——

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — There is a footman below, inquiring if you are at home; he says that his master wants to see you.

Madelon — Learn, imbecile, to express yourself with less vulgarity. Say: Here is an indispensable, who is inquiring if it is convenient for you to be visible.

Marotte — Why! I don't understand Latin, and I haven't learned filsofy out of the "Grand Cyrus," as you have done.

Madelon — The wretched creature! what a trial it is to bear with it! And who is this footman's master?

Marotte — He told me it was the Marquis of Mascarille.

Madelon — Ah! my dear, a marquis! Go by all means, and say that we are visible. No doubt it is some wit who has heard us spoken of.

Cathos — It must be so, my dear.

Madelon — We must receive him in this parlor rather than in our own room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and keep up our reputation. Quick, come along and hold before us, in here, the counselor of the graces.

Marotte — Goodness! I don't know what kind of an animal that is; you must speak like a Christian if you wish me to understand you.

Cathos — Bring us the looking-glass, ignorant girl that you are, and mind you do not defile its brightness by the communication of your image. [*Exeunt.*

Present: MASCARILLE *and two* CHAIRMEN.

Mascarille — Stop, chairmen, stop! Gently, gently, be careful I say! One would think these rascals intend to break me to pieces against the walls and pavement.

First Chairman — Well! you see, master, the door is narrow, and you wished us to bring you right in.

Mascarille — I should think so! Would you have me, jackanapes, risk the condition of my feathers to the inclemencies of the rainy season, and that I should give to the mud the impression of my shoes? Be off, take your chair away.

Second Chairman — Pay us, then, sir, if you please.

Mascarille — Ha! what's that you say?

Second Chairman — I say, sir, that we want our money, if you please.

Mascarille [*giving him a box on the ear*] — How, scoundrel, you ask money of a person of my rank!

Second Chairman — Are poor people to be paid in this fashion? and does your rank get us a dinner?

Mascarille — Ha! I will teach you to know your right place! Do you dare, you scoundrels, to set me at defiance?

First Chairman [*taking up one of the poles of the chair*] — Pay us at once; that's what I say.

Mascarille — What?

First Chairman — I must have the money this minute.

Mascarille — Now this is a sensible fellow.

First Chairman — Quick then.

Mascarille — Ay, you speak as you should do; but as for that other fellow, he doesn't know what he says. Here, are you satisfied?

First Chairman — No, you struck my companion, and I — [*holding up his pole*].

Mascarille — Gently, here's something for the blow. People can get everything out of me when they set about it in the right way; now go, but mind you come and fetch me by and by, to carry me to the Louvre for the *petit coucher*.

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Sir, my mistresses will be here directly.

Mascarille — Tell them not to hurry themselves; I am comfortably established here for waiting.

Marotte — Here they are. [*Exit.*

Enter MADELON *and* CATHOS *with* ALMANZOR.

Mascarille [*after having bowed to them*] — Ladies, you will be surprised, no doubt, at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation brings this troublesome incident upon you; merit has for me such powerful attractions, that I run after it wherever it is to be found.

Madelon — If you pursue merit, it is not in our grounds that you should hunt for it.

Cathos — If you find merit among us, you must have brought it here yourself.

Mascarille — I refuse to assent to such an assertion. Fame

tells the truth in speaking of your worth; and you will pique, repique, and capot all the fashionable world of Paris.

Madelon — Your courtesy carries you somewhat too far in the liberality of your praises, and we must take care, my cousin and I, not to trust too much to the sweetness of your flattery.

Cathos — My dear, we should call for chairs.

Madelon — Almanzor!

Almanzor — Madam.

Madelon — Quick! convey us hither at once the appliances of conversation. [ALMANZOR *brings chairs.*

Mascarille — But stay, is there any security for me here?

Cathos — What can you fear?

Mascarille — Some robbery of my heart, some assassination of my freedom. I see before me two eyes which seem to me to be very dangerous fellows; they abuse liberty and give no quarter. The deuce! no sooner is any one near, but they are up in arms, and ready for their murderous attack! Ah! upon my word I mistrust them! I shall either run away or require good security that they will do me no harm.

Madelon — What playfulness, my dear.

Cathos — Yes, I see he is an Amilcar.

Madelon — Do not fear; our eyes have no evil intentions, your heart may sleep in peace and may rest assured of their innocence.

Cathos — But, for pity's sake, sir, do not be inexorable to that armchair which for the last quarter of an hour has stretched out its arms to you; satisfy the desire it has of embracing you.

Mascarille [*after having combed himself and adjusted his canions*] — Well, ladies, what is your opinion of Paris?

Madelon — Alas! can there be two opinions? It would be the antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the great museum of wonders, the center of good taste, of wit and gallantry.

Mascarille — I think for my part that out of Paris people of position cannot exist.

Cathos — That is a never-to-be-disputed truth.

Mascarille — It is somewhat muddy, but then we have sedan chairs.

Madelon — Yes, a chair is a wonderful safeguard against the insults of mud and bad weather.

Mascarille — You must have many visitors? What great wit belongs to your circle?

Madelon — Alas! we are not known yet; but we have every hope of being so before long, and a great friend of ours has promised to bring us all the gentlemen who have written in the "Elegant Extracts."

Cathos — As well as some others who, we are told, are the sovereign judges in matters of taste.

Mascarille — Leave that to me! I can manage that for you better than any one else. They all visit me, and I can truly say that I never get up in the morning without having half a dozen wits about me.

Madelon — Ah! we should feel under the greatest obligation to you if you would be so kind as to do this for us: for it is certain one must be acquainted with all those gentlemen in order to belong to society. By them reputations are made in Paris, and you know that it is quite sufficient to be seen with some of them to acquire the reputation of a connoisseur, even though there should be no other foundation for the distinction. But, for my part, what I value most is that in such society we learn a hundred things which it is one's duty to know and which are the quintessence of wit: the scandal of the day; the latest things out in prose or verse. We hear exactly and punctually that a Mr. A. has composed the most beautiful piece in the world on such and such a subject; that Mrs. B. has adapted words to such and such an air, that Mr. C. has composed a madrigal on the fidelity of his ladylove, and Mr. D. upon the faithlessness of his; that yesterday evening Mr. E. wrote a sixain to Miss F., to which she sent an answer this morning at eight o'clock; that Mr. G. has such and such a project in his head, that Mr. H. is occupied with the third volume of his romance, and that Mr. J. has his work in the press. By knowledge like this we acquire consideration in every society; whereas if we are left in ignorance of such matters, all the wit we may possess is a thing of naught and as dust in the balance.

Cathos — Indeed, I think it is carrying the ridiculous to the extreme, for any one who makes the least pretense to wit, not to know even the last little quatrain that has been written. For my part, I should feel greatly ashamed if some one were by chance to ask me if I had seen some new thing which I had not seen.

Mascarille — It is true that it is disgraceful not to be one of the very first to know what is going on. But do not make yourself anxious about it; I will establish an Academy of wits in your house, and I promise you that not a single line shall be written in all Paris which you shall not know by heart before anybody else. I, your humble servant, indulge a little in writing poetry when I feel in the vein; and you will find handed about in all the most fashionable drawing-rooms of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, without reckoning enigmas and portraits.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I am madly fond of portraits; there is nothing more elegant according to my opinion.

Mascarille — Portraits are difficult, and require a deep insight into character: but you shall see some of mine which will please you.

Cathos — I must say that for my part I am appallingly fond of enigmas.

Mascarille — They form a good occupation for the mind, and I have already written four this morning, which I will give you to guess.

Madelon — Madrigals are charming when they are neatly turned.

Mascarille — I have a special gift that way, and I am engaged in turning the whole Roman History into madrigals.

Madelon — Ah! that will be exquisite. Pray let me have a copy, if you publish it.

Mascarille — I promise you each a copy beautifully bound. It is beneath my rank to occupy myself in that fashion, but I do it for the benefit of the publishers, who leave me no peace.

Madelon — I should think that it must be a most pleasant thing to see one's name in print.

Mascarille — Undoubtedly. By the bye, let me repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a friend of mine, a duchess, whom I went to see. You must know that I am a wonderful hand at impromptus.

Cathos — An impromptu is the touchstone of genius.

Mascarille — Listen.

Madelon — We are all ears.

Mascarille —

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

Cathos — Ah me! It is gallant to the last degree.

Mascarille — Yes, all I do has a certain easy air about it. There is a total absence of the pedant about all my writings.

Madelon — They are thousands and thousands of miles from that.

Mascarille — Did you notice the beginning? "Oh! oh!" There is something exceptional in that "Oh! oh!" like a man who bethinks himself all of a sudden — "Oh! oh!" Surprise is well depicted, is it not? "Oh! oh!"

Madelon — Yes, I think that "Oh! oh!" admirable.

Mascarille — At first sight it does not seem much.

Cathos — Ah! what do you say? these things cannot be too highly valued.

Madelon — Certainly, and I would rather have composed that "Oh! oh!" than an epic poem.

Mascarille — Upon my word now, you have good taste.

Madelon — Why, yes, perhaps it's not altogether bad.

Mascarille — But do you not admire also, "I was not taking care?" "I was not taking care:" I did not notice it, quite a natural way of speaking you know: "I was not taking care." "While thinking not of harm:" whilst innocently, without forethought, like a poor sheep, "I watch my fair:" that is to say, I amuse myself by considering, observing, contemplating you. "Your lurking eye"— what do you think of this word "lurking"? Do you not think it well chosen?

Cathos — Perfectly well.

Mascarille — "Lurking," hiding: you would say, a cat just going to catch a mouse: "lurking."

Madelon — Nothing could be better.

Mascarille — "My heart doth steal away:" snatch it away, carries it off from me. "Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!" Would you not imagine it to be a man shouting and running after a robber? "Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!"

Madelon — It must be acknowledged that it is witty and gallant.

Mascarille — I must sing you the tune I made to it.

Cathos — Ah! you have learnt music?

Mascarille — Not a bit of it!

Cathos — Then how can you have set it to music?

Mascarille — People of my position know everything without ever having learnt.

Madelon — Of course it is so, my dear.

Mascarille — Just listen, and see if the tune is to your taste; hem, hem, la, la, la, la, la. The brutality of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but it is of no consequence; permit me, without ceremony: [*he sings*]

Oh! oh! I was not taking care.
While thinking not of harm, I watch my fair.
Your lurking eye my heart doth steal away.
Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief! I say.

Cathos — What soul-subduing music! One would willingly die while listening.

Madelon — What soft languor creeps over one's heart!

Mascarille — Do you not find the thought clearly expressed in the song? "*Stop thief*, stop *thief*." And then as if one suddenly cried out "*stop*, *stop*, *stop*, *stop*, stop thief." Then all at once, like a person out of breath — "*Stop* thief!"

Madelon — It shows a knowledge of perfect beauty; every part is inimitable, both the words and the air enchant me.

Cathos — I never yet met with anything worthy of being compared to it.

Mascarille — All I do comes naturally to me. I do it without study.

Madelon — Nature has treated you like a fond mother; you are her spoiled child.

Mascarille — How do you spend your time, ladies?

Cathos — Oh! in doing nothing at all.

Madelon — Until now, we have been in a dreadful dearth of amusements.

Mascarille — I should be happy to take you to the play one of these days, if you would permit me; the more so as there is a new piece going to be acted which I should be glad to see in your company.

Madelon — There is no refusing such an offer.

Mascarille — But I must beg of you to applaud it well when we are there, for I have promised my help to praise up the

piece ; and the author came to me again this morning to beg my assistance. It is the custom for authors to come and read their new plays to us people of rank, so that they may persuade us to approve their work, and to give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dare contradict us. As for me, I am most scrupulous, and when once I have promised my assistance to a poet I always call out "splendid ! beautiful ! " even before the candles are lighted.

Madelon — Do not speak of it ; Paris is a most wonderful place ; a hundred things happen every day there of which country people, however clever they may be, have no idea.

Cathos — It is sufficient ; now we understand this, we shall consider ourselves under the obligation of praising all that is said.

Mascarille — I do not know whether I am mistaken ; but you seem to me to have written some play yourselves.

Madelon — Ah ! there may be some truth in what you say.

Mascarille — Upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have composed one which I intend shortly to bring out.

Cathos — Indeed ; and to what actors do you mean to give it ?

Mascarille — What a question ! Why, to the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne [a rival company to Molière's], of course ; they alone can give a proper value to a piece. The others are a pack of ignoramuses, who recite their parts just as one speaks every day of one's life ; they have no idea of thundering out verses, or of pausing at a fine passage. How can one make out where the fine lines are if the actor does not stop at them, and thus tell you when you are to applaud ?

Cathos — Certainly, there is always a way of making an audience feel the beauties of a play ; and things are valued according to the way they are put before you.

Mascarille — How do you like my lace, feathers, and et-ceteras? Do you find any incongruity between them and my coat?

Cathos — Not the slightest.

Mascarille — The ribbon is well chosen, you think ?

Madelon — Astonishingly well. It is real Perdrigeon.

Mascarille — What do you say of my canions ?

Madelon — They look very fashionable.

Mascarille — I can at least boast that they are a whole quarter of a yard wider than those usually worn.

Madelon — I must acknowledge that I have never yet seen the elegance of the adjustment carried to such perfection.

Mascarille — May I beg of you to direct your olfactory senses to these gloves?

Madelon — They smell terribly sweet.

Cathos — I never inhaled a better-made perfume.

Mascarille — And this? [*He bends forward for them to smell his powdered wig.*]

Madelon — It has the true aristocratic odor. One's finest senses are exquisitely affected by it.

Mascarille — You say nothing of my plumes! What do you think of them?

Cathos — Astonishingly beautiful!

Mascarille — Do you know that every tip cost me a louis d'or? It is my way to prefer indiscriminately everything of the best.

Madelon — I assure you that I greatly sympathize with you. I am furiously delicate about everything I wear, and even my socks must come from the best hands.

Mascarille [*crying out suddenly*] — O! O! O! gently, gently, ladies; ladies, this is unkind, I have good reason to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

Cathos — What is it? What is the matter?

Mascarille — Matter? What, both of you against my heart, and at the same time too! attacking me right and left! ah! it is contrary to fair play; I shall cry out murder.

Cathos [*to* MADELON] — It must be acknowledged that he says things in a manner altogether his own.

Madelon — His way of putting things is exquisitely admirable.

Cathos [*to* MASCARILLE] — You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is touched.

Mascarille — The deuce! why it is sore from head to foot.

Enter MAROTTE.

Marotte — Madam, somebody wants to see you.

Madelon — Who is it?

Marotte — The Viscount de Jodelet.

Mascarille — The Viscount de Jodelet!

Marotte — Yes, sir.

Cathos — Do you know him?

Mascarille — He is my very best friend.

Madelon — Make him come in at once.

Mascarille — It is now some time since we saw each other, and I am delighted at this accidental meeting.

Cathos — Here he is.

Enter JODELET *and* ALMANZOR.

Mascarille — Ah! Viscount!

Jodelet — Ah! Marquis! [*They embrace each other.*

Mascarille — How pleased I am to see you!

Jodelet — How delighted I am to meet you here!

Mascarille — Ah! embrace me again, I pray you.

Madelon [*to* CATHOS] — We are on the road to be known, my dear; people of fashion are beginning to find the way to our house.

Mascarille — Ladies, allow me to introduce you to this gentleman; upon my word of honor, he is worthy of your acquaintance.

Jodelet — It is but right we should come and pay you the respect that we owe you; and your queenly charms demand the humble homage of all.

Madelon — This is carrying your civilities to the extreme bounds of flattery.

Cathos — We shall have to mark this day in our diary as a very happy one.

Madelon [*to* ALMANZOR] — Come, thoughtless juvenal, must you everlastingly be told the same things? Do you not see that the addition of another armchair is necessary?

Mascarille — Do not wonder if you see the Viscount thus; he has just recovered from an illness which has left him pale as you see him.

Jodelet — It is the result of constant attendance at court, and of the fatigues of war.

Mascarille — Do you know, ladies, that you behold in Viscount Jodelet one of the bravest men of the age — a perfect hero.

Jodelet — You are not behind in this respect, Marquis, and we know what you can do.

Mascarille — It is true that we have seen each other in the field.

Jodelet — And in places too where it was warm indeed.

Mascarille [*looking at* CATHOS *and* MADELON] — Ay, ay, but not so warm as it is here! Ha, ha, ha!

Jodelet — Our acquaintance began in the army; the first time we met he commanded a regiment of horse on board the galleys of Malta.

Mascarille — It is true; but you were in the service before me, and I remember that I was but a subaltern when you commanded two thousand horse.

Jodelet — War is a grand thing. But s'death! nowadays the court rewards very badly men of merit like us.

Mascarille — Yes, yes, there's no doubt about it; and I intend to let my sword rest in its scabbard.

Cathos — For my part I am unutterably fond of men of the army.

Madelon — And so am I, but I like to see wit season bravery.

Mascarille — Do you remember, Viscount, our carrying that half-moon at Arras?

Jodelet — What do you mean by "half-moon"? It was a complete full one.

Mascarille — Yes, I believe you are right.

Jodelet — I ought to remember it, I was wounded then in the leg by a hand grenade, and I still bear the scars. Just feel here, I pray: you can realize what a wound it was.

Cathos [*after having felt the place*] — It is true that the scar is very large.

Mascarille — Give me your hand, and feel this one, just here at the back of my head! Have you found it?

Madelon — Yes, I feel something.

Mascarille — It is a musket shot I received the last campaign I made.

Jodelet [*uncovering his breast*] — Here is another wound which went quite through me at the battle of Gravelines.

Mascarille [*about to unbutton*] — And I will show you a terrible scar which ——

Madelon — Pray do not; we believe you without seeing.

Mascarille — They are honorable marks, which tell the stuff a man is made of.

Cathos — We have no doubt whatever of your valor.

Mascarille — Viscount, is your carriage waiting?

Jodelet — Why?

Mascarille — Because we would have taken these ladies for a drive, and have given them a collation.

Madelon — Thank you, but we could not have gone out to-day.

Mascarille — Very well, then, let us send for musicians and have a dance.

Jodelet — A happy thought, upon my word.

Madelon — We can consent to that: but we must make some addition to our company.

Mascarille — Hallo there! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette! Deuce take all the lackeys! I don't believe there is a man in all France worse served than I am. The villains are always out of the way when they are wanted.

Madelon — Almanzor, tell the servants of the Marquis to go and fetch some musicians, and then ask those gentlemen and ladies who live close by to come and people the solitude of our ball. [*Exit* ALMANZOR.

Mascarille — Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

Jodelet — And you, Marquis, what do you think of them yourself?

Mascarille — I? I say that our liberty will have some trouble in coming off scathless. At least as far as I am concerned, I feel an unaccustomed agitation, and my heart hangs as by a single thread.

Madelon — How natural is all that he says! He gives to everything a most pleasing turn.

Cathos — His expenditure of wit is really tremendous.

Mascarille — To show you the truth of what I say, I will make some extempore verses upon the state of my feelings.

Cathos — Oh! I beseech you by all the devotion of my heart to let us hear something made expressly for us.

Jodelet — I should delight to do as much, but the quantity of blood I have lately lost has rather weakened my poetic vein.

Mascarille — Deuce take it all! I can always make the first verse to my satisfaction, but feel perplexed about the rest. After all, you know, this is being a little too much in a hurry. I will take my own time to make you some extempore verses, which you will find the most beautiful in the world.

Jodelet [*to* MADELON] — His wit is devilish fine!

Madelon — Gallant and neatly turned.

Mascarille — Viscount, tell me, have you seen the countess lately?

Jodelet — It is about three weeks since I paid her a visit.

Mascarille — Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning, and wanted to take me out into the country to hunt a stag with him?

Madelon — Here come our friends.

Enter LUCILE, CELIMÈNE, ALMANZOR, *and* Musicians.

Madelon — My dears, we beg you will excuse us. These gentlemen had a fancy for the soul of motion, and we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

Lucile — You are very kind.

Mascarille — This is only a ball got up in haste, but one of these days we will have one in due form. Have the musicians come?

Almanzor — Yes, sir, here they are.

Cathos — Come then, my dears, take your places.

Mascarille [*dancing alone by way of prelude*] — La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Madelon — He has a most elegant figure.

Cathos — And seems a proper dancer.

Mascarille [*taking out* MADELON *to dance*] — The liberty of my heart will dance a coranto as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians. Oh, what ignorant fellows! There is no possibility of dancing with them. Devil take you, can't you play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Steady, you village scrapers.

Jodelet [*dancing in his turn*] — Gently, don't play so fast, I have only just recovered from an illness.

Enter DU CROISY *and* LA GRANGE.

La Grange [*a stick in his hand*] — Ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours. [*He beats* MASCARILLE *and* JODELET.

Mascarille — Oh! oh! oh! You never said anything about blows.

Jodelet — Oh! oh! oh!

La Grange — It becomes you well, you rascal, to ape the man of rank.

Du Croisy — This will teach you to know your position.

[*Exeunt* Du Croisy *and* La Grange.

Madelon — What does this all mean?

Jodelet — It is a wager.

Cathos — What! to suffer yourselves to be beaten in that fashion!

Mascarille — Yes, I would not take any notice of it: I have a violent temper, and I should not have been able to command it.

Madelon — Such an insult in our presence!

Mascarille — Not worth mentioning, we have known each other for a long while now; and among friends we must not take offense at such trifles.

Reënter Du Croisy *and* La Grange.

La Grange — Ah! you rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I assure you. Come in, you there. [*Three or four ruffians enter.*

Madelon — What do you mean by coming to disturb us in our own house?

Du Croisy — What, ladies! shall we suffer our servants to be better received than we were? shall we allow them to come and make love to you at our expense, and to give you a ball?

Madelon — Your servants!

La Grange — Yes, our servants; and it is neither proper nor honest in you to entice them away from their duty as you have done.

Madelon — Heavens! What insolence!

La Grange — But they shall not have the advantage of wearing our clothes to dazzle your eyes, and if you wish to love them, it shall be for their good looks. Quick, you fellows, strip them at once.

Jodelet — Farewell our finery.

Mascarille — Farewell, marquisate; farewell, viscountship!

Du Croisy — Ah! ah! rascals, have you the impudence to wish to cut us out? You will have to find elsewhere, I can tell you, wherewith to make yourselves agreeable to your ladyloves.

La Grange — To supplant us; and that, too, in our own clothes. It is too much!

Mascarille — O Fortune, how inconstant thou art!

Du Croisy — Quick, I say, strip off everything that belongs to us.

La Grange — Take away all the clothes; quick! Now,

ladies, in their present condition, you may make love to them as much as you please. We leave you entirely free to act. This gentleman and I assure you that we shall be in no way jealous.

[*Exeunt all but* MADELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE, *and* Musicians.

Cathos — Ah! what humiliation.

Madelon — I am nearly dying with vexation.

First Musician [*to* MASCARILLE] — And what does all this mean? Who is to pay us?

Mascarille — Ask my lord the Viscount.

Second Musician [*to* JODELET] — Who is to give us our money?

Jodelet — Ask my lord the Marquis.

Enter GORGIBUS.

Gorgibus [*to* MADELON *and* CATHOS] — From all I hear and see, you have got us into a nice mess; the gentlemen and ladies who have just left have given me a fine account of your doings!

Madelon — Ah! my father, it is a most cruel trick they have played us.

Gorgibus — Yes, it is a cruel trick, no doubt, but one which results from your folly — miserable simpletons that you are. They felt insulted by your way of receiving them; and I, wretched man, must swallow the affront as best I may.

Madelon — Ah! I will be revenged or die in the attempt. And you, wretches! dare you stop here after all your insolence?

Mascarille — To treat a marquis in this manner! Yes, that's the way of the world; we are spurned by those who till lately cherished us. Come along, come along, my friend, let us go and seek our fortunes elsewhere; I see that nothing but outward show pleases here, and that they have no consideration for virtue unadorned. [*Exeunt* MASCARILLE *and* JODELET.

First Musician — Sir, we shall expect you to pay us, since they do not; for it was here we played.

Gorgibus [*beating them*] — Yes, yes, I will pay you, and here is the coin you shall receive. As for you, stupid, foolish girls, I don't know what keeps me from giving you as much. We shall become the laughingstock of the whole neighbor-

hood; this is the result of all your ridiculous nonsense. Go, hide yourselves, idiots; hide yourselves forever [*exeunt* MADELON *and* CATHOS]; and you, the cause of all their folly, worthless trash, mischievous pastimes of vacant minds, romances, verses, songs, sonnets, lays and lies, may the devil take you all!

NOTABLE MEN AND SAYINGS OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

(From "The Worthies of England.")

[THOMAS FULLER, English divine and historian, was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and was educated at Cambridge. He became widely known as a preacher in the Savoy Church, London, and on the outbreak of the Civil War joined the king at Oxford and acted as chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton's men. After the Restoration he was reinstated in the preferments of which he had been deprived by the parliamentarians, and received the appointment of chaplain extraordinary to Charles II. His "Worthies of England" has both a literary and a historical value. Other writings are: "The History of the Holy War," "The Holy State and the Profane State," "A Pisgah-sight of Palestine," and "Church History of Britain." He died at London in 1661.]

FIRST we will dispatch that sole proverb of this county, Berkshire, viz.: —

"The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still."

Bray, a village well known in this county, so called from the Bibroces, a kind of ancient Britons inhabiting thereabouts. The vivacious vicar hereof living under King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, — "Not so," said he, "for I always kept my principle, which is this, to live and die the vicar of Bray." Such many nowadays, who though they cannot turn the wind will turn their mills, and set them so, and wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded.

Proceed we now to the proverbs general of England: —

England were but a fling,
Save for the crooked stick and the gray-goose wing.

"But for the crooked stick," etc. That is, use of archery. Never were the arrows of the Parthians more formidable to the Romans than ours to the French horsemen. [Yet] since arrows are grown out of use, though the weapons of war be altered, the Englishman's hand is still in use as much as ever before; so that England is now as good with a straight iron as ever it was with a crooked stick. . . .

"England is the paradise of women, hell of horses, purgatory of servants."

For the first, billa vera; women, whether maids, wives, or widows, finding here the fairest respect and kindest usage. Our common law is a more courteous carver for them than the civil law beyond the seas, allowing widows the thirds of their husbands' estates, with other privileges. The highest seats are granted them at all feasts; and the wall (in crowding, most danger to the weakest; in walking, most dignity to the worthiest), resigned to them. The indentures of maid-servants are canceled by their marriage, though the term be not expired; which to young men in the same condition is denied. In a word, betwixt law and (law's corival) custom, they freely enjoy many favors; and we men, so far from envying them, wish them all happiness therewith.

For the next, "England's being a hell for horses"; Ignoramus; as not sufficiently satisfied in the evidence alleged. Indeed, the Spaniard, who keeps his jennets rather for show than use, makes wantons of them. However, if England be faulty herein in their overviolent riding, racing, hunting, it is high time the fault were amended; the rather, because "the good man regardeth the life of his beast."

For the last, "Purgatory for servants"; we are so far from finding the bill, we cast it forth as full of falsehood. We have but two sorts, apprentices and covenant servants. The parents of the former give large sums of money to have their children bound for seven years, to learn some art or mystery; which argueth their good usage as to the generality in our nation: otherwise it were madness for men to give so much money to buy their children's misery. As for our covenant servants, they make their own covenants; and if they be bad, they may thank themselves. Sure I am, their masters, if breaking them, and abusing their servants with too little meat or sleep, too much work of correction (which is true also of apprentices) are liable by law to make them reparation.

Indeed, I have heard how, in the age of our fathers, servants were in far greater subjection than nowadays, especially since our civil wars have lately dislocated all relations; so that now servants will do whatsoever their masters enjoin them, so be it they think fitting themselves. For my own part, I am neither for the tyranny of the one, nor rebellion of the other, but the mutual duty of both.

As for Vernæ, slaves or vassals, so frequent in Spain and foreign parts, our land and laws (whatever former tenures have been) acknowledge not any for the present.

"A famine in England begins first at the horse manger."

Indeed it seldom begins at the horse rack; for, though hay may be excessive dear, caused by a dry summer, yet winter grain (never impaired with a drought) is then to be had at reasonable rates. Whereas, if peas or oats, our horse grain (and the latter man's grain, also generally in the north for poor people) be scarce, it will not be long ere wheat, rye, etc., mount in our markets. Indeed, if any grain be very dear, no grain will be very cheap soon after.

"The king of England is the king of devils."

The German emperor is termed the "king of kings," having so many free princes under him. The king of Spain, "king of men," because they willingly yield their sovereign rational obedience. The king of France, "king of asses," patiently bearing unconscionable burdens. But why the king of England "king of devils," I either cannot, or do not, or will not understand. Sure I am, St. Gregory gave us better language when he said, "Angli velut Angeli," for our fair complexions; and it is sad we should be devils by our black conditions.

"The English are the Frenchmen's apes."

This anciently hath been, and still is, charged on the English, and that with too much truth, for aught I can find to the contrary.

——*dolebat,*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

——It is to us a pain
This should be said, and not gainsaid again.

We ape the French chiefly in two particulars:—

First, in their language ("which if Jack could speak, he would be a gentleman"), which some get by travel, others gain at home with Dame Eglinton in Chaucer:—

Entewned in her voice full seemly,
And French she spake full feteously
After the scole of Stratford at Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknow.

Secondly, in their habits, accounting all our fineness in conformity to the French fashion, though following it at greater distance than the field pease in the country the rathripe pease in the garden. Disgraceful in my opinion, that, seeing the English victorious arms had twice charged through the bowels of France, we should learn our fashions from them to whom we taught obedience.

"The English glutton."

Gluttony is a sin anciently charged on this nation, which we are more willing to excuse than confess, more willing to confess than amend. Some pretend the coldness of climate in excuse of our sharp appetites; and plead the plenty of the land (England being in effect all a great cook's shop, and no reason any should starve therein) for our prodigious feasts. They allege also that foreigners, even the Spaniards themselves, coming over hither, acquit themselves as good trencher-men as any; so that it seems want, not temperance, makes them so abstemious at home.

All amounts not to any just defense, excess being an ill expression of our thankfulness to God for his goodness. Nor need we with the Egyptians to serve up at the last course "a dead man's head" to mind us of our mortality, seeing a feast well considered is but a charnel house of fowl, fish, and flesh; and those few shellfish that are not killed to our hands are killed by our teeth. It is vain, therefore, to expect that dead food should always preserve life in the feeders thereupon.

Long beards heartless, painted hoods witless;
Gay coats graceless, make England thriftless.

Though this hath more of libel than proverb therein, and is stark false in itself, yet it will truly acquaint us with the habits of the English in that age.

"Long beards heartless." Our English did use nutrire coman, both on their head and beards, conceiving it made them more amiable to their friends, and terrible to their foes.

"Painted hoods witless." Their hoods were stained with a kind of color, in a middle way betwixt dying and painting (whence Painters-stainers have their name), a mystery vehe-

mently suspected to be lost in our age. Hoods served that age for caps.

"Gay coats graceless." Gallantry began then to be fashionable in England; and perchance those who here taxed them therewith would have been as gay themselves, had their land been as rich and able to maintain them.

This singsong was made on the English by the Scots, after they were flushed with victory over us in the reign of King Edward the Second. Never was the battle at Cannæ so fatal to the Romans as that at Sterling to the nobility of England; and the Scots, puffed up with their victory, fixed those opprobrious epithets of heartless, witless, graceless, upon us. For the first, we appeal to themselves, whether Englishmen have not good hearts, and, with their long beards, long swords. For the second, we appeal to the world, whether the wit of our nation hath not appeared as considerable as theirs in their writings and doings. For the third, we appeal to God, the only searcher of hearts, and trier of true grace. As for the fourth, thriftless, I omit it, because it sinks of itself, as a superstructure on a foundered and failing foundation.

All that I will add is this, that the grave, sage, and reduced Scottish men in this age are not bound to take notice of such expressions made by their ancestors; seeing, when nations are at hostile defiance, they will mutually endeavor each other's disgrace.

He that England will win,
Must with Ireland first begin.

This proverb importeth that great designs must be managed gradatim, not only by degrees, but due method. England, it seems, is too great a morsel for a foreign foe to be chopped up at once; and therefore it must orderly be attempted, and Ireland be first assaulted. Some have conceived, but it is but a conceit (all things being in the bosom of Divine Providence), that, had the Spanish Armada in eighty-eight fallen upon Ireland, when the well-affected therein were few and ill provided, they would have given a better account of their service to him who sent them. To rectify which error, the king of Spain sent afterward John de Aquila into Ireland, but with what success is sufficiently known. And if any foreign enemy hath a desire to try the truth of this proverb at his own peril, both England and Ireland lie for climate in the same posture they were before.

"In England a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

Not so in southern sandy counties, where a dry March is as destructive as here it is beneficial. How much a king's ransom amounteth unto, England knows by dear experience, when paying one hundred thousand pounds to redeem Richard the First, which was shared between the German emperor and Leopoldus, duke of Austria. Indeed, a general good redounds to our land by a dry March; for if our clay grounds be overdrowned in that month, they recover not their distemper that year.

However, this proverb presumeth seasonable showers in April following; or otherwise March dust will be turned into May ashes, to the burning up of grass and grain; so easily can God blast the most probable fruitfulness.

"England a good land, and a bad people."

This is a French proverb; and we are glad that they, being so much admirers and magnifiers of their own, will allow any goodness to another country.

This maketh the wonder the less, that they have so much endeavored to get a share in this good country, by their former frequent invasions thereof; though they could never, since the Conquest, peaceably possess a hundred yards thereof for twenty hours, whilst we for a long time have enjoyed large territories in France.

But this proverb hath a design to raise up the land, to throw down the people; gracing it to disgrace them. We Englishmen are, or should be, ready humbly to confess our faults before God, and no less truly than sadly to say of ourselves, "Ah, sinful nation!" However, before men, we will not acknowledge a visible badness above other nations. And the plain truth is, both France and England have need to mend, seeing God hath formerly justly made them by sharp wars alternately to whip one another.

"The High-Dutch pilgrims, when they beg, do sing; the Frenchmen whine and cry; the Spaniards curse, swear, and blaspheme; the Irish and English steal."

This is a Spanish proverb; and I suspect too much truth is suggested therein; the rather because the Spaniards therein spare not themselves, but impartially report their own black character. If any ask why the Italians are not here mentioned, seeing surely their pilgrims have also their peculiar humors,

know that Rome and Loretta, the staples of pilgrimages, being both in Italy, the Italians very seldom (being frugal in their superstition) go out of their own country.

Whereas stealing is charged on our English, it is confessed that our poor people are observed light-fingered; and therefore our laws are so heavy, making low felony highly penal, to restrain that vice most, to which our peasantry is most addicted.

I wish my country more true piety than to take such tedious and useless journeys; but, if they will go, I wish them more honesty than to steal; and the people by whom they pass, more charity than to tempt them to stealth, by denying them necessaries in their journey.

THOMAS STUCKLEY. — Were he alive, he would be highly offended to be ranked under any other topic than that of princes; whose memory must now be content, and thankful too, that he will afford it a place amongst our soldiers.

He was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, nigh Ilfracombe in this county, being one of good parts; but valued the less by others, because overprized by himself. Having prodigally misspent his patrimony, he entered on several projects (the issue general of all decayed estates); and first pitched on the peopling of Florida, then newly found out in the West Indies. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth "that he preferred rather to be sovereign of a molehill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom;" adding, moreover, "that he was assured he should be a prince before his death." "I hope," said Queen Elizabeth, "I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality." "I will write unto you," quoth Stuckley. "In what language?" said the queen. He returned, "In the style of princes; To our dear Sister."

His fair project of Florida being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into Ireland, where he was frustrated of the preferment he expected, and met such physic that turned his fever into frenzy; for hereafter resolving treacherously to attempt what he could not loyally achieve, he went over into Italy.

It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself through the notice into the favor, through the court into the chamber, yea closet, yea bosom of Pope Pius Quintus; so that some wise

men thought his holiness did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility, in giving credit to such a glorioso, vaunting that with three thousand soldiers he would beat all the English out of Ireland.

The Pope, finding it cheaper to fill Stuckley's swelling sails with airy titles than real gifts, created him baron of Ross, viscount Murrough, earl of Wexford, marquis of Leinster; and then furnished this title-top-heavy general with eight hundred soldiers, paid by the king of Spain, for the Irish expedition.

In passage thereunto, Stuckley lands at Portugal, just when Sebastian the king thereof, with two Moorish kings, were undertaking a voyage into Africa. Stuckley, scorning to attend, is persuaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his Irish design, partly because loath to be pent up in an island (the continent of Africa affording more elbowroom for his achievements); partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as mothers the youngest child) best. Others conceive he took this African in order to his Irish design; such his confidence of conquest, that his breakfast on the Turks would the better enable him to dine on the English in Ireland.

Landing in Africa, Stuckley gave counsel, which was safe, seasonable, and necessary; namely, that for two or three days they should refresh their land soldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak, by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard, so furious was Don Sebastian to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of victory out of the ground, before they were grown up; and so, in the battle of Alcaser, their army was wholly defeated: where Stuckley lost his life.

> A fatal fight, where in one day was slain,
> Three kings that were, and one that would be fain.

This battle was fought anno 1578, where Stuckley, with his eight hundred men, behaved himself most valiantly, till overpowered with multitude.

I hope it will be no offense, next to this bubble of emptiness, and meteor of ostentation, to place a precious pearl, and magazine of secret merit, whom we come to describe.

GEORGE MONCK. — Some will say he being (and long may he be) alive, belongs not to your pen, according to your premised rules. But know, he is too high to come under the roof of

my regulations, whose merit may make laws for me to observe. Besides, it is better that I should be censured, than he not commended. Pass we by his high birth (whereof hereafter) and hard breeding in the Low Countries, not commencing a captain per saltum (as many in our civil wars), but proceeding by degrees from a private soldier, in that martial university. Pass we also by his employment in Ireland, and imprisonment in England, for the king; his sea service against the Dutch; posting to speak of his last performance; which, should I be silent, would speak of itself.

Being made governor of Scotland, no power or policy of Oliver Cromwell could fright or flatter him thence. Scotland was his castle, from the top whereof he took the true prospect of our English affairs. He perceived that, since the martyrdom of King Charles, several sorts of government (like the sons of Jesse before Samuel) passed before the English people; but "neither God nor our nation had chosen them." He resolved, therefore, to send for despised David out of a foreign field; as well assured that the English loyalty would never be at rest till fixed in the center thereof. He secured Scotland in faithful hands, to have all his foes before his face, and leave none behind his back.

He entered England with excellent foot, but his horse so lean, that they seemed tired at their first setting forth. The chiefest strength of his army consisted in the reputation of the strength thereof, and wise conduct of their general. The loyal English did rather gaze on, than pray for him, as ignorant of his intentions; and the apostle observeth "that the private man knoweth not how to say Amen to what is spoken in an unknown language."

Now the scales began to fall down from the eyes of the English nation (as from Saul, when his sight was received), sensible that they were deluded, with the pretenses of religion and liberty, into atheism and vassalage. They had learnt also from the soldiers (whom they so long had quartered) to cry out "one and all," each shire setting forth a remonstrance of their grievances, and refusing further payment of taxes.

Lambert cometh forth of London, abounding with more outward advantages than General Monck wanted; dragonlike, he breathed out naught but fire and fury, chiefly against the church and clergy. But he met with a Saint George who struck him neither with sword nor spear, but gave his army a

mortal wound, without wounding it. His soldiers dwindled away; and indeed a private person (Lambert at last was little more) must have a strong and long hand on his own account, to hold a whole army together.

The hinder part of the Parliament sitting still at Westminster plied him with many messengers and addresses. He returned an answer, neither granting nor denying their desires; giving them hope, too little to trust, yet too much to distrust him. He was an absolute riddle, and no plowing with his heifer to expound him. Indeed, had he appeared what he was, he had never been what he is, a deliverer of his country. But such must be as dark as midnight, who mean to achieve actions as bright as noonday.

Then he was put on the unwelcome office to pluck down the gates of London, though it pleased God that the odium did not light on him that acted, but those who employed him. Henceforward he sided effectually with the City; I say the City, which, if well or ill affected, was then able to make us a happy or unhappy nation.

Immediately followed that turn of our times, which all the world with wonder doth behold. But let us not look so long on second causes, as to lose sight of the principle, Divine Providence. Christ, on the cross, said to his beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother;" and said to her, "Behold thy son." Thus was he pleased effectually to speak to the hearts of the English, "Behold your sovereign;" which inspirited them with loyalty, and a longing desire of his presence; saying likewise to our gracious sovereign, "Behold thy subjects;" which increased his ardent affection to return; and now, blessed be God, both are met together, to their mutual comfort.

Since the honors which he first deserved have been conferred upon him, completed with the title of "the Duke of Albemarle, and Master of his Majesty's horse," etc. Nor must it be forgotten that he carried the scepter with the dove thereupon (the emblem of peace) at the king's coronation. But abler pens will improve these short memoirs into a large history.

Sir Walter Raleigh. — "The sons of Heth said unto Abraham, Thou art a great prince amongst us; in the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead; none shall withhold them from thee." So may we say to the memory of this worthy knight, "Repose yourself in this our catalogue, under what topic you

please, of statesman, seaman, soldier, learned writer, and what not?" His worth unlocks our closest cabinets, and provides both room and welcome to entertain him.

He was born at Budley in this county, of an ancient family, but decayed in estate, and he the youngest brother thereof. He was bred in Oriel College in Oxford; and thence coming to court, found some hopes of the queen's favors reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glass window, obvious to the queen's eye: —

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did underwrite: —

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.

However, he at last climbed up by the stairs of his own desert. But his introduction into the court bare an elder date than this occasion: this Captain Raleigh, coming out of Ireland to the English court in good habit (his clothes being then a considerable part of his estate), found the queen walking, till, meeting with a plashy place, she seemed to scruple going thereon. Presently Raleigh cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground; whereon the queen trod gently, rewarding him afterwards with many suits, for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth. Thus an advantageous admission into the first notice of a prince is more than half a degree to preferment.

It is reported of the women in the Balearic Islands, that, to make their sons expert archers, they will not, when children, give them their breakfast before they have hit the mark. Such the dealing of the queen with this knight, making him to earn his honor, and, by pain and peril, to purchase what places of credit or profit were bestowed upon him. Indeed it was true of him, what was said of Cato Uticensis, "that he seemed to be born to that only which he went about;" so dexterous was he in all his undertakings, in court, in camp, by sea, by land, with sword, with pen; witness in the last his "History of the World," wherein the only default (or defect rather) that it wanted one half thereof. Yet had he many enemies (which worth never wanteth) at court, his cowardly detractors, of whom Sir Walter was wont to say, "If any man accuseth me to my face, I will answer him with my mouth; but my tail is good enough to return an answer to such who traduceth me behind my back."

—— CHILD (whose Christian name is unknown) was a gentleman, the last of his family, being of ancient extraction at Plimstock in this county, and great possessions. It happened that he, hunting in Dartmoor, lost both his company and way in a bitter snow. Having killed his horse, he crept into his hot bowels for warmth; and wrote with his blood: —

He that finds and brings me to my tomb,
The land of Plimstock shall be his doom.

That night he was frozen to death; and being first found by the monks of Tavistock, they with all possible speed hasted to inter him in their own abbey. His own parishioners of Plimstock, hearing thereof, stood at the ford of the river to take his body from them. But they must rise early, yea not sleep at all, who overreach monks in matter of profit. For they cast a slight bridge over the river, whereby they carried over the corpse, and interred it. In avowance whereof, the bridge (a more premeditate structure, I believe, in the place of the former extempore passage) is called Guils Bridge to this day. And know, reader, all in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this common tradition. And sure it is, that the abbot of Tavistock got that rich manor into his possession. The exact date of this Child's death I cannot attain.

THOMAS GODWIN was born at Oakingham in this county, and first bred in the free school therein. Hence he was sent to Magdalen College in Oxford, maintained there for a time by the bounty of Doctor Layton, Dean of York, till at last he was chosen fellow of the college. This he exchanged on some terms for the schoolmaster's place of Berkley in Gloucestershire, where he also studied physic, which afterwards proved beneficial unto him, when forbidden to teach school, in the reign of Queen Mary. Yea, Bonner threatened him with fire and fagot, which caused him often to obscure himself and remove his habitation. He was an eloquent preacher, tall and comely in person, qualities which much endeared him to Queen Elizabeth, who loved good parts well, but better when in a goodly person. For eighteen years together he never failed to be one of the select chaplains which preached in the Lent before her Majesty. He was first dean of Christ Church in Oxford, then dean of Canterbury, and at last bishop of Bath and Wells.

Being infirm with age, and diseased with the gout, he was necessitated, for a nurse, to marry a second wife, a matron of years proportionable to himself. But this was by his court enemies (which no bishop wanted in that age) represented to the queen, to his great disgrace. Yea, they traduced him to have married a girl of twenty years of age, until the good earl of Bedford, casually present at such discourse: "Madam," said he to her Majesty, "I know not how much the woman is above twenty; but I know a son of hers is but little under forty."

Sir John Norris must be resumed, that we may pay a greater tribute of respect to his memory. He was a most accomplished general, both for a charge which is the sword, and a retreat which is the shield of war. By the latter he purchased to himself immortal praise, when in France he brought off a small handful of English from a great armful of enemies; fighting as he retreated, and retreating as he fought; so that always his rear affronted the enemy; a retreat worth ten victories got by surprise, which speak rather the fortune than either the valor or discretion of a general.

He was afterwards sent over with a great command into Ireland, where his success neither answered to his own care, nor others' expectation. Indeed, hitherto Sir John had fought with right-handed enemies in France and the Netherlands; who was now to fight with left-handed foes, for so may the wild Irish well be termed (so that this great master of defense was now to seek a new guard), who could lie on the coldest earth, swim through the deepest water, run over what was neither earth nor water, I mean bogs and marshes. He found it far harder to find out than fight his enemies, they so secured themselves in fastnesses. Supplies, sown thick in promises, came up thin in performances, so slowly were succors sent unto him.

At last a great lord was made lieutenant of Ireland, of an opposite party to Sir John; there being animosities in the court of Queen Elizabeth (as well as of later princes), though her general good success rendered them the less to the public notice of posterity. It grieved Sir John to the heart, to see one of an opposite faction should be brought over his head, insomuch that some conceive his working soul broke the cask of his body, as wanting a vent for his grief and anger; for, going up into his chamber, at the first hearing of the news, he suddenly died, anno Domini 1597.

Queen Elizabeth used to call the Lady Margaret, his mother, her own crow, being (as it seemeth) black in complexion (a color which no whit unbecame the faces of her martial issue); and, upon the news of his death, sent this letter unto her, which I have transcribed from an authentic copy.

To the Lady Norris.

22*d Sept.* 1597.

My Own Crow, — Harm not yourself for bootless help, but show a good example to comfort your dolorous yokefellow. Although we have deferred long to represent to you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflection of misfortune, whom we have always rather sought to cherish and comfort; yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ear, and nature consequently must move both grief and passion in your heart, we resolved no longer to smother, neither our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for your loss. Wherein, if it be true that society in sorrow works diminution, we do assure you by this true messenger of our mind that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you as a mother for a dear son, than gratefulness and memory of his service past hath wrought in us his sovereign apprehension of our miss for so worthy a servant. But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flux of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing in this kind hath happened but by God's divine providence. And let these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever appear the lively character of our estimation of him that was, in our gracious care of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavors. More at this time we will not write of this unpleasant subject; but have dispatched this gent to visit both your lord and you, and to condole with you in the true sense of your love; and to pray that the world may see, what time cureth in a weak mind, that discretion and moderation helpeth in you in this accident, where there is so just cause to demonstrate true patience and moderation.

Your gracious and loving sovereign, E. R.

Now, though nothing more consolatory and pathetical could be written from a prince, yet his death went so near to the heart of the lord, his ancient father, that he died soon after.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.

(From "The Viscount of Bragelonne.")

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 13, page 296.]

High Treason.

The ungovernable fury which took possession of the king at the sight and at the perusal of Fouquet's letter to La Vallière by degrees subsided into a feeling of pain and extreme weariness. Youth, invigorated by health and lightness of spirits, requiring soon that what it loses should be immediately restored — youth knows not those endless, sleepless nights which enable us to realize the fable of the vulture unceasingly feeding on Prometheus. In cases where the man of middle life, in his acquired strength of will and purpose, and the old, in their state of natural exhaustion, find incessant augmentation of their bitter sorrow, a young man, surprised by the sudden appearance of misfortune, weakens himself in sighs, and groans, and tears, directly struggling with his grief, and is thereby far sooner overthrown by the inflexible enemy with whom he is engaged. Once overthrown, his struggles cease. Louis could not hold out more than a few minutes, at the end of which he had ceased to clench his hands, and scorch in fancy with his looks the invisible objects of his hatred; he soon ceased to attack with his violent imprecations not M. Fouquet alone, but even La Vallière herself; from fury he subsided into despair, and from despair to prostration. After he had thrown himself for a few minutes to and fro convulsively on his bed, his nerveless arms fell quietly down; his head lay languidly on his pillow; his limbs, exhausted with excessive emotion, still trembled occasionally, agitated by muscular contractions; while from his breast faint and infrequent sighs still issued. Morpheus, the tutelary deity of the apartment, towards whom Louis raised his eyes, wearied by his anger and reconciled by his tears, showered down upon him the sleep-inducing poppies with which his hands are ever filled; so presently the monarch closed his eyes and fell asleep. Then it seemed to him, as it often happens in that first sleep, so light and gentle, which raises the body above the couch, and the soul above the earth — it seemed to him, we say, as if the god Morpheus, painted

on the ceiling, looked at him with eyes resembling human eyes; that something shone brightly, and moved to and fro in the dome above the sleeper; that the crowd of terrible dreams which thronged together in his brain, and which were interrupted for a moment, half revealed a human face, with a hand resting against the mouth, and in an attitude of deep and absorbed meditation. And strange enough, too, this man bore so wonderful a resemblance to the king himself, that Louis fancied he was looking at his own face reflected in a mirror; with the exception, however, that the face was saddened by a feeling of the profoundest pity. Then it seemed to him as if the dome gradually retired, escaping from his gaze, and that the figures and attributes painted by Lebrun became darker and darker as the distance became more and more remote. A gentle, easy movement, as regular as that by which a vessel plunges beneath the waves, had succeeded to the immovableness of the bed. Doubtless the king was dreaming, and in this dream the crown of gold, which fastened the curtains together, seemed to recede from his vision, just as the dome, to which it remained suspended, had done, so that the winged genius which, with both its hands, supported the crown, seemed, though vainly so, to call upon the king, who was fast disappearing from it. The bed still sank. Louis, with his eyes open, could not resist the deception of this cruel hallucination. At last, as the light of the royal chamber faded away into darkness and gloom, something cold, gloomy, and inexplicable in its nature seemed to infect the air. No paintings, nor gold, nor velvet hangings, were visible any longer, nothing but walls of a dull gray color, which the increasing gloom made darker every moment. And yet the bed still continued to descend, and after a minute, which seemed in its duration almost an age to the king, it reached a stratum of air black and chill as death, and then it stopped. The king could no longer see the light in his room, except as from the bottom of a well we can see the light of day. "I am under the influence of some atrocious dream," he thought. "It is time to awaken from it. Come! let me wake."

Every one has experienced the sensation the above remark conveys; there is hardly a person who, in the midst of a nightmare, whose influence is suffocating, has not said to himself, by the help of that light which still burns in the brain when every human light is extinguished, "It is nothing but a dream,

after all." This was precisely what Louis XIV. said to himself; but when he said, "Come, come! wake up," he perceived that not only was he already awake, but still more, that he had his eyes open also. And then he looked all round him. On his right hand and on his left two armed men stood in stolid silence, each wrapped in a huge cloak, and the face covered with a mask; one of them held a small lamp in his hand, whose glimmering light revealed the saddest picture a king could look upon. Louis could not help saying to himself that his dream still lasted, and that all he had to do to cause it to disappear was to move his arms or to say something aloud; he darted from his bed, and found himself upon the damp, moist ground. Then, addressing himself to the man who held the lamp in his hand, he said: —

"What is this, monsieur, and what is the meaning of this jest?"

"It is no jest," replied in a deep voice the masked figure that held the lantern.

"Do you belong to M. Fouquet?" inquired the king, greatly astonished at his situation.

"It matters very little to whom we belong," said the phantom; "we are your masters now, that is sufficient."

The king, more impatient than intimidated, turned to the other masked figure. "If this is a comedy," he said, "you will tell M. Fouquet that I find it unseemly and improper, and that I command it should cease."

The second masked person to whom the king had addressed himself was a man of huge stature and vast circumference. He held himself erect and motionless as any block of marble. "Well!" added the king, stamping his foot, "you do not answer!"

"We do not answer you, my good monsieur," said the giant, in a stentorian voice, "because there is nothing to say."

"At least, tell me what you want?" exclaimed Louis, folding his arms with a passionate gesture.

"You will know by and by," replied the man who held the lamp.

"In the mean time tell me where I am."

"Look."

Louis looked all round him; but by the light of the lamp which the masked figure raised for the purpose, he could perceive nothing but the damp walls, which glistened here and

there with the slimy traces of the snail. "Oh — oh! — a dungeon," cried the king.

"No, a subterranean passage."

"Which leads ——"

"Will you be good enough to follow us?"

"I shall not stir from hence!" cried the king.

"If you are obstinate, my dear young friend," replied the taller of the two, "I will lift you up in my arms, and roll you up in your own cloak, and if you should happen to be stifled, why — so much the worse for you."

As he said this, he disengaged from beneath his cloak a hand of which Milo of Crotona would have envied him the possession, on the day when he had that unhappy idea of rending his last oak. The king dreaded violence, for he could well believe that the two men into whose power he had fallen had not gone so far with any idea of drawing back, and that they would consequently be ready to proceed to extremities, if necessary. He shook his head and said: "It seems I have fallen into the hands of a couple of assassins. Move on, then."

Neither of the men answered a word to this remark. The one who carried the lantern walked first, the king followed him, while the second masked figure closed the procession. In this manner they passed along a winding gallery of some length, with as many staircases leading out of it as are to be found in the mysterious and gloomy palaces of Ann Radcliffe's creation. All these windings and turnings, during which the king heard the sound of running water *over his head*, ended at last in a long corridor closed by an iron door. The figure with the lamp opened the door with one of the keys he wore suspended at his girdle, where, during the whole of the brief journey the king had heard them rattle. As soon as the door was opened and admitted the air, Louis recognized the balmy odors that trees exhale in balmy summer nights. He paused, hesitatingly, for a moment or two; but the huge sentinel who followed him thrust him out of the subterranean passage.

"Another blow," said the king, turning towards the one who had just had the audacity to touch his sovereign; "what do you intend to do with the King of France?"

"Try to forget that word," replied the man with the lamp, in a tone which as little admitted of a reply as one of the famous decrees of Minos.

"You deserve to be broken on the wheel for the words that

you have just made use of," said the giant, as he extinguished the lamp his companion handed to him; "but the king is too kind-hearted."

Louis, at that threat, made so sudden a movement that it seemed as if he meditated flight; but the giant's hand was in a moment placed on his shoulder, and fixed him motionless where he stood. "But tell me, at least, where we are going," said the king.

"Come," replied the former of the two men, with a kind of respect in his manner, and leading his prisoner towards a carriage which seemed to be in waiting.

The carriage was completely concealed amid the trees. Two horses, with their feet fettered, were fastened by a halter to the lower branches of a large oak.

"Get in," said the same man, opening the carriage door and letting down the step. The king obeyed, seated himself at the back of the carriage, the padded door of which was shut and locked immediately upon him and his guide. As for the giant, he cut the fastenings by which the horses were bound, harnessed them himself, and mounted on the box of the carriage, which was unoccupied. The carriage set off immediately at a quick trot, turned into the road to Paris, and in the forest of Senart found a relay of horses fastened to the trees in the same manner the first horses had been, and without a postilion. The man on the box changed the horses, and continued to follow the road towards Paris with the same rapidity; so that they entered the city about three o'clock in the morning. The carriage proceeded along the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and, after having called out to the sentinel, "by the king's order," the driver conducted the horses into the circular inclosure of the Bastile, looking out upon the courtyard, called La Cour du Gouvernement. There the horses drew up, reeking with sweat, at the flight of steps, and a sergeant of the guard ran forward. "Go and wake the governor," said the coachman, in a voice of thunder.

With the exception of this voice, which might have been heard at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, everything remained as calm in the carriage as in the prison. Ten minutes afterwards, M. de Baisemeaux appeared in his dressing gown on the threshold of the door. "What is the matter now?" he asked; "and whom have you brought me there?"

The man with the lantern opened the carriage door, and

said two or three words to the one who acted as driver, who immediately got down from his seat, took up a short musket which he kept under his feet, and placed its muzzle on his prisoner's chest.

"And fire at once if he speaks!" added aloud the man who alighted from the carriage.

"Very good," replied his companion, without another remark.

With this recommendation, the person who had accompanied the king in the carriage ascended the flight of steps, at the top of which the governor was awaiting him. "M. d'Herblay!" said the latter.

"Hush!" said Aramis. "Let us go into your room."

"Good heavens! what brings you here at this hour?"

"A mistake, my dear M. de Baisemeaux," Aramis replied quietly. "It appears that you were quite right the other day."

"What about?" inquired the governor.

"About the order of release, my dear friend."

"Tell me what you mean, monsieur — no, monseigneur," said the governor, almost suffocated by surprise and terror.

"It is a very simple affair: you remember, dear M. de Baisemeaux, that an order of release was sent to you."

"Yes, for Marchiali."

"Very good! we both thought that it was for Marchiali?"

"Certainly; you will recollect, however, that I would not credit it, but that you compelled me to believe it?"

"Oh! Baisemeaux, my good fellow, what a word to make use of! — strongly recommended, that was all."

"Strongly recommended, yes; strongly recommended to give him up to you: and that you carried him off with you in your carriage."

"Well, my dear M. de Baisemeaux, it was a mistake; it was discovered at the ministry, so that I now bring you an order from the king to set at liberty — Seldon, that poor Scotch fellow, you know."

"Seldon! are you sure this time?"

"Well, read it yourself," added Aramis, handing him the order.

"Why," said Baisemeaux, "this order is the very same that has already passed through my hands."

"Indeed?"

"It is the very one I assured you I saw the other evening. *Parbleu!* I recognize it by the blot of ink."

"I do not know whether it is that; but all I know is that I bring it for you."

"But then, about the other?"

"What other?"

"Marchiali?"

"I have got him here with me."

"But that is not enough for me. I require a new order to take him back again."

"Don't talk such nonsense, my dear Baisemeaux; you talk like a child! Where is the order you received respecting Marchiali?"

Baisemeaux ran to his iron chest and took it out. Aramis seized hold of it, coolly tore it in four pieces, held them to the lamp, and burnt them. "Good heavens! what are you doing?" exclaimed Baisemeaux, in an extremity of terror.

"Look at your position quietly, my good governor," said Aramis, with imperturbable self-possession, "and you will see how very simple the whole affair is. You no longer possess any order justifying Marchiali's release."

"I am a lost man!"

"Far from it, my good fellow, since I have brought Marchiali back to you, and all accordingly is just the same as if he had never left."

"Ah!" said the governor, completely overcome by terror.

"Plain enough, you see; and you will go and shut him up immediately."

"I should think so, indeed."

"And you will hand over this Seldon to me, whose liberation is authorized by this order. Do you understand?"

"I — I ——"

"You do understand, I see," said Aramis. "Very good." Baisemeaux clasped his hands together.

"But why, at all events, after having taken Marchiali away from me, do you bring him back again?" cried the unhappy governor, in a paroxysm of terror, and completely dumfounded.

"For a friend such as you are," said Aramis — "for so devoted a servant, I have no secrets;" and he put his mouth close to Baisemeaux's ear, as he said in a low tone of voice, "You know the resemblance between that unfortunate fellow and ——"

"And the king? — yes!"

"Very good; the very first use that Marchiali made of his liberty was to persist —— Can you guess what?"

"How is it likely I should guess?"

"To persist in saying that he was king of France; to dress himself up in clothes like those of the king; and then pretend to assume that he was the king himself."

"Gracious Heavens!"

"That is the reason why I have brought him back again, my dear friend. He is mad and lets every one see how mad he is."

"What is to be done, then?"

"That is very simple; let no one hold any communication with him. You understand that when his peculiar style of madness came to the king's ears, the king, who had pitied his terrible affliction, and saw that all his kindness had been repaid by black ingratitude, became perfectly furious; so that, now — and remember this very distinctly, dear M. de Baisemeaux, for it concerns you most closely — so that there is now, I repeat, sentence of death pronounced against all those who may allow him to communicate with any one else but me or the king himself. You understand, Baisemeaux, sentence of death!"

"You need not ask me whether I understand."

"And now, let us go down, and conduct this poor devil back to his dungeon again, unless you prefer he should come up here."

"What would be the good of that?"

"It would be better, perhaps, to enter his name in the prison book at once!"

"Of course, certainly; not a doubt of it."

"In that case, have him up."

Baisemeaux ordered the drums to be beaten and the bell to be rung, as a warning to every one to retire, in order to avoid meeting a prisoner about whom it was desired to observe a certain mystery. Then, when the passages were free, he went to take the prisoner from the carriage, at whose breast Porthos, faithful to the directions which had been given him, still kept his musket leveled. "Ah! is that you, miserable wretch?" cried the governor, as soon as he perceived the king. "Very good, very good." And immediately, making the king get out of the carriage, he led him, still accompanied by Porthos, who

had not taken off his mask, and Aramis, who again resumed his, up the stairs, to the second Bertaudière, and opened the door of the room in which Philippe for six long years had bemoaned his existence. The king entered the cell without pronouncing a single word: he faltered in as limp and haggard as a rain-struck lily. Baisemeaux shut the door upon him, turned the key twice in the lock, and then returned to Aramis. "It is quite true," he said in a low tone, "that he bears a striking resemblance to the king; but less so than you said."

"So that," said Aramis, "you would not have been deceived by the substitution of the one for the other."

"What a question!"

"You are a most valuable fellow, Baisemeaux," said Aramis; "and now, set Seldon free."

"Oh, yes. I was going to forget that. I will go and give orders at once."

"Bah! to-morrow will be time enough."

"To-morrow! — oh, no. This very minute."

"Well; go off to your affairs, I will away to mine. But it is quite understood, is it not?"

"What 'is quite understood'?"

"That no one is to enter the prisoner's cell, except with an order from the king; an order which I will myself bring."

"Quite so. Adieu, monseigneur."

Aramis returned to his companion. "Now, Porthos, my good fellow, back again to Vaux, and as fast as possible."

"A man is light and easy enough, when he has faithfully served his king; and, in serving him, saved his country," said Porthos. "The horses will be as light as if our tissues were constructed of the wind of heaven. So let us be off." And the carriage, lightened of a prisoner who might well be — as he in fact was — very heavy in the sight of Aramis, passed across the drawbridge of the Bastile, which was raised again immediately behind it.

In the mean time, usurped royalty was playing out its part bravely at Vaux. Philippe . . . played the king in such a manner as to awaken no suspicion. He was completely dressed in hunting costume when he received his visitors. His own memory and the notes of Aramis announced everybody to him; first of all Anne of Austria, to whom Monsieur gave his hand, and then Madame with M. de Saint-Aignan. He smiled at seeing these countenances, but trembled on recognizing his

mother. That still so noble and imposing figure, ravaged by pain, pleaded in his heart the cause of the famous queen who had immolated a child to reasons of state. He found his mother still handsome. He knew that Louis XIV. loved her, and he promised himself to love her likewise, and not to prove a scourge to her old age. He contemplated his brother with a tenderness easily to be understood. The latter had usurped nothing, had cast no shades athwart his life. A separate tree, he allowed the stem to rise without heeding its elevation or majestic life. Philippe promised himself to be a kind brother to this prince, who required nothing but gold to minister to his pleasures. He bowed with a friendly air to Saint-Aignan, who was all reverences and smiles, and tremblingly held out his hand to Henrietta, his sister-in-law, whose beauty struck him; but he saw in the eyes of that princess an expression of coldness which would facilitate, as he thought, their future relations.

"How much more easy," thought he, "it will be to be the brother of that woman than her gallant, if she evinces toward me a coldness that my brother could not have for her, but which is imposed upon me as a duty." The only visit he dreaded at this moment was that of the queen; his heart — his mind — had just been shaken by so violent a trial, that, in spite of their firm temperament, they would not, perhaps, support another shock. Happily the queen did not come. Then commenced, on the part of Anne of Austria, a political dissertation upon the welcome M. Fouquet had given to the house of France. She mixed up hostilities with compliments addressed to the king, and questions as to his health, with little maternal flatteries and diplomatic artifices.

"Well, my son," said she, "are you convinced with regard to M. Fouquet?"

"Saint-Aignan," said Philippe, "have the goodness to go and inquire after the queen."

At these words, the first Philippe had pronounced aloud, the slight difference that there was between his voice and that of the king was sensible to maternal ears, and Anne of Austria looked earnestly at her son. Saint-Aignan left the room, and Philippe continued: —

"Madame, I do not like to hear M. Fouquet ill-spoken of, you know I do not — and you have even spoken well of him yourself."

"That is true; therefore I only question you on the state of your sentiments with respect to him."

"Sire," said Henrietta, "I, on my part, have always liked M. Fouquet. He is a man of good taste, — a superior man."

"A superintendent who is never sordid or niggardly," added Monsieur; "and who pays in gold all the orders I have on him."

"Every one in this thinks too much of himself, and nobody for the state," said the old queen. "M. Fouquet, it is a fact, M. Fouquet is ruining the state."

"Well, mother!" replied Philippe, in rather a lower key, "do you likewise constitute yourself the buckler of M. Colbert?"

"How is that?" replied the old queen, rather surprised.

"Why, in truth," replied Philippe, "you speak that just as your old friend Madame de Chevreuse would speak."

"Why do you mention Madame de Chevreuse to me?" said she, "and what sort of humor are you in to-day towards me?"

Philippe continued: "Is not Madame de Chevreuse always in league against somebody? Has not Madame de Chevreuse been to pay you a visit, mother?"

"Monsieur, you speak to me now in such a manner that I can almost fancy I am listening to your father."

"My father did not like Madame de Chevreuse, and had good reason for not liking her," said the prince. "For my part, I like her no better than *he* did; and if she thinks proper to come here as she formerly did, to sow divisions and hatreds under the pretext of begging money — why ——"

"Well! what?" said Anne of Austria, proudly, herself provoking the storm.

"Well!" replied the young man, firmly, "I will drive Madame de Chevreuse out of my kingdom — and with her all who meddle with its secrets and mysteries."

He had not calculated the effect of this terrible speech, or perhaps he wished to judge of the effect of it, like those who, suffering from a chronic pain, and seeking to break the monotony of that suffering, touch their wound to procure a sharper pang. Anne of Austria was nearly fainting; her eyes, open but meaningless, ceased to see for several seconds; she stretched out her arms towards her other son, who supported and embraced her without fear of irritating the king.

"Sire," murmured she, "you are treating your mother very cruelly."

"In what respect, madame?" replied he. "I am only speaking of Madame de Chevreuse; does my mother prefer Madame de Chevreuse to the security of the state and of my person? Well, then, madame, I tell you Madame de Chevreuse has returned to France to borrow money, and that she addressed herself to M. Fouquet to sell him a certain secret."

"A certain secret!" cried Anne of Austria.

"Concerning pretended robberies that monsieur le surintendant had committed, which is false," added Philippe. "M. Fouquet rejected her offers with indignation, preferring the esteem of the king to complicity with such intriguers. Then Madame de Chevreuse sold the secret to M. Colbert, and as she is insatiable, and was not satisfied with having extorted a hundred thousand crowns from a servant of the State, she has taken a still bolder flight, in search of surer sources of supply. Is that true, madame?"

"You know all, sire," said the queen, more uneasy than irritated.

"Now," continued Philippe, "I have good reason to dislike this fury, who comes to my court to plan the shame of some and the ruin of others. If Heaven has suffered certain crimes to be committed, and has concealed them in the shadow of its clemency, I will not permit Madame de Chevreuse to counteract the just designs of fate."

The latter part of this speech had so agitated the queen mother, that her son had pity on her. He took her hand and kissed it tenderly; she did not feel that in that kiss, given in spite of repulsion and bitterness of the heart, there was a pardon for eight years of suffering. Philippe allowed the silence of a moment to swallow the emotions that had just developed themselves. Then, with a cheerful smile: —

"We will not go to-day," said he, "I have a plan." And, turning towards the door, he hoped to see Aramis, whose absence began to alarm him. The queen mother wished to leave the room.

"Remain where you are, mother," said he, "I wish you to make your peace with M. Fouquet."

"I bear M. Fouquet no ill will; I only dreaded his prodigalities."

"We will put that to rights, and will take nothing of the superintendent but his good qualities."

"What is your majesty looking for?" said Henrietta, seeing the king's eyes constantly turned towards the door, and wishing to let fly a little poisoned arrow at his heart, supposing he was so anxiously expecting either La Vallière or a letter from her.

"My sister," said the young man, who had divined her thought, thanks to that marvelous perspicuity of which fortune was from that time about to allow him the exercise, "my sister, I am expecting a most distinguished man, a most able counselor, whom I wish to present to you all, recommending him to your good graces. Ah! come in, then, D'Artagnan."

"What does your majesty wish?" said D'Artagnan, appearing.

"Where is monsieur the bishop of Vannes, your friend?"

"Why, sire ——"

"I am waiting for him, and he does not come. Let him be sought for."

D'Artagnan remained for an instant stupefied; but soon, reflecting that Aramis had left Vaux privately on a mission from the king, he concluded that the king wished to preserve the secret. "Sire," replied he, "does your majesty absolutely require M. d'Herblay to be brought to you?"

"Absolutely is not the word," said Philippe; "I do not want him so particularly as that; but if he can be found ——"

"I thought so," said D'Artagnan to himself.

"Is this M. d'Herblay bishop of Vannes?"

"Yes, madame."

"A friend of M. Fouquet?"

"Yes, madame; an old musketeer."

Anne of Austria blushed.

"One of the four braves who formerly performed such prodigies."

The old queen repented of having wished to bite; she broke off the conversation, in order to preserve the rest of her teeth. "Whatever may be your choice, sire," said she, "I have no doubt it will be excellent."

All bowed in support of that sentiment.

"You will find in him," continued Philippe, "the depth and penetration of M. de Richelieu, without the avarice of M. de Mazarin!"

"A prime minister, sire?" said Monsieur, in a fright.

"I will tell you all about that, brother; but it is strange that M. d'Herblay is not here!"

He called out: —

"Let M. Fouquet be informed that I wish to speak to him —oh! before you, before you; do not retire!"

M. de Saint-Aignan returned, bringing satisfactory news of the queen, who only kept her bed from precaution, and to have strength to carry out all the king's wishes. Whilst everybody was seeking M. Fouquet and Aramis, the new king quietly continued his experiments, and everybody, family, officers, servants, had not the least suspicion of his identity, his air, voice, and manners were so like the king's. On his side, Philippe, applying to all countenances the accurate descriptions and key-notes of character supplied by his accomplice Aramis, conducted himself so as not to give birth to a doubt in the minds of those who surrounded him. Nothing from that time could disturb the usurper. With what strange facility had Providence just reversed the loftiest fortune of the world to substitute the lowliest in its stead! Philippe admired the goodness of God with regard to himself, and seconded it with all the resources of his admirable nature. But he felt, at times, something like a specter gliding between him and the rays of his new glory. Aramis did not appear. The conversation had languished in the royal family; Philippe, preoccupied, forgot to dismiss his brother and Madame Henrietta. The latter were astonished, and began, by degrees, to lose all patience. Anne of Austria stooped towards her son's ear, and addressed some words to him in Spanish. Philippe was completely ignorant of that language, and grew pale at this unexpected obstacle. But, as if the spirit of the imperturbable Aramis had covered him with his infallibility, instead of appearing disconcerted, Philippe rose. "Well! what?" said Anne of Austria.

"What is all that noise?" said Philippe, turning round towards the door of the second staircase.

And a voice was heard saying, "This way, this way! A few steps more, sire!"

"The voice of M. Fouquet," said D'Artagnan, who was standing close to the queen mother.

"Then M. d'Herblay cannot be far off," added Philippe.

But he then saw what he little thought to have beheld so near to him. All eyes were turned towards the door at which

M. Fouquet was expected to enter; but it was not M. Fouquet who entered. A terrible cry resounded from all corners of the chamber, a painful cry uttered by the king and all present. It is given to but few men, even to those whose destiny contains the strangest elements, and accidents the most wonderful, to contemplate a spectacle similar to that which presented itself in the royal chamber at that moment. The half-closed shutters only admitted the entrance of an uncertain light passing through thick violet velvet curtains lined with silk. In this soft shade, the eyes were by degrees dilated, and every one present saw others rather with imagination than with actual sight. There could not, however, escape, in these circumstances, one of the surrounding details; and the new object which presented itself appeared as luminous as though it shone out in full sunlight. So it happened with Louis XIV., when he showed himself, pale and frowning, in the doorway of the secret stairs. The face of Fouquet appeared behind him, stamped with sorrow and determination. The queen mother, who perceived Louis XIV., and who held the hand of Philippe, uttered the cry of which we have spoken, as if she had beheld a phantom. Monsieur was bewildered, and kept turning his head in astonishment, from one to the other. Madame made a step forward, thinking she was looking at the form of her brother-in-law reflected in a mirror. And, in fact, the illusion was possible. The two princes, both pale as death — for we renounce the hope of being able to describe the fearful state of Philippe — trembling, clenching their hands convulsively, measured each other with looks, and darted their glances, sharp as poniards, at each other. Silent, panting, bending forward, they appeared as if about to spring upon an enemy. The unheard-of resemblance of countenance, gesture, shape, height, even to the resemblance of costume, produced by chance — for Louis XIV. had been to the Louvre and put on a violet-colored dress — the perfect analogy of the two princes, completed the consternation of Anne of Austria. And yet she did not at once guess the truth. There are misfortunes in life so truly dreadful that no one will at first accept them; people rather believe in the supernatural and the impossible. Louis had not reckoned on these obstacles. He expected he had only to appear to be acknowledged. A living sun, he could not endure the suspicion of equality with any one. He did not admit that every torch should not become darkness at

the instant he shone out with his conquering ray. At the aspect of Philippe, then, he was perhaps more terrified than any one round him, and his silence, his immobility, were, this time, a concentration and a calm which precede the violent explosions of concentrated passion.

But Fouquet! who shall paint his emotion and stupor in presence of this living portrait of his master! Fouquet thought Aramis was right, that this newly-arrived was a king as pure in his race as the other, and that, for having repudiated all participation in this *coup d'état*, so skillfully got up by the General of the Jesuits, he must be a mad enthusiast, unworthy of ever again dipping his hands in political grand strategy work. And then it was the blood of Louis XIII. which Fouquet was sacrificing to the blood of Louis XIII.; it was to a selfish ambition he was sacrificing a noble ambition; to the right of keeping he sacrificed the right of having. The whole extent of his fault was revealed to him at simple sight of the pretender. All that passed in the mind of Fouquet was lost upon the persons present. He had five minutes to focus meditation on this point of conscience; five minutes, that is to say five ages, during which the two kings and their family scarcely found energy to breathe after so terrible a shock. D'Artagnan, leaning against the wall in front of Fouquet, with his hand to his brow, asked himself the cause of such a wonderful prodigy. He could not have said at once why he doubted, but he knew assuredly that he had reason to doubt, and that in this meeting of the two Louis XIV.'s lay all the doubt and difficulty that during late days had rendered the conduct of Aramis so suspicious to the musketeer. These ideas were, however, enveloped in a haze, a veil of mystery. The actors in this assembly seemed to swim in the vapors of a confused waking. Suddenly Louis XIV., more impatient and more accustomed to command, ran to one of the shutters, which he opened, tearing the curtains in his eagerness. A flood of living light entered the chamber, and made Philippe draw back to the alcove. Louis seized upon this movement with eagerness, and addressing himself to the queen: —

"My mother," said he, "do you not acknowledge your son, since every one here has forgotten his king?" Anne of Austria started, and raised her arms towards heaven, without being able to articulate a single word.

"My mother," said Philippe, with a calm voice, "do you not

acknowledge your son?" And this time, in his turn, Louis drew back.

As to Anne of Austria, struck suddenly in head and heart with fell remorse, she lost her equilibrium. No one aiding her, for all were petrified, she sank back in her *fauteuil*, breathing a weak, trembling sigh. Louis could not endure the spectacle and the affront. He bounded towards D'Artagnan, over whose brain a vertigo was stealing, and who staggered as he caught at the door for support.

"*À moi! mousquetaire!*" said he. "Look us in the face and say which is the paler, he or I!"

This cry roused D'Artagnan, and stirred in his heart the fibers of obedience. He shook his head, and, without more hesitation, he walked straight up to Philippe, on whose shoulder he laid his hand, saying, "Monsieur, you are my prisoner!"

Philippe did not raise his eyes towards heaven, not stir from the spot, where he seemed nailed to the floor, his eye intently fixed upon the king his brother. He reproached him with a sublime silence for all misfortunes past, all tortures to come. Against this language of the soul the king felt he had no power; he cast down his eyes, dragging away precipitately his brother and sister, forgetting his mother sitting motionless within three paces of the son whom she left a second time to be condemned to death. Philippe approached Anne of Austria, and said to her, in a soft and nobly agitated voice: —

"If I were not your son, I should curse you, my mother, for having rendered me so unhappy."

D'Artagnan felt a shudder pass through the marrow of his bones. He bowed respectfully to the young prince, and said, as he bent, "Excuse me, monseigneur, I am but a soldier, and my oaths are his who has just left the chamber."

"Thank you, M. d'Artagnan. . . . What has become of M. d'Herblay?"

"M. d'Herblay is in safety, monseigneur," said a voice behind them; "and no one, while I live and am free, shall cause a hair to fall from his head."

"Monsieur Fouquet!" said the prince, smiling sadly.

"Pardon me, monseigneur," said Fouquet, kneeling, "but he who is just gone out from hence was my guest."

"Here are," murmured Philippe, with a sigh, "brave friends and good hearts. They make me regret the world. Oh, M. d'Artagnan, I follow you."

At the moment the captain of the musketeers was about to leave the room with his prisoner, Colbert appeared, and after remitting an order from the king to D'Artagnan, retired. D'Artagnan read the paper, and then crushed it in his hand with rage.

"What is it?" asked the prince.

"Read, monseigneur," replied the musketeer.

Philippe read the following words, hastily traced by the hand of the king: —

"M. d'Artagnan will conduct the prisoner to the Île Sainte-Marguerite. He will cover his face with an iron visor, which the prisoner shall never raise except at peril of his life."

"That is just," said Philippe, with resignation; "I am ready."

"Aramis was right," said Fouquet in a low voice, to the musketeer: "this one is every whit as much a king as the other."

"More so!" replied D'Artagnan. "He only wanted you and me."

THE WEAKNESS, UNREST, AND DEFECTS OF MAN.

By BLAISE PASCAL.

(From the "Thoughts.")

[Blaise Pascal: French mathematician and philosopher, was born at Clermont-Ferrand, in Auvergne, June 19, 1623. In early youth he showed a decided inclination for mathematics, and so rapid was his advance that at sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections that astonished Descartes, invented a calculating machine before he was twenty, and made brilliant discoveries concerning hydrostatics, pneumatics, etc. About 1649, however, he was seized with religious fervor, renounced his scientific pursuits, and joined the Jansenist community of Port Royal, where he devoted himself to theological studies and the practice of asceticism. Never in robust health, he broke down under the strain of long vigils and severe discipline, and finally died, a physical and mental wreck, at Paris, August 19, 1662. His chief works are the "Provincial Letters," a caustic satire on the Jesuits, and the so-called "Pensées," fragmentary materials of a projected "Apology of the Catholic Religion."]

We care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or we call back the past, to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by with-

out reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present, and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live, and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

We are so unhappy that we cannot take pleasure in a thing save on condition of being troubled if it turn out ill, as a thousand things may do, and do every hour. He who should find the secret of rejoicing in good without being troubled at its contrary evil, would have hit the mark. It is perpetual motion.

Our nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

When we are well we wonder how we should get on if we were sick, but when sickness comes we take our medicine cheerfully — into that the evil resolves itself. We have no longer those passions, and that desire for amusement and gadding abroad, which were ours in health but are now incompatible with the necessities of our disease. So then nature gives us passions and desires in accordance with the immediate situation. Nothing troubles us but fears, which we, and not nature, make for ourselves, because fear adds to the condition in which we are the passions of the condition in which we are not.

Since nature makes us always unhappy in every condition, our desires paint for us a happy condition, joining to that in which we are the pleasures of the condition in which we are not; and were we to gain these pleasures we should not therefore be happy, because we should have other desires conformable to this new estate.

The example of Alexander's chastity has not made so many continent as that of his drunkenness has made intemperate. It is not shameful to be less virtuous than he, and it seems excusable to be no more vicious. We do not think ourselves

wholly partakers in the vices of ordinary men, when we see that we share those of the great, not considering that in such matters the great are but ordinary men. We hold on to them by the same end by which they hold on to the people, for at whatsoever height they be, they are yet united at some point to the lowest of mankind. They are not suspended in the air, abstracted from our society. No, doubly no; if they are greater than we, it is because their heads are higher; but their feet are as low as ours. There all are on the same level, resting on the same earth, and by the lower extremity are as low as we are, as the meanest men, as children, and the brutes.

Great men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions, but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

Man is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such an one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics, he would take me for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my wants.

We are fools if we rest content with the society of those like ourselves; miserable as we are, powerless as we are, they will not aid us, we shall die alone. We ought therefore to act as though we were alone, and should we in that case build superb mansions, etc.? We should search for truth unhesitatingly, and if we refuse it, we show that we value the esteem of men more than the search for truth.

The last act is tragic, how pleasantly soever the play may have run through the others. At the end a little earth is flung on our head, and all is over forever.

I feel that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite, but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

Excessive or deficient mental powers are alike accused of madness. Nothing is good but mediocrity. The majority has settled that, and assails whoever escapes it, no matter by which

extreme. I make no objection, would willingly consent to be in the mean, and I refuse to be placed at the lower end, not because it is low, but because it is an extreme, for I would equally refuse to be placed at the top. To leave the mean is to leave humanity. The greatness of the human soul consists in knowing how to keep the mean. So little is it the case that greatness consists in leaving it, that it lies in not leaving it.

Discourses on humility give occasion for pride to the boastful, and for humility to the humble. Those on skepticism give occasion for believers to affirm. Few men speak humbly of humility, chastely of chastity, few of skepticism doubtingly. We are but falsehood, duplicity, and contradiction, using even to ourselves concealment and guile.

The intellect believes naturally, and the will loves naturally, so that for lack of true objects, they must needs attach themselves to the false.

We cannot think of Plato and Aristotle, save in professorial robes. They were honest men like others, laughing with their friends, and when they amused themselves with writing the "Laws" or the "Politics," they did it as a pastime. That part of their life was the least philosophic and the least serious; the most philosophic was to live simply and quietly. If they wrote on politics it was as though they were laying down rules for a madhouse, and if they made as though they were speaking of a great matter, it was because they knew that the madmen to whom they spoke fancied themselves kings and emperors. They entered into their views in order to make their folly as little harmful as possible.

We never teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else, and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learnt.

Time heals all pain and misunderstanding, because we change and are no longer the same persons. Neither the offender nor the offended are any more themselves. It is like a nation which we have angered and meet again after two generations. They are Frenchmen still, but not the same.

Malignity when it has reason on its side becomes proud, and displays reason in all its splendor.

If we would reprove with success, and show another his mistake, we must see from what side he views the matter, for on that side it is generally true; and admitting that truth, show him the side on which it is false. He will be satisfied, for he will see that he is not mistaken, only that he did not see all sides. Now, no one is vexed at not seeing everything. But we do not like to be mistaken, and that perhaps arises from the fact that man by nature cannot see everything, and that by nature he cannot be mistaken in the side he looks at, since what we apprehend by our senses is always true.

The knowledge of external things will not console me for my ignorance of ethics in time of affliction, but the science of morals will always console me for my ignorance of external knowledge.

To put our trust in forms and ceremonies is superstitious; but not to comply with them is pride.

We never do evil so cheerfully and effectually as when we do it upon a false principle of conscience.

I must not seek my dignity from space, but from ruling my thought. I should have no more if I possessed worlds. By space the universe incloses and swallows me, a mere atom: by thought, I inclose the universe.

Justice and truth are two such fine points that our instruments are too blunt to touch them with accuracy. If they hit on the point, they cover it so broadly that they rest oftener on the wrong than on the right.

Whence is it that a lame man does not offend us, and that a deficient mind does offend us? It is because the lame man acknowledges that we walk straight; whereas, the crippled in mind maintain that it is we who go lame. But for this we should feel more compassion for them than resentment.

Epictetus proposes a similar question: why we are not angry when a man tells us that we have the headache, and yet fall into a passion when he tells us we reason ill, or make a wrong choice? The reason is, that we can be very certain that we have not the headache or are not lame; but we cannot be

so certain that we make a right choice. For having no assurance that we do so, but because it appears so to us, with all the light we have, — when another with all his light sees the contrary, this confounds us, and keeps us in suspense : especially if a thousand other persons laugh at our choice, for then we must prefer our own light to that of so many others, which is a perplexing and difficult matter. But men never contradict each other thus about the lameness of any one.

HUDIBRAS.

By SAMUEL BUTLER.

[Samuel Butler, the well-known English author, was a native of Strensham, Worcestershire, where he was born in 1612. Educated at the Worcester grammar school and probably at Cambridge University, he became an attendant to Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, and later to the Presbyterian Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the prototype of Hudibras. After the Restoration he entered the service of the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, and was appointed steward of Ludlow Castle. His "Hudibras" (published in three parts, 1663–1678), a satirical poem directed against the Puritans, achieved immediate popularity, and a grant of three hundred pounds was bestowed on the author by Charles II. Butler died at Covent Garden, September 25, 1680, in great poverty, and was buried at the expense of his friend, William Longueville of the Temple.]

When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When Gospel Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bent his stubborn knee
To anything but Chivalry;

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace.
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool:
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such;
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holydays, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and southwest side;
On either which he would dispute.
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks Committee men and Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
And this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learnèd pedants much affect.
It was a party-colored dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an old promiscuous tone
As if h' had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three laborers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;

Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebblestones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.
Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Duns;
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways, beyond them all:

And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishèd.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catched
The itch, on purpose to be scratched;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Although by woeful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it. . . .
For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshiped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free will they one way disavow;
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend — plum porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.
    Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face. . . .
    His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
    His breeches were of rugged woolen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise. . . .
    His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,

With basket hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder;
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddlebow,
Two agèd pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged and from four-legged foes.
Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behoove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait,
Preserved a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipped,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped;
And yet so fiery, he would bound
As if he grieved to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For what was hidden under pad,
And breech of knight galled full as bad.

His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had plowed;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked,
With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not stay his course.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with meter safe
We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph;
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valor
He had laid in; by birth a tailor;
The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legged knights,
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroyed both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage cracked and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crooked
With — To and from my love — it looked.
He ne'er considered it, as loath
To look a gift horse in the mouth;

And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth:
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten snuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle:
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
Which none can see but those that bear it:
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eavesdropper can hear.
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse;
Which they at second hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four legged oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say;

A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contràry clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, "Rope," and "Walk, knave, walk."
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise;
For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he professed,
He had First Matter seen undressed:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descried,
And seen quite through, or else he lied;
Not that of pasteboard, which men show
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew,
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet play.
He could foretell whats'ever was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,

Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robbed a house below;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods:
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimmed a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill,
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guessed on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
    Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valors, too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.

LEAVES FROM PEPYS' DIARY.

By SAMUEL PEPYS.

[Samuel Pepys, famous English diarist, was born in 1633, the son of a London tailor, and entered Magdalene College, Cambridge. Through the influence of Sir Edward Montagu (afterward Earl of Sandwich), he secured the office of Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and twelve years later was raised to the secretaryship of the Admiralty. He discharged his duties with intelligence and zeal, and earned a great reputation as an authority on matters connected with the navy. During the excitement of the Popish Plot he was committed to the Tower, but after some time was discharged without a trial, and reinstated in his office at the Admiralty, which he retained until the abdication of James II. He was also a member of Parliament for a brief term, master of the Trinity House, and President of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. The celebrated "Diary" (extending from 1660 to 1669) is interesting both for its graphic picture of the court of Charles II., and for the insight it gives into Pepys' own character. It was written in cipher, and remained in manuscript until its discovery (1825) among the books, prints, etc., bequeathed by Pepys to Magdalene College.]

March 26th [1663]. This day is five years since it pleased God to preserve me at my being cut of the stone, of which I bless God I am in all respects well. But I could not get my feast to be kept to-day as it used to be, because of my wife's being ill and other disorders by my servants being out of order. This morning came a new cook-mayde at £4 per annum, the first time I ever did give so much. She did live last at my Lord Monk's house, and indeed at dinner did get what there was very prettily ready and neate for me, which did please me much. . . .

April 1*st*. I went to the Temple to my Cozen Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little: who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery; but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavor of bringing all Nonconformists into the same condition that he is afeard matters will not go so well as he could wish. Home, calling on the virginall maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my tryangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. To my office all the afternoon; Lord! how Sir J. Minnes, like a mad coxcomb, did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build

the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little; but, upon the whole, I find him still a foole, led by the nose with stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen, or men of reason, I went home and to bed.

2*d*. By coach to Westminster Hall with Sir W. Pen. By and by the House rises and I home again with him, all the way talking about the business of Holmes; I did on purpose tell him my mind freely, and let him see that it must be a wiser man than Holmes (in these very words) that shall do me any hurt while I do my duty. I do remember him of Holmes' words against Sir J. Minnes, that he was a knave, rogue, coward, and that he will kick him and pull him by the eares, which he remembered all of them and may have occasion to do it hereafter to his owne shame to suffer them to be spoke in his presence without any reply but what I did give him, which has caused all this feud. But I am glad of it, for I would now and then take occasion to let the world know that I will not be made a novice. Sir W. Pen took occasion to speak about my wife's strangenesse to him and his daughter, and that believing at last that it was from his taking of Sarah to be his mayde, he hath now put her away, at which I am glad. He told me that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, etc., which gives great content, and I am glad of it.

3*d*. To White Hall and to Chappell, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the quire. Dr. Creeton, the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, honest, and most severe sermon, yet comicall, upon the words of the woman concerning the Virgin, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee and the paps that gave thee suck; and he answered, Nay; rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it." He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present terme, now in use, of "tender consciences." He ripped up Hugh Peters (calling him the execrable skellum), his preaching and stirring up the mayds of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the

place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and 4*l.* in silver. So home to dinner with my father and wife, and after dinner up to my tryangle, where I found that above my expectation Ashwell has very good principles of musique and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains. Thence to the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but 70,000*l.* per annum, and the forces to be kept in the towne at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be got to bring it is 53,000*l.* The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be 13,000*l.*; besides 1,000*l.* a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencys, which puts us to a great stand. I find at Court that there is some bad newes from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholiques there, which puts them into an alarme. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spayne, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say that he hath done something before he comes back again.

4*th.* To my office. Home to dinner, whither by and by comes Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner and her daughter, Joyce Norton, and a young lady, a daughter of Coll. Cockes, my uncle Wight, his wife and Mrs. Anne Wight. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago for my cutting of the stone, for which the Lord make me truly thankful. Very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our owne only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble and to my great content. After dinner to Hide Parke; my aunt, Mrs. Wight, and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mr. Turner's; Roger being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is great contest on both sides, and my uncle and father staying together behind. At the Parke was the King, and in another

coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every tour. Here about an houre and home, and I found the house as clear as if nothing had been done there to-day from top to bottom, which made us give the cooke 12*d.* a piece, each of us.

5*th* (*Lord's day*). Up and spent the morning, till the Barber came, in reading in my chamber part of Osborne's advice to his Son, which I shall not never enough admire for sense and language, and being by and by trimmed, to Church, myself, wife, Ashwell, etc. Home and while dinner was prepared to my office to read over my vows with great affection and to very good purpose. Then to church again, where a simple bawling young Scot preached.

6*th*. To my office and there made an end of reading my book that I have of Mr. Barlow's of the Journall of the Commissioners of the Navy, who begun to act in the year 1628 and continued six years, wherein is fine observations and precedents out of which I do purpose to make a good collection. To the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, and by and by he rose and took leave, being, it seems, this night to go to Kensington or Chelsey, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the ayre.

7*th*. To my office. At noon to the Exchange, and after dinner to the office, where Sir J. Minnes did make a great complaint to me alone, how my clerke Mr. Hater had entered in one of the Sea books a ticket to have been signed by him before it had been examined, which makes the old foole mad almost, though there was upon enquiry the greatest reason in the world for it. Which though it vexes me, yet it is most to see from day to day what a coxcomb he is, and that so great a trust should lie in the hands of such a foole.

8*th*. By water to White Hall, to chappell; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon I went up and saw the ceremony of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincolne, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany. Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his

Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I hear that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there. All which, they say, the King took very well. Dr. Raynbow, Master of Magdalen, being now Vice-Chancellor.

9*th*. To my office, and anon we met upon finishing the Treasurer's accounts. At noon dined at home and am vexed to hear my wife tell me how our mayde Mary do endeavour to corrupt our cook mayde, which did please me very well, but I am resolved to rid the house of her as soon as I can.

10*th*. After great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good newes come, that all is quiett after our great noise of troubles there, though some stir hath been as was reported. To the Royall Oake Taverne, in Lumbarde Streete, where Alexander Broome the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited, and here drank a sort of French wine, called Ho Bryan, that hath a good and most particular taste that I never met with. Then to my Lord's lodgings, met my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10*s*. upon pendents and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

12*th* (*Lord's day*). To church, where I found our pew altered by taking some of the hind pew to make ours bigger. After dinner got a coach and to Graye's Inn walks, where some handsome faces. Coming home to-night, a drunken boy was carrying by our constable to our new pair of stocks to handsel them, being a new pair and very handsome.

13*th*. Up by five o'clock and to my office, where hard at work till towards noon, and home and eat a bit, and so with Sir W. Batten to the Stillyard, and there eat a lobster together, and anon to the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker and Wiseman, civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered by my Lord Sandwich (whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good) and Sir R. Ford. By and by the discourse being ended, we fell to my Lord Rutherford's dispatch, which do not please him, he being a Scott, and one resolved to scrape every penny that he can get by any way, which the Committee will not agree to. He took offence at something and rose away, without taking leave of the board, which all took ill, though nothing said but only by the Duke

of Albemarle, who said that we ought to settle things as they ought to be, and if he will not go upon these terms another man will, no doubt.

14*th*. By barge to Woolwich, to see "The Royal James" launched, where she has been under repair a great while. Then to Mr. Falconer's to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and when it was just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to shew themselves, while I staid and had a little dish or two by myself, resolving to go home, and by the time I had dined they came again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. So they to dinner, and I staid a little with them, and so good bye. I walked to Greenwich, studying the slide rule for measuring of timber, which is very fine, and so home pretty weary. Anon they all came home, the ship well launched. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things into question; and, above all, the expences of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expences everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being forced to sell their bills at 15 per cent. losse in the Navy; and, lastly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

15*th*. After talking with my father awhile, I to my office, and there hard at it till almost noon, and then went down the river with Maynes, the purveyor, to show a ship's lading of Norway goods. So home, and after dinner up with my wife and Ashwell a little to the Tryangle, and so I down to Deptford by land about looking out a couple of catches fitted to be speedily set forth in answer to a letter of Mr. Coventry's to me. Which done, I walked back again, all the way reading of my book of Timber measure, comparing it with my new Sliding Rule brought home this morning with great pleasure. Taking boat again I went to Shishe's yard, and with him pitched upon a couple, and so home a little weary.

16*th*. Met to pass Mr. Pitts' (Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy Treasurer) accounts for the voyage last to the Streights, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good, but only bring a review upon my Lord Sandwich, but God knows it troubles my heart to see it, and to see

the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it.

17*th*. It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. This morning Mr. Hunt, the instrument maker, brought me home a Basse Viall to see whether I like it, which I do not very well, besides I am under a doubt whether I had best buy one, because of spoiling my present mind and love to business. To Paul's Church Yarde, to cause the title of my English "Mare Clausum" to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen dedicated to the Commonwealth.

18*th*. At dinner was Mr. Creed, all dinner, and walking in the garden the afternoon, he and I talking of the ill management of our office, which God knows is very ill for the King's advantage. I would I could make it better.

19*th* (*Easter day*). Up and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church alone, and after dinner to church again, where the young Scotchman preaching I slept all the while. After supper, fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. So to prayers and to bed. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physique these holydays.

20*th*. Begun to look over my father's accounts, which he brought out of the country with him by my desire, whereby I may see what he has received and spent, and I find that he is not anything extravagant, and yet it do so far outdo his estate that he must either think of lessening his charge, or I must be forced to spare money out of my purse to helpe him through, which I would willing do as far as 20*l*. goes. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he shewed me, and indeed are the best collection of any things almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquitys in Italy and France and brave cutts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with

some ladies at cards: and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was marryed at White Hall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing-Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach: he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not.

21*st*. I ruled with red ink my English "Mare Clausum," which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome. So to business and home to supper to play a game at cards with my wife; Ashwell plays well at cards, and will teach us to play; I wish it do not lose too much of my time, and put my wife too much upon it.

22*d*. To the Change, and so to my uncle Wight's, by invitation, whither my father, wife, and Ashwell came, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands and greasy manner of carving did almost turn my stomach. After dinner by coach to the King's Playhouse, where we saw but part of "Witt without mony," which I do not like much, but coming late put me out of tune, and it costing me four half-crownes for myself and company.

23*d*. St. George's day and Coronacion, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmarke by proxy and the Duke of Monmouth. I, with my father, sat all the morning looking over his country accounts. I find his spending hitherto has been (without extraordinary charges) at full 100*l*. per annum, which troubles me, and I did let him apprehend it, so as that the poor man wept, though he did make it well appear to me that he could not have saved a farthing of it. I did tell him how things stand with us, and did shew my distrust of Pall, both for her good nature and housewifery, which he was sorry for, telling me that indeed she carries herself very well and carefully, which I am glad to hear, though I doubt it was but his doting and not being able to find her miscarriages so well nowadays as he could heretofore have done. Spend the evening with my father. At cards till late, and being at supper, my boy being sent for some mustard, staid half an houre in the streets, it seems at a bonfire, at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow.

24*th*. Up betimes, and with my salt eele went down into

the parler and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times, yet for all I am afeard it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks, which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, whither came Captain Holland, who is lately come home from sea, and has been much harassed in law about the ship which he has bought, so that it seems in a despair he endeavoured to cut his own throat, but is recovered it; and it seems — whether by that or any other persuasion (his wife's mother being a great zealot) he is turned almost a Quaker, his discourse being nothing but holy, and that impertinent, that I was weary of him.

25th. Up betimes and to my vyall and song book a pretty while, and so to my office, and there we sat all the morning. Among other things Sir W. Batten had a mind to cause Butler (our chief witnesse in the business of Field, whom we did force back from an employment going to sea to come back to attend our law sute) to be borne as a mate on the Rainbow in the Downes in compensation for his loss for our sakes. This he orders an order to be drawn by Mr. Turner for, and after Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen had signed it, it came to me and I was going to put it up into my book, thinking to consider of it and give them my opinion upon it before I parted with it, but Sir W. Pen told me I must sign or give it him again, for it should not go without my hand. I told him what I meant to do, whereupon Sir W. Batten was very angry, and in a great heat told me that I should not think as I have heretofore done, make them sign orders and not sign them myself. Which what ignorance or worse it implies is easy to judge, when he shall sign to things (and the rest of the board too as appears in this business) for company and not out of their judgment. After some discourse I did convince them that it was not fit to have it go, and Sir W. Batten first, and then the rest, did willingly cancel all their hands and tear the order, for I told them, Butler being such a rogue as I know him, and we have all signed him to be to the Duke, it will be in his power to publish this to our great reproach, that we should take such a course as this to serve ourselves in wronging the King by putting him into a place he is no wise capable of, and that in an Admiral ship. In the evening merrily practising to dance,

which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall, this day, I buy a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling, the Bishop of London's chaplin, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the papists, and the fears of some of our own fathers of the Protestant church heretofore of the return to Popery as it were prefacing it. The book is a very good book; but forasmuch as it touches one of the Queene-mother's father confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian Preachers upon publique occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, etc., which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. Lastly, I did hear that the Queene is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having not supped once with her this quarter of a yeare, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine; who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her owne home to a chamber in White Hall, next to the King's owne; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26*th* (*Lord's day*). Tom coming, with whom I was angry for botching my camlott coat, to tell me that my father and he would dine with me, and that my father was at our church, I got me ready and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon "How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity!" All the afternoon upon my accounts, and find myself worth full 700*l.*, for which I bless God, it being the most I was ever worth in money. In the evening my wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dogg, over the water and walked to Half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslipps, and so to Half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walke back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their maske at Chelsey Schoole, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, and after

reading my vows, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!

27*th*. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. By water to White Hall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for the summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closett. And a good while with him about our Navy business; and so I to White Hall, and there alone a while with my Lord Sandwich discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, and thither came Creed to me, and he and I walked a great while in the garden, and thence to an alehouse in the market place to drink fine Lambeth ale, and so home, where I found Mary gone from my wife, she being too high for her, though a very good servant, and my boy too will be going in a few days, for he is not for my family, he is grown so out of order and not to be ruled, and do himself desire to be gone, which I am sorry for, because I love the boy and would be glad to bring him to good. The Queene (which I did not know) it seems was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of.

28*th*. Up betimes and to my office, only stepped up to see my wife and her dancing master at it, and I think after all she will do pretty well. So to dinner and then I to my office casting up my Lord's sea accounts over again, and putting them in order for payment.

29*th*. To Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone at a little table with one joynt of meat at dinner; we sat down and very merry talking, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet: the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, and hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the

fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself; that he hath forborn coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord every where, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not; but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it, but with so much contempt of Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against any thing the foole can do; and notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cupp of 100*l*., which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindnesse. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Bristol, and their faction, are likely to carry all things before them (which my Lord's judgment is, will not be for the best), and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost: but, however, that he will not actually joyne in any thing against the Chancellor, whom he do owne to be his most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queene, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her against his owne interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord says he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Teviott is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and (if it be true what he says) having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disobliged all the Com-

missioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who spoke in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, that having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former governor. And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Teviott to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there under Fitz-Gerald; he further said that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Teviott answered yes, that there were many more fit than himself or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Teviott, and he being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Teviott is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that whatever he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in publique matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we came to discourse upon his own sea accompts, and came to a resolution what and how to proceed in them; wherein, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour, I must confess, and so did tell him (with which he was not a little pleased) had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, and of many others; and upon the whole I do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting enemys or envyers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. Anon I took

leave, and coming down found my father unexpectedly in great pain and desiring for God's sake to get him a bed to lie upon, which I did, and W. Howe and I staid by him, in so great pain as I never saw, poor wretch, and with that patience, crying only: terrible, terrible pain, God helpe me, God helpe me, with the mournful voice, that made my heart ake. He desired to rest a little alone to see whether it would abate, and W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banquetting house, with a very fine prospect, and so back to my father, who I found in such pain that I could not bear the sight of it without weeping. At last I got him to go to the coach, and driving hard, meeting in the way with Captain Ferrers going to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to towne, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses, we got home and all helping we got him to bed presently, and after half an hour's lying in his naked bed, he was at good ease and so fell to sleep, and we went down whither W. Stankes was come with his horses. But it is very pleasant to hear how he rails at the rumbling and ado that is in London over it is in the country, that he cannot endure it.

30*th*. Up, and after drinking my morning draft with my father, who is very well again, and W. Stankes, I went forth to Sir W. Batten, who is going (to no purpose as he uses to do) to Chatham upon a survey. So to my office and then to the Exchange, and back home to dinner, where Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes; but, Lord! what a stir Stankes makes with his being crowded in the streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to White Hall, or to see the lyons, though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.

May 1*st*. Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes settling our matters concerning our Brampton estate, etc., and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within 100*l*., 50*l*. per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance, besides 25*l*. per annum annuities to my Uncle Thomas and Aunt Perkins. After dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of 50*l*. a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made them but myself to weep, and I hope it will have a good

effect. That being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Streete, and so I turned and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborne, etc., towards Hide Parke, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming galloping upon a little crop black nag; it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thiefe; this horse being found with black cloth eares on, and a false mayne, having none of his owne; and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Crosse, and there put up my owne dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone-horse of Captain Ferrers's, and with that rid in state to the Parke, where none better mounted than I almost, but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and begun to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself, and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. . . . By and by, about seven or eight o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the towne almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Streete, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So set my horse up at Game's, paying 5*s*. for him, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsicon; but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sicke to hear her; yet I was forced to commend her highly. So home to supper. This day Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next, I remember I told my wife, I believe would be a pound of candles or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed very weary, and a little galled for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afeard, he being so lately ill.

22*d*. Being weary last night, I slept till almost seven o'clock, a thing I have not done many a day. So up and to my office, being come to some angry words with my wife about neglecting the keeping of the house clean, I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me. So to the Exchange and then home to dinner, and very merry and well pleased with my wife, and so to the office again, where we met extraordinary upon drawing up the debts of the Navy to my Lord Treasurer.

NOTES FROM EVELYN'S DIARY.

[JOHN EVELYN, English author, was the son of wealthy parents, residing in Wotton, Surrey, where he was born in 1620. During the Civil War he sided with the Royalists, and for a short time served in the king's army, but passed the years 1641–1647 principally in travel, with occasional returns to England. After the Restoration he became a favorite at court, and held various positions of trust. He was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and contributed much to its transactions. He wrote constantly on a great variety of subjects, his chief works being "Sylva, or the Discourse of Forest Trees" and "Sculptura, or the Art of Engraving on Copper." His diary, discovered in 1817, is of inestimable historical value. He died in 1706.]

THE GREAT FIRE.

I WENT this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time His Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books, belonging to the Stationers, and carried

thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near a hundred more. The lead, ironwork, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones, but that were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, while the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in

and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the city. . . .

The plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

Ill Government of the Navy.

7th March 1689–90. — I dined with Mr. Pepys, late secretary to the Admiralty, where that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a commissioner of the Navy), Sir Anthy. Deane. Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our Navy, as now governed by unexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called "The Constant Warwick," and was the work of Pett of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy, if instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These, being to encounter the greatest ships, would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire ships; and the prince who should first store himself with numbers of such fire ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the

dexterity of working those light swift ships to guard the fire ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea fight, and that great ships and men of war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire ships; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch, that when an enemy's fire ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul; that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea fight likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

Mr. Samuel Pepys.

26th May, 1703. — This day died Mr. Sam. Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices (clerk of the Acts, and secretary of the Admiralty), all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more, but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labors in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the "History of the Navy," or "Navalia" as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from

whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

By DANIEL DEFOE.

(From the "Journal of the Plague Year.")

[DANIEL DEFOE, English journalist and man of letters, was born in London, about 1660; died in 1731. He wrote every sort of imaginable work in prose and verse, history, biography, and fiction, political and religious controversy, social and political pamphlets, satires, and other poems. His most famous work is "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); among his other novels are: "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal" (1706), "Memoirs of a Cavalier" (1720), "Captain Singleton" (1720), "Moll Flanders," "Cartouche," and "Colonel Jacque" (1722), "John Sheppard" (1724); and the "Journal of the Plague Year" (1722) and "Account of Jonathan Wild" (1725) are really such. Among his pamphlets are, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters" (1702) and "Political History of the Devil" (1726).]

THERE was one Shift that some Families had, and that not a few, when their Houses happened to be infected, and that was this: The Families, who in the first breaking out of the Distemper, fled away into the Country, and had Retreats among their Friends, generally found some or other of their Neighbors or Relations to commit the Charge of those Houses to, for the Safety of the Goods, and the like. Some Houses were indeed entirely lock'd up, the Doors padlockt, the Windows and Doors having Deal-Boards nail'd over them, and only the Inspection of them committed to the ordinary Watchmen and Parish Officers; but these were but few.

It was thought that there were not less than 10,000 Houses forsaken of the Inhabitants in the City and Suburbs, including what was in the Out Parishes, and in Surrey, or the Side of the Water they call'd Southwark. This was besides the Numbers of Lodgers, and of particular Persons who were fled out of other Families, so that in all it was computed that about 200,000 People were fled and gone in all: But of this I shall speak again: But I mention it here on this Account, namely,

that it was a Rule with those who had thus two Houses in their Keeping, or Care, that if any Body was taken sick in a Family, before the Master of the Family let the Examiners, or any other Officer, know of it, he immediately would send all the rest of his Family, whether Children or Servants, as it fell out to be, to such other House which he had so in Charge, and then giving Notice of the sick Person to the Examiner, have a Nurse or Nurses appointed; and have another Person to be shut up in the House with them (which many for Money would do) so to take Charge of the House, in case the Person should die.

This was in many Cases the saving a whole Family, who, if they had been shut up with the sick Person, would inevitably have perished: But on the other Hand, this was another of the Inconveniences of shutting up Houses; for the Apprehensions and Terror of being shut up made many run away with the rest of the Family, who, tho' it was not publickly known, and they were not quite sick, had yet the Distemper upon them; and who by having an uninterrupted Liberty to go about, but being obliged still to conceal their Circumstances, or perhaps not knowing it themselves, gave the Distemper to others, and spread the Infection in a dreadful Manner, as I shall explain farther hereafter.

And here I may be able to make an Observation or two of my own, which may be of use hereafter to those into whose Hands this may come, if they should ever see the like dreadful Visitation. (1.) The Infection generally came into the Houses of the Citizens, by the Means of their Servants, who they were obliged to send up and down the Streets for Necessaries, that is to say, for Food, or Physick, to Bake-houses, Brew-houses, Shops, etc., and who going necessarily thro' the Streets into Shops, Markets, and the like, it was impossible, but that they should one way or other meet with distempered people, who conveyed the fatal Breath into them, and they brought it Home to the Families, to which they belonged. (2.) It was a great Mistake, that such a great City as this had but one Pest-House; for had there been, instead of one Pest-House, viz., beyond Bunhil-Fields, where, at most, they could receive, perhaps, 200 or 300 People; I say, had there instead of that one been several Pest-houses, every one able to contain a thousand People without lying two in a Bed, or two Beds in a Room; and had every Master of a Family, as soon as any Servant

especially, had been taken sick in his House, been obliged to send them to the next Pest-House, if they were willing, as many were, and had the Examiners done the like among the poor People, when any had been stricken with the Infection; I say, had this been done where the People were willing (not otherwise), and the Houses not been shut, I am perswaded, and was all the While of that Opinion, that not so many, by several Thousands, had died; for it was observed, and I could give several Instances within the Compass of my own Knowledge, where a Servant had been taken sick, and the Family had either Time to send them out, or retire from the House, and leave the sick Person, as I have said above, they had all been preserved; whereas, when upon one, or more, sick'ning in a Family, the House has been shut up, the whole Family have perished, and the Bearers been oblig'd to go in to fetch out the Dead Bodies, none being able to bring them to the Door; and at last none left to do it.

(2.) This put it out of Question to me, that the Calamity was spread by Infection, that is to say, by some certain Steams, or Fumes, which the Physicians call Effluvia, by the Breath, or by the Sweat, or by the Stench of the Sores of the sick Persons, or some other way, perhaps, beyond even the Reach of the Physicians themselves, which Effluvia affected the Sound, who come within certain Distances of the Sick, immediately penetrating the Vital Parts of the said sound Persons, putting their Blood into an immediate ferment, and agitating their Spirits to that Degree which it was found they were agitated; and so those newly infected Persons communicated it in the same Manner to others; and this I shall give some Instances of, that cannot but convince those who seriously consider it; and I cannot but with some Wonder, find some People, now the Contagion is over, talk of its being an immediate Stroke from Heaven, without the Agency of Means, having Commission to strike this and that particular Person, and none other; which I look upon with Contempt, as the Effect of manifest Ignorance and Enthusiasm; likewise the Opinion of others, who talk of infection being carried on by the Air only, by carrying with it vast Numbers of Insects, and invisible Creatures, who enter into the Body with the Breath, or even at the Pores with the Air, and there generate, or emit most accute Poisons. or poisonous Ovæ, or Eggs, which mingle themselves with the Blood, and so infect the Body; a Discourse full of learned Simplicity,

and manifested to be so by universal Experience; but I shall say more to this Case in its Order.

I must here take farther Notice that Nothing was more fatal to the Inhabitants of this City, than the Supine Negligence of the People themselves, who during the long Notice, or Warning they had of the Visitation, yet made no Provision for it, by laying in Store of Provisions, or of other Necessaries; by which they might have liv'd retir'd, and within their own Houses, as I have observed, others did, and who were in a great Measure preserv'd by that Caution; nor were they, after they were a little hardened to it, so shye of conversing with one another, when actually infected, as they were at first, no tho' they knew it.

I acknowledge I was one of those thoughtless Ones, that had made so little Provision, that my Servants were obliged to go out of Doors to buy every Trifle by Penny and Halfpenny, just as before it begun, even till my Experience shewing me the Folly, I began to be wiser so late, that I had scarce Time to store my self sufficient for our common Subsistence for a Month.

I had in Family only an antient Woman, that managed the House, a Maid-Servant, two Apprentices, and my self; and the Plague beginning to encrease about us, I had many sad Thoughts about what Course I should take, and how I should act; the many dismal Objects, which happened everywhere as I went about the Streets, had fill'd my Mind with a great deal of Horror, for fear of the Distemper it self, which was indeed very horrible in it self, and in some more than in others, the swellings which were generally in the Neck, or Groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, grew so painful, that it was equal to the most exquisite Torture; and some not able to bear the Torment threw themselves out at Windows, or shot themselves, or otherwise made themselves away, and I saw several dismal Objects of that Kind: Others unable to contain themselves, vented their Pain by incessant Roarings, and such loud and lamentable Cries were to be heard as we walk'd along the Streets, that would Pierce the very Heart to think of, especially when it was to be considered, that the same dreadful Scourge might be expected every Moment to seize upon our selves.

I cannot say, but that now I began to faint in my Resolutions, my Heart fail'd me very much, and sorely I repented of my Rashness: When I had been out, and met with such terrible

Things as these I have talked of; I say, I repented my Rashness in venturing to abide in Town: I wish'd often, that I had not taken upon me to stay, but had gone away with my Brother and his Family.

Terrified by those frightful Objects, I would retire Home sometimes, and resolve to go out no more, and perhaps, I would keep those Resolutions for three or four Days, which Time I spent in the most serious Thankfulness for my Preservation, and the Preservation of my Family, and the constant Confession of my Sins, giving my self up to God every Day, and applying to him with Fasting, Humiliation, and Meditation: Such intervals as I had, I employed in reading Books, and in writing down my Memorandums of what occurred to me every Day, and out of which, afterwards, I formed most of this Work as it relates to my Observations without Doors: What I wrote of my private Meditations I reserve for private Use, and desire it may not be made publick on any Account whatever.

I also wrote other Meditations upon Divine Subjects, such as occurred to me at that Time, and were profitable to my self, but not fit for any other View, and therefore I say no more of that.

I had a very good Friend, a Physician, whose Name was Heath, who I frequently visited during this dismal Time, and to whose Advice I was very much oblig'd for many Things which he directed me to take, by way of preventing the Infection when I went out, as he found I frequently did, and to hold in my Mouth when I was in the Streets; he also came very often to see me, and as he was a good Christian, as well as a good Physician, his agreeable Conversation was a very great Support to me in the worst of this terrible Time.

It was now the Beginning of August, and the Plague grew very violent and terrible in the Place where I liv'd, and Dr. Heath coming to visit me, and finding that I ventured so often out in the Streets, earnestly perswaded me to lock my self up and my Family, and not to suffer any of us to go out of Doors; to keep all our Windows fast, Shutters and Curtains close, and never to open them; but first, to make a very strong Smoke in the Room, where the Window or Door was to be opened, with Rozen and Pitch, Brimstone, or Gunpowder, and the like; and we did this for some Time: But as I had not laid in a Store of Provision for such a retreat, it was impossible that we could keep within Doors entirely; however, I attempted, tho' it was

so very late, to do something towards it; and first, as I had Convenience both for Brewing and Baking, I went and bought two Sacks of Meal, and for several Weeks, having an Oven, we baked all our own Bread; also I bought Malt, and brew'd as much Beer as all the Casks I had would hold, and which seem'd enough to serve my House for five or six Weeks; also I laid in a Quantity of Salt butter and Cheshire Cheese; but I had no Flesh-meat, and the Plague raged so violently among the Butchers, and Slaughter-Houses, on the other Side of our Street, where they are known to dwell in great Numbers, that it was not advisable, so much as to go over the Street among them.

And here I must observe again, that this Necessity of going out of our Houses to buy Provisions, was in a great Measure the Ruin of the whole City, for the People catch'd the Distemper, on those Occasions, one of another, and even the Provisions themselves were often tainted, at least I have great Reason to believe so; and therefore I cannot say with Satisfaction what I know is repeated with great Assurance, that the Market People, and such as brought Provisions to Town, were never infected: I am certain, the Butchers of White-Chapel where the greatest Part of the Flesh-meat was killed, were dreadfully visited, and that at last to such a Degree, that few of their Shops were kept open, and those that remain'd of them, kill'd their Meat at Mile-end, and that Way, and brought it to Market upon Horses.

However, the poor People cou'd not lay up Provisions, and there was a necessity, that they must go to Market to buy, and others to send Servants or their Children; and as this was a Necessity which renew'd it self daily; it brought abundance of unsound People to the Markets, and a great many that went thither Sound, brought Death Home with them.

It is true, People us'd all possible Precaution: when any one bought a Joint of Meat in the Market, they would not take it of the Butchers Hand, but take it off the Hooks themselves. On the other Hand, the Butcher would not touch the Money, but have it put into a Pot full of Vinegar which he kept for that purpose. The Buyer carry'd always small Money to make up any odd Sum, that they might take no Change. They carry'd Bottles for Scents, and Perfumes in their Hands, and all the Means that could be us'd, were us'd: But then the Poor cou'd not do even these things, and they went at all Hazards.

Innumerable dismal Stories we heard every Day on this very Account: Sometimes a Man or Woman dropt down Dead in the very Markets; for many People that had the Plague upon them, knew nothing of it; till the inward Gangreen had affected their Vitals and they dy'd in a few Moments; this caus'd, that many died frequently in that Manner in the Streets suddainly, without any warning: Others perhaps had Time to go to the next Bulk or Stall; or to any Door, Porch, and just sit down and die, as I have said before.

These Objects were so frequent in the Streets, that when the Plague came to be very raging, On one Side, there was scarce any passing by the Streets, but that several dead Bodies would be lying here and there upon the Ground; on the other hand it is observable, that tho' at first, the People would stop as they went along, and call to the Neighbors to come out on such an Occasion; yet, afterward, no Notice was taken of them; but that, if at any Time we found a Corps lying, go cross the Way, and not come near it; or if in a narrow Lane or Passage, go back again, and seek some other Way to go on the Business we were upon; and in those Cases, the Corps was always left, till the Officers had notice to come and take them away; or till Night, when the Bearers attending the Dead-Cart would take them up, and carry them away: Nor did those undaunted Creatures, who performed these Offices, fail to search their Pockets, and sometimes strip off their Cloths, if they were well drest, as sometimes they were, and carry off what they could get.

But to return to the Markets; the Butchers took that Care, that if any Person dy'd in the Market, they had the Officers always at Hand, to take them up upon Hand-barrows, and carry them to the next Church-Yard; and this was so frequent that such were not entred in the weekly Bill, found Dead in the Streets or Fields, as is the Case now; but they went into the general Articles of the great Distemper.

But now the Fury of the Distemper encreased to such a Degree, that even the Markets were but very thinly furnished with Provisions, or frequented with Buyers, compair'd to what they were before; and the Lord-Mayor caused the Country-People who brought Provisions, to be stop'd in the Streets leading into the Town, and to sit down there with their Goods, where they sold what they brought, and went immediately away; and this Encourag'd the Country People greatly to do

so, for they sold their Provisions at the very Entrances into the Town, and even in the Fields; as particularly in the Fields beyond White-Chappel, in Spittle-fields. Note, Those Streets now called Spittle-Fields, were then indeed open Fields: Also in St. George's-fields in Soutwork, in Bunhill Fields, and in a great Field, call'd Wood's-Close near Islington; thither the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Magistrates sent their Officers and Servants to buy for their Families, themselves keeping within Doors as much as possible; and the like did many other People; and after this Method was taken, the Country People came with great chearfulness, and brought Provisions of all Sorts, and very seldom got any harm; which I suppose, added also to that Report of their being Miraculously preserv'd.

As for my little Family, having thus, as I have said, laid in a Store of Bread, Butter, Cheese, and Beer, I took my Friend and Physician's Advice, and lock'd my self up, and my Family, and resolv'd to suffer the hardship of Living a few Months without Flesh-Meat, rather than to purchase it at the hazard of our Lives.

But tho' I confin'd my Family, I could not prevail upon my unsatisfy'd Curiosity to stay within entirely my self; and tho' I generally came frighted and terrified Home, yet I cou'd not restrain; only that indeed, I did not do it so frequently as at first.

I had some little Obligations indeed upon me, to go to my Brothers House, which was in Coleman's-street Parish, and which he had left to my Care, and I went at first every Day, but afterwards only once or twice a Week.

In these Walks I had many dismal Scenes before my Eyes, as particularly of Persons falling dead in the Streets, terrible Shrieks and Skreekings of Women, who in their Agonies would throw open their Chamber Windows, and cry out in a dismal Surprising Manner; it is impossible to describe the Variety of Postures, in which the Passions of the Poor People would Express themselves.

Passing thro' Token-House-Yard in Lothbury, of a sudden a Casement violently opened just over my Head, and a Woman gave three frightful Skreetches, and then cry'd, Oh! Death, Death, Death! in a most inimitable Tone, and which struck me with Horror, and a Chilness, in my very Blood. There was no Body to be seen in the whole Street, neither did any other Window open; for People had no Curiosity now in any Case;

nor could any Body help one another; so I went on to pass into Bell-Alley.

Just in Bell-Alley, on the right Hand of the Passage, there was a more terrible Cry than that, tho' it was not so directed out at the Window, but the whole Family was in a terrible Fright, and I could hear Women and Children run skreaming about the Rooms like distracted, when a Garret Window opened, and some body from a Window on the other Side the Alley, call'd and ask'd, What is the Matter? upon which, from the first Window it was answered, O Lord, my Old Master has hang'd himself! The other ask'd again, Is he quite dead? and the first answer'd, Ay, Ay, quite dead. quite dead and cold! This Person was a Merchant, and a Deputy Alderman and very rich. I care not to mention the Name, tho' I knew his Name too, but that would be an Hardship to the Family, which is now flourishing again.

But, this is but one; it is scarce credible what dreadful Cases happened in particular Families every Day; People in the Rage of the Distemper, or in the Torment of their Swellings, which was indeed intollerable, running out of their own Government, raving and distracted, and oftentimes laying violent Hands upon themselves, throwing themselves out at their Windows, shooting themselves, etc. Mothers murthering their own Children, in their Lunacy, some dying of mere Grief, as a Passion, some of mere Fright and Surprize, without any Infection at all; others frighted into Idiotism, and foolish Distractions, some into dispair and Lunacy; others into mellancholy Madness.

The Pain of the Swelling was in particular very violent, and to some intollerable; the Physicians and Surgeons may be said to have tortured many poor Creatures, even to Death. The Swellings in some grew hard, and they apply'd violent drawing Plasters, or Pultices, to break them; and if these did not do, they cut and scarified them in a terrible Manner: In some, those Swellings were made hard, partly by the Force of the Distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn, and were so hard, that no Instrument could cut them, and then they burnt them with Caustıcks, so that many died raving mad with the Torment; and some in the very Operation. In these Distresses, some for want of Help to hold them down in their Beds, or to look to them, laid Hands upon themselves as above. Some broke out into the Streets, perhaps naked, and

would run directly down to the River, if they were not stopt by the Watchmen, or other Officers, and plunge themselves into the Water, wherever they found it.

It often pierc'd my very Soul to hear the Groans and Crys of those who were thus tormented, but of the Two, this was counted the most promising Particular in the whole Infection; for, if these Swellings could be brought to a Head, and to break and run, or as the Surgeons call it, to digest, the Patient generally recover'd; whereas those who, like the Gentlewoman's Daughter, were struck with Death at the Beginning, and had the Tokens come out upon them, often went about indifferent easy, till a little before they died, and some till the Moment they dropt down, as in Appoplexies and Epelepsies, is often the Case; such would be taken suddenly very sick, and would run to a Bench or Bulk, or any convenient Place that offer'd it self, or to their own Houses, if possible, as I mentioned before, and there sit down, grow faint and die. This kind of dying was much the same, as it was with those who die of common Mortifications, who die swooning, and as it were go away in a Dream; such as die thus, had very little Notice of their being infected at all, till the Gangreen was spread thro' their whole Body; nor could Physicians themselves know certainly how it was with them, till they opened their Breasts, or other Parts of their Body, and saw the Tokens.

We had at this Time a great many frightful Stories told us of Nurses and Watchmen, who looked after the dying People, that is to say, hir'd Nurses, who attended infected People, using them barbarously, starving them, smothering them, or by other wicked Means hastening their End, that is to say, murthering of them: And Watchmen being set to guard Houses that were shut up, when there has been but one person left, and perhaps, that one lying sick, that they have broke in and murthered that Body, and immediately thrown them out into the Dead-Cart! and so they have gone scarce cold to the Grave.

I cannot say but that some such Murthers were committed, and I think two were sent to Prison for it, but died before they could be try'd; and I have heard that three others, at several Times, were excused for Murthers of that kind; but I must say I believe nothing of its being so common a Crime, as some have since been pleas'd to say. . . .

They did tell me indeed of a Nurse in one Place, that laid a wet Cloth upon the Face of a dying Patient, who she tended,

and so put an End to his Life, who was just expiring before: And another that smother'd a young Woman she was looking to, when she was in a fainting fit, and would have come to her self: Some that kill'd them by giving them one Thing, some another, and some starved them by giving them nothing at all: But these Stories had two Marks of Suspicion that always attended them, which caused me always to slight them, and to look on them as mere Stories, that People continually frighted one another with. (1) That wherever it was that we heard it, they always placed the Scene at the farther End of the Town, opposite, or most remote from where you were to hear it: If you heard it in White-Chapel, it had happened at St. Giles's, or at Westminster, or Holborn, or that End of the Town; if you heard of it at that End of the Town, then it was done in White-Chapel, or the Minories, or about Cripplegate Parish: If you heard of it in the City, why, then it had happened in Southwark; and if you heard of it in Southwark, then it was done in the City, and the like. (2) In the next Place, of what Part soever you heard the Story, the Particulars were always the same.

THE DEBATE IN PANDEMONIUM.

By JOHN MILTON.

(From "Paradise Lost.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 28.]

"Is THIS the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? — this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since He
Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equaled, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss
Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?" . . .
His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain —
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt — yet faithful now they stood,
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak. . . .
High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,

Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displayed.
"Powers and Dominions, Deities of heaven,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,
I give not heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right and the fixed laws of heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
With what besides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thund'rer's aim
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."
He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less

Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear; of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:
"My sentence is for open war; of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now:
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;
Th' event is feared; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned,
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus

We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began:
"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great enemy

All incorruptible would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;

There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
All these our motions vain sees and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished: whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor, or inured not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

"Either to disenthrone the King of heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose He should relent
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtained
Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create; and in what place so e'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden luster, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michael
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:
"Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and changing style be called
Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire. Doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt

From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron scepter rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
Err not), another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favored more
Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath,
That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mold
Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtilty. Though heaven be shut,
And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defense who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved

By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny inhabitants; or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
"Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion we may chance
Reënter heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings,

Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's count'nance read his own dismay
Astonished; none among the choice and prime
Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:
"O Progeny of heaven, empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed: long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
Barred over us prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike

To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heaven though fallen! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared;
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Toward him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heaven:
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief. . .
O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace; and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

THE HYPOCRITE UNMASKED.

BY MOLIÈRE.

(From "Tartuffe.")

[For biographical sketch, see p. 281.]

Present: TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, *and* ORGON.

Tartuffe [*to* ELMIRE *who has pretended to consent to his proposals*] — Everything is propitious to me. I have searched every room, there is no one there; and my delighted soul . . . [TARTUFFE *goes with open arms to embrace* ELMIRE; *she draws back and* TARTUFFE *sees* ORGON, *her husband.*]

Orgon [*stopping* TARTUFFE] — Gently, gently, you yield too freely to your amorous transports, and you should be less imperious in your desires. Oh! oh! holy man, you wanted to make a fool of me! How you give way to temptation! You marry my daughter, and covet my wife! I for a long time doubted if you were in earnest, and I expected every moment that you would change your tone, but this is carrying the proof far enough; I am satisfied, and I require no further test.

Elmire [*to* TARTUFFE] — It is much against my inclination that I have done all this, but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

Tartuffe [*to* ORGON] — What! can you believe . . .

Orgon — Come, no noise, out of this house, and without ceremony.

Tartuffe — My intention . . .

Orgon — Your speeches are no longer in season; leave this house at once.

Tartuffe — It is to you to leave the house, you who speak as if you were master here. The house belongs to me, and I will make you know it. I will soon show you that it is vain for you to resort to these base falsehoods to quarrel with me. You little know what you do when you insult me. I can confound and punish imposture, avenge offended Heaven, and make those repent who speak of driving me hence. [*Exit.*

Elmire — What language is this? What is it he means?

Orgon — Alas! I feel quite confused, and have little reason to laugh.

Elmire — What is it?

Orgon — What he says shows me my error, and the deed of gift troubles my mind.

Elmire — The deed of gift?

Orgon — Yes, the thing is done. But I have something else to make me anxious.

Elmire — And what is that?

Orgon — I will tell you everything; but first let us see if a certain casket is still upstairs.

Enter CLÉANTE.

Cléante — Where are you running?

Orgon — Alas! how can I tell!

Cléante — It seems to me that the first thing to be done is to consult together, and to see what steps we can take in this emergency.

Orgon — This casket troubles me terribly; I am more distressed about it than about all the rest put together.

Cléante — Does this casket contain any important secret?

Orgon — It is a trust which Argan, my unfortunate friend, intrusted to my keeping with great secrecy. He chose me of all others when he fled. It contains papers, he told me, on which his life and fortune depend.

Cléante — How, then, could you trust them into other hands?

Orgon — A scruple of conscience made me go straight to the scoundrel to confide in him; by his sophistry he persuaded me to give him the casket to keep, so that in case of any inquiry I might have ready at hand a subterfuge to ease my conscience, while taking oath contrary to the truth.

Cléante — According to appearances you are in a very awkward position; the deed of gift and this confidence, to speak to you frankly, are steps which you have taken with little consideration; you may be led far with such pledges. This man has such power over you, that it is a great imprudence in you to irritate him, and you would do better to look for some gentler means of settling with him.

Orgon — What! to hide such a double and wicked heart under so fair a semblance of ardent piety! And I, who took in a begging pauper . . . There, it's all over, I renounce all pious people, I shall have the greatest abhorrence for them, and shall be worse than the devil to them in future.

Cléante — Just like you! Now we have another fit of excess: you never keep within bounds in anything: you never listen to healthy common sense, and always rush from one extreme to another. You see your mistake and acknowledge that you were deceived by a false appearance of piety; but to make up for this, what necessity is there to be guilty of a worse mistake? Why should you make no difference between the heart of a rascally villain and that of every good man? Because a scoundrel has shamelessly imposed upon you under the solemn mask of austerity, must you go and fancy that everybody is like him, and that there are no sincere people in the world? Leave such inferences to unbelievers; distinguish virtue from its appearance; never be too hasty in giving your esteem, and avoid either extreme. Keep, if you can, from doing homage to imposture, but at the same time do not injure true piety. And if you must lean towards one extreme, better to offend as you already have done.

Enter DAMIS.

Damis — What! father, is it true that the rascal threatens you, that he has lost the remembrance of all you have done for him, and that in his cowardly and shameless arrogance he makes use of your own goodness as an arm against you?

Orgon — Yes, even so, my son; and I cannot tell you what intolerable grief it is to me.

Damis — Leave him to me. I will crop his ears for him; no one should hesitate to punish such insolence; I will rid you of him, and end all this business. I must crush him.

Cléante — You speak exactly like a foolish young fellow. Keep these violent outbursts within bounds, I pray you. We live under a king and in an age when we gain little by violence.

Enter MADAME PERNELLE, MARIANNE, *and* DORINE.

Madame Pernelle — What is all this I hear? What dreadful, mysterious reports are those?

Orgon — They are strange things which I have witnessed with my own eyes, and you see how I am rewarded for all my goodness. I kindly pick up a poor destitute fellow; I take him into my own house, and treat him like my own brother; I heap favors upon him every day; I give him my daughter,

and everything I possess; and yet, in the mean while, the perfidious and infamous rascal forms the wicked project of seducing my wife; and not satisfied with so base an attempt, he now dares to threaten me with my own gifts. He is making use, for my own ruin, of those advantages which my indiscreet kindness has put into his hands; he is trying to deprive me of my estates, and to reduce me to the state of beggary from whence I rescued him.

Dorine — Poor man!

Madame Pernelle — I can never believe, my son, that he would commit so base an action.

Orgon — What?

Madame Pernelle — Good people are always subject to envy.

Orgon — What do you mean, mother?

Madame Pernelle — That you live after a strange sort here, and that I am but too well aware of the ill will they all bear him.

Orgon — What has this ill will to do with what I have just told you?

Madame Pernelle — I have told it you a hundred times when you were young, that in this world virtue is ever liable to persecution, and that, although the envious die, envy never dies.

Orgon — But what has this to do with what has happened to-day?

Madame Pernelle — They have concocted a hundred foolish stories against him.

Orgon — I have already told you that I saw it all myself.

Madame Pernelle — The malice of evil-disposed persons is very great.

Orgon — You would make me swear, mother! I tell you that I saw his audacious attempt with my own eyes.

Madame Pernelle — Evil tongues have always some venom to pour forth; and here below there is nothing proof against them.

Orgon — You are maintaining a very senseless argument. I saw it, I tell you; saw it with my own eyes; what you can call s-a-w, saw! Must I din it over and over into your ears, and shout as loud as half a dozen people?

Madame Pernelle — Gracious goodness! appearances often deceive us. We must not always judge by what we see.

Orgon — I shall go mad.

Madame Pernelle — We are by nature prone to judge wrongly, and good is often mistaken for evil.

Orgon — I ought to look upon his desire of seducing my wife as charitable?

Madame Pernelle — You ought to have good reasons before you accuse another, and you should have waited till you were quite sure of the fact.

Orgon — Heaven save the mark! how could I be more sure? I suppose, mother, I ought to have waited till . . . you will make me say something foolish.

Madame Pernelle — In short, his soul is possessed with too pure a zeal, and I cannot possibly conceive that he would think of attempting what you accuse him of.

Orgon — If you were not my mother, I really don't know what I might not say to you, you make me so savage.

Dorine [*to* ORGON] — A fair repayment of things in this world; you would believe nobody, and now you are not believed yourself.

Cléante — We are wasting in mere trifles the precious time which we ought to employ in devising what measures to take. We should not sleep when a villain threatens us.

Damis — What! you think his impudence can go so far as . . .

Elmire — I hardly think it possible. His ingratitude would be too glaring, were he to carry his threats into execution.

Cléante — Do not trust to that. He will find means to justify his doings against you, and, for a less matter than this, people have been involved in sad troubles. I repeat it: knowing all the arms he had against you, you should not have pushed him so far.

Orgon — You are right; but what could I do? In the face of that scoundrel's impudence I was not master of my own resentment.

Cléante — I wish it were possible to patch up a peace between you.

Elmire — If I had only known what he had in his possession, I would not have given cause for such uneasiness, and my . . .

Orgon [*to* DORINE, *on seeing* MR. LOYAL *coming*] — What does that man want? Go at once and find out. I am, indeed, in a fit state of mind for people to come and see me!

Enter LOYAL.

Loyal [*to* DORINE *at the further part of the stage*] — Good day, my dear sister; pray let me speak to your master.

Dorine — He is with friends, and I do not think he can see any one just now.

Loyal — I would not be intrusive. I feel sure that he will find nothing unpleasant in my visit; in fact, I come for something which will be very gratifying to him.

Dorine — What is your name?

Loyal — Only tell him that I come from Mr. Tartuffe, for his benefit.

Dorine [*to* ORGON] — It is a man who comes in a civil way from Mr. Tartuffe, on some business which will make you glad, he says.

Cléante [*to* ORGON] — You must see who it is, and what the man wants.

Orgon [*to* CLÉANTE] — He is coming, perhaps, to settle matters between us in a friendly way. How, in this case, ought I to behave to him?

Cléante — Don't show your resentment, and, if he speaks of an agreement, listen to him.

Loyal [*to* ORGON] — Your servant, sir; may Heaven punish whoever wrongs you, and may it be as favorable to you, sir, as I wish.

Orgon [*aside to* CLÉANTE] — This pleasant beginning agrees with my conjectures, and augurs some sort of reconciliation.

Loyal — All your family was always dear to me, and I served your father.

Orgon — Sir, I am sorry and ashamed to say that I do not know who you are, neither do I remember your name.

Loyal — My name is Loyal; I was born in Normandy, and am a royal bailiff in spite of envy. For the last forty years I have had the good fortune to fill the office, thanks to Heaven, with great credit; and I come, sir, with your leave, to serve you the writ of a certain order.

Orgon — What! you are here . . .

Loyal — Gently, sir, I beg. It is merely a summons: a notice for you to leave this place, you and yours, to take away all your goods and chattels, and make room for others, without delay or adjournment, as hereby decreed.

Orgon — I! leave this place?

Loyal—Yes, sir, if you please. The house incontestably belongs, as you are well aware, to the good Mr. Tartuffe. He is now lord and master of your estates, according to a deed I have in my keeping. It is in due form, and cannot be challenged.

Damis [*to* MR. LOYAL]—This great impudence is, indeed, worthy of all admiration.

Loyal [*to* DAMIS]—Sir, I have nothing at all to do with you. [*Pointing to* ORGON] My business is with this gentleman. He is tractable and gentle, and knows too well the duty of a gentleman to try and oppose authority.

Orgon—But . . .

Loyal—Yes, sir, I know that you would not for anything show contumacy; and that you will allow me, like a reasonable man, to execute the orders I have received.

Damis—You may chance to catch a good drubbing on your black skirt, Mr. Bailiff, I assure you.

Loyal [*to* ORGON]—Sir, see that your son keeps silent or retires. I should be sorry to be forced to put your name down in my official report.

Damis [*aside*]—This Mr. Loyal has a strangely disloyal look.

Loyal—I feel greatly for all good men, and I wished to take the business upon myself in order to oblige you and to render you service. By so doing I prevented the choice from falling upon others, who might not have had the same consideration that I have for you, and might have proceeded in a less gentle manner.

Orgon—And what worse thing can be done than to order people to go out of their house?

Loyal—I will allow you time, and will suspend until to-morrow, sir, the execution of the writ. I shall only come, without noise, or scandal, to spend the night here with ten of my people. For form's sake, you must, if you please, bring me the keys before going to bed. I shall be careful not to trouble your rest, and to suffer nothing unseemly to happen. To-morrow morning you must, however, exert yourself and clear the house to the very last thing. My men will help you in this; I have chosen them strong, so that they might assist you in removing everything. Nobody can act better than I am doing, I feel sure; and, as I treat you with the greatest consideration, I will ask of you, sir, to act as well by me, and

to see that I am in no way hindered in the execution of my duty.

Orgon [*aside*] — I'd give the hundred best louis which are left me, to be able to administer to that ugly face of his the soundest blows that were ever dealt.

Cléante [*aside to* ORGON] — Forbear, and don't make things worse.

Damis — Before such strange insolence I can hardly restrain myself, and my fingers itch to be at him.

Dorine — To such a broad back, in good faith, Mr. Loyal, a sound cudgeling would not seem out of place.

Loyal — Such shameful words may be punished, my dear, and women, too, are answerable to the law.

Cléante [*to* MR. LOYAL] — Enough, sir; enough. Give us the paper, please, and go.

Loyal — Good day. May Heaven bless ye all!

Orgon — And may it confound both you and the scoundrel who sends you! [*Exit* LOYAL.

Orgon — Well! mother, you see whether I am right; and you can judge of the rest by the writ. Do you at last acknowledge his rascality?

Madame Pernelle — I am thunderstruck, and can scarcely believe my eyes and ears.

Dorine [*to* ORGON] — You are wrong, sir, to complain, and wrong to blame him. His pious intentions are thus confirmed. His love for his neighbor is great; he knows that riches often corrupt men, and it is out of pure charity that he takes away from you all that may prove a hindrance to your salvation.

Orgon — Must I always be reminding you to hold your tongue?

Cléante [*to* ORGON] — Let us go and see what course we had better follow.

Elmire — Yes, go; expose the insolent ingratitude of the wretch. Such a proceeding must destroy the validity of the deed. His perfidy will appear too odious for him to be able to obtain the success he trusts in.

Enter VALÈRE.

Valère — It is with regret, sir, that I come to distress you, but I am forced to it by the urgency of the danger. A friend with whom I am most intimate, and who knows what interest I take in all that concerns you, has, for my sake, by delicate means, broken through the secrecy we owe to the affairs of

state, and has just sent me intelligence, the purport of which is that you had better have recourse to immediate flight. The villain who has so long imposed on you, an hour ago accused you before the king; and, among other charges which he brings against you, he has put in his hands the important casket of a state criminal, of whom, he said, you kept the guilty secret in contempt of your duty as a subject. I am not informed of the particulars of the crime laid to your charge, but a warrant is issued against you, and, the better to execute it, he himself is appointed to accompany the person who is to arrest you.

Cléante — Now his pretensions are strengthened; this is how the scoundrel seeks to possess himself of your estate.

Orgon — Man is, I must own, a wretched animal!

Valère — The least delay may prove fatal to you. I have my coach at the door, so as to take you away at once, and a thousand louis which I have brought for you. Lose no time; the blow is crushing, and one which can only be parried by flight. I will take you myself to a place of safety, and will accompany you to the last in your escape.

Orgon — Alas! what thanks do I not owe to your kindness? I must put off to another time my thanks to you for it. I pray Heaven it may be given to me to acknowledge this generous help. Farewell! take care, all of you . . .

Cléante — Go quickly. We shall see that everything necessary is done.

Enter TARTUFFE, *and a* Police Officer.

Tartuffe [*stopping* ORGON] — Gently, sir, gently; not so fast, I beg. You have not far to go to find a lodging, and you are a prisoner in the king's name.

Orgon — Wretch! you had reserved this shaft for the last; by it you finish me, and crown all your perfidies.

Tartuffe — Your abuse has no power to disturb me, and I know how to suffer everything for the sake of Heaven.

Cléante — Your moderation is really great, we must acknowledge.

Damis — How impudently the infamous wretch sports with Heaven!

Tartuffe — Your anger cannot move me; I have no other wish but to fulfill my duty.

Marianne — You may claim great glory from the performance of this duty; it is a very honorable employment for you.

Tartuffe — The employment cannot be otherwise than glorious, when it comes from the power that sends me here.

Orgon — But do you remember that my charitable hand, ungrateful scoundrel, raised you from a state of misery?

Tartuffe — Yes, I know what help I have received from you; but my king's interest is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles in my heart all other claims, and I would sacrifice friend, wife, relations, and myself with them to it.

Elmire — The impostor!

Dorine — With what treacherous cunning he makes a cloak of all that men revere.

Cléante — But if the zeal you speak of is so perfect, how is it that to show it, you wait till he has surprised you making love to his wife? How is it that you inform against him, only after self-respect forces him to send you away? I will not say that the gift of all his possessions he made over to you should have prevented you from doing your duty; but since you wish to treat him as a criminal, why did you consent to accept anything from him?

Tartuffe [*to the* Officer] — I beg of you, sir, to deliver me from all this noise, and to act according to the orders you have.

Officer — I have certainly put off too long the discharge of my duty, and you very rightly remind me of it. To execute my order, follow me immediately to the prison in which a place is assigned to you.

Tartuffe — Who? I, sir?

Officer — Yes, you.

Tartuffe — Why to prison?

Officer — To you I have no account to render.

[Tells Orgon that the king, who is supernaturally penetrating as well as a mirror of justice, has long since fathomed Tartuffe, who besides is "wanted" under an *alias;* has only been giving him rope; and now orders his stolen documents taken away, and Orgon's contract annulled and his offense forgiven.]

Orgon [*to* TARTUFFE *as the* Officer *leads him off*] — Ah! wretch, now you are . . .

Cléante — Ah! brother, forbear, and do not descend to abuse. Leave the wretch to his evil destiny, and do not add to the remorse that crushes him. Better hope that his heart will now, by a happy change, become virtuous; and that, reforming his life through the detestation of his crimes, he may soften the justice of our glorious king.

The Great Elector at Fehrbellin

Photogravure from the painting by Camphausen

THE GREAT ELECTOR: FEHRBELLIN AND GILGE.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

(From "Frederick the Great.")

[THOMAS CARLYLE, Scotch moralist, essayist, and historian, was born at Ecclefechan, December 4, 1795. He studied for the ministry at Edinburgh University, taught school, studied law, became a hack writer and tutor; in 1826 married Jane Welsh, and in 1828 removed to a farm at Craigenputtoch, where he wrote essays and "Sartor Resartus"; in 1834 removed to his final home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea. His "French Revolution" was issued in 1837. He lectured for three years, "Heroes and Hero Worship" gathering up one course. His chief succeeding works were "Chartism Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters," "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Life of Sterling," and "Frederick the Great." He died February 4, 1881.]

ONWARD from this time, Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world; public men watching his procedure; Kings anxious to secure him, — Dutch printsellers sticking-up his Portraits for a hero-worshiping Public. Fighting hero, had the Public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an Industrial man: great in organizing, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste-places of his Dominions, cuts canals; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The *Friedrich Wilhelm's Canal*, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree, is a monument of his zeal in this way; creditable, with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants, in the Edict-of-Nantes affair, he was like an express Benefit of Heaven: one Helper appointed, to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French Souls, evidently of the best French quality, found a home there; — made "waste sands about Berlin into pot-herb gardens"; and in the spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture, which is still noticeable.

Certainly this Elector was one of the shiftiest of men. Not an unjust man either. A pious, God-fearing man rather, Staunch to his Protestantism and his Bible; not unjust by any means, — nor, on the other hand, by any means thick-skinned in his interpretings of justice: Fairplay to myself always; or

occasionally even the Height of Fairplay! On the whole, by constant energy, vigilance, adroit activity, by an ever-ready insight and audacity to seize the passing fact by its right handle, he fought his way well in the world; left Brandenburg a flourishing and greatly increased Country, and his own name famous enough.

His Two grand Feats that dwell in the Prussian memory are perhaps none of his greatest, but were of a kind to strike the imagination. They both relate to what was the central problem of his life — the recovery of Pommern from the Swedes. Exploit First is the famed "Battle of *Fehrbellin* (Ferry of Belleen)," fought on the 18th June 1675. Fehrbellin is an inconsiderable Town still standing in those peaty regions, some five-and-thirty miles northwest of Berlin; and had for ages plied its poor Ferry over the oily-looking, brown, sluggish stream called Rhin, or Rhein in those parts, without the least notice from mankind till this fell out. It is a place of pilgrimage to patriotic Prussians, ever since Friedrich Wilhelm's exploit there. The matter went thus: —

Friedrich Wilhelm was fighting far South in Alsace, on Kaiser Leopold's side, in the Louis-Fourteenth War; that second one, which ended in the treaty of Nimwegen. Doing his best there — when the Swedes, egged on by Louis XIV., made war upon him; crossed the Pomeranian marches, troop after troop, and invaded his Brandenburg Territory with a force which at length amounted to some 16,000 men. No help for the moment: Friedrich Wilhelm could not be spared from his post. The Swedes, who had at first professed well, gradually went into plunder, roving, harrying, at their own will; and a melancholy time they made of it for Friedrich Wilhelm and his People. Lucky if temporary harm were all the ill they were likely to do; lucky if —! He stood steady, however; in his solid manner finishing the thing in hand first, since that was feasible. He even then retired into winter-quarters, to rest his men: and seemed to have left the Swedish 16,000 autocrats of the situation; who accordingly went storming about at a great rate.

Not so, however; very far indeed from so. Having rested his men for certain months, Friedrich Wilhelm silently in the first days of June (1675) gets them under march again; marches, his Cavalry and he as first installment, with best speed from Schweinfurt, which is on the river Mayn, to Magdeburg; a distance of

two-hundred miles. At Magdeburg, where he rests three days, waiting for the first handful of foot and a field-piece or two, he learns that the Swedes are in three parties wide asunder; the middle party of them within forty miles of him. Probably stronger, even this middle one, than his small body (of "Six-thousand Horse, Twelve-hundred Foot, and three guns"); — stronger, but capable perhaps of being surprised, of being cut in pieces, before the others can come up? Rathenau is the nearest skirt of this middle party; thither goes the Kurfürst, softly, swiftly, in the June night (16th–17th June 1675); gets into Rathenau by brisk stratagem; tumbles-out the Swedish Horse-regiment there, drives it back towards Fehrbellin.

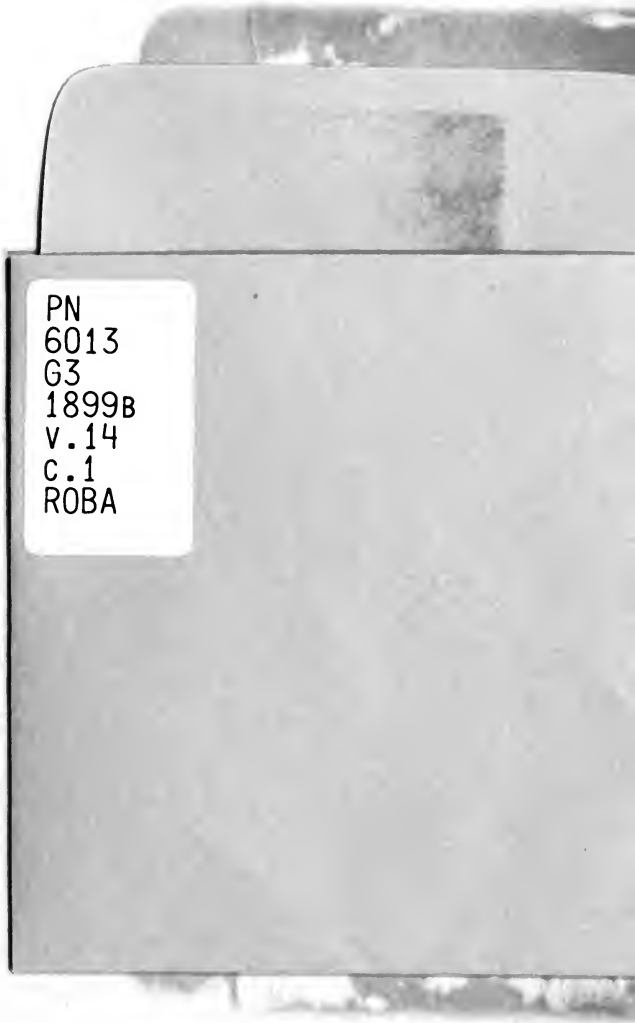
He himself follows hard; — swift riding enough, in the Summer-night, through those damp Havel lands, in the old Hohenzollern fashion: and indeed old Freisack Castle, as it chances, — Freisack Scene of Dietrich von Quitzow and *Lazy Peg* long since, — is close by! follows hard, we say: strikes in upon this midmost party (nearly twice his number, but Infantry for the first part); and after fierce fight, done with good talent on both sides, cuts it into utter ruin, as proposed. Thereby he has left the Swedish Army as a mere head and tail *without* body; has entirely demolished the Swedish Army. Same feat intrinsically as that done by Cromwell, on Hamilton and the Scots, in 1648. It was, so to speak, the last visit Sweden paid to Brandenburg, or the last of any consequence; and ended the domination of the Swedes in those quarters. A thing justly to be forever remembered by Brandenburg; — on a smallish modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon, of Brandenburg.

Exploit Second was four years later; in some sort a corollary to this; and a winding-up of the Swedish business. The Swedes, in farther prosecution of their Louis-Fourteenth speculation, had invaded Preussen this time, and were doing sad havoc there. It was in the dead of winter, Christmas 1678, more than four-hundred miles off; and the Swedes, to say nothing of their other havoc, were in a case to take Königsberg, and ruin Prussia altogether, if not prevented. Friedrich Wilhelm starts from Berlin, with the opening Year, on his long march; the Horse-troops first, Foot to follow at their swiftest; he himself (his Wife, his ever-true "Louisa," accompanying, as her wont was) travels, towards the end, at the rate of "Sixty miles a day." He gets in still in time, finds Königsberg

unscathed. Nay it is even said, the Swedes are extensively falling sick; having after a long famine, found infinite "pigs, near Insterburg," in those remote regions, and indulged in the fresh pork over-much.

I will not describe the subsequent maneuvers, which would interest nobody: enough if I say that on the 16th of January 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (village near Elbing) on the Shore of the *Frische Haf*, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the *Curische Haf*, where the Swedes are, in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two *Hafs* (wide shallow *Washes*, as we should name them), is of rough quality, and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost to-day, and for days back: — Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some Four-thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awakening the ice-bound Silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its Winter Cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks, desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Büsching, who traveled there in winter-time, — hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four-thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along, — out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-colored clouds of evening again, — with huge loud-grinding rumble; — and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New-Year 1679.

This Second Exploit is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat Northward; which they executed in hunger and cold; fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky; Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts, — holding by their tail, like an angry bearward with a steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experience. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a Hundred-and-thirty-four years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen had gone utterly to ruin.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